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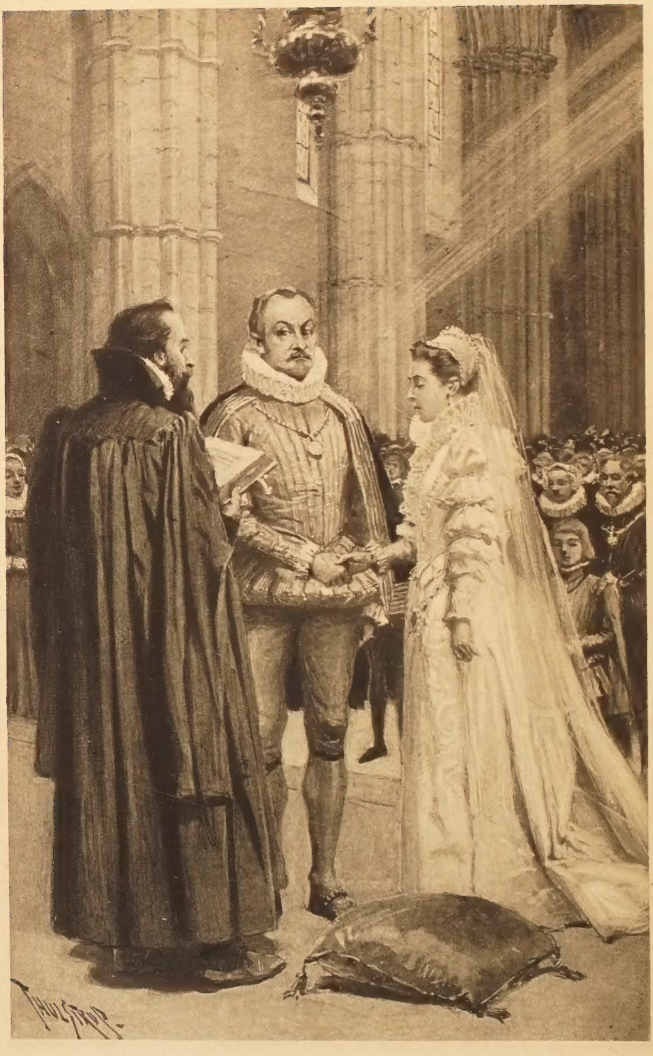

Edition de Luxe

The Complete Works of

John L. Motley

VOLUME IV

The Rise of the Dutch Republic
A History

VOL. IV

Society of English and French Literature

New York

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PART IV

ADMINISTRATION OF THE GRAND COMMANDER

1573–1576

THE
RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC

CHAPTER I

Previous career of Requesens—Philip's passion for detail—Apparent and real purposes of government—Universal desire for peace—Correspondence of leading royalists with Orange—Bankruptcy of the exchequer at Alva's departure—Expensive nature of the war—Pretense of mildness on the part of the commander—His private views—Distress of Mondragon at Middelburg—Crippled condition of Holland—Orange's secret negotiations with France—Sainte-Aldegonde's views in captivity—Expedition to relieve Middelburg—Counter-preparations of Orange—Defeat of the expedition—Capitulation of Mondragon—Plans of Orange and his brothers—An army under Count Louis crosses the Rhine—Measures taken by Requesens—Manœuvers of Avila and of Louis—The two armies in face at Mook—Battle of Mook Heath—Overthrow and death of Count Louis—The phantom battle—Character of Louis of Nassau—Painful uncertainty as to his fate—Periodical mutinies of the Spanish troops characterized—Mutiny after the battle of Mook—Antwerp attacked and occupied—Insolent and oppressive conduct of the mutineers—Offers of Requesens refused—Mutiny in the citadel—Exploits of Salvatierra—Terms of composition—Soldiers' feast on the mere—Successful expedition of Admiral Boisot.

THE horrors of Alva's administration had caused men to look back with fondness upon the milder and more vacillating tyranny of the Duchess Margaret.

From the same cause the advent of the grand commander was hailed with pleasure[1] and with a momentary gleam of hope. At any rate, it was a relief that the man in whom an almost impossible perfection of cruelty seemed embodied was at last to be withdrawn. It was certain that his successor, however ambitious of following in Alva's footsteps, would never be able to rival the intensity and the unswerving directness of purpose which it had been permitted to the duke's nature to attain. The new governor-general was doubtless human, and it had been long since the Netherlanders imagined anything in common between themselves and the late viceroy.

Apart from this hope, however, there was little encouragement to be derived from anything positively known of the new functionary, or the policy which he was to represent. Don Luis de Requesens y Cuñiga, Grand Commander of Castile and late Governor of Milan, was a man of mediocre abilities, who possessed a reputation for moderation and sagacity which he hardly deserved. His military prowess had been chiefly displayed in the bloody and barren battle of Lepanto, where his conduct and counsel were supposed to have contributed, in some measure, to the victorious result.[2] His administration at Milan had been characterized as firm and moderate.[3] Nevertheless, his character was regarded with anything but favorable eyes in the Netherlands. Men told each other of his broken faith to the Moors in Granada, and of his unpopularity in Milan, where, notwithstanding his boasted moderation, he had,

[1] Bor, vii. 477.

[2] Strada, viii. 405–408. Mendoza, x. 222, 223.

[3] Mendoza, x. 222, 223. Groen v. Prinsterer, iv. 259, 260.

in reality, so oppressed the people as to gain their deadly hatred. They complained, too, that it was an insult to send, as governor-general of the provinces, not a prince of the blood, as used to be the case, but a simple "gentleman of cloak and sword."[1]

Any person, however, who represented the royal authority in the provinces was under historical disadvantage. He was literally no more than an actor, hardly even that. It was Philip's policy and pride to direct all the machinery of his extensive empire, and to pull every string himself. His puppets, however magnificently attired, moved only in obedience to his impulse, and spoke no syllable but with his voice. Upon the table in his cabinet was arranged all the business of his various realms, even to the most minute particulars.[2] Plans, petty or vast, affecting the interests of empires and ages, or bounded within the narrow limits of trivial and evanescent detail, encumbered his memory and consumed his time. His ambition to do all the work of his kingdoms was aided by an inconceivable greediness for labor. He loved the routine of business, as some monarchs have loved war, as others have loved pleasure.

[1] Correspondance de Mondoucet et Charles IX., Com. Roy. d'Hist., iv. 340 seq.

[2] Letter of Saint-Goard to Charles IX., in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 330, 331. "Se reservant," said the French envoy, "toutes choses, qui le rend extrêment chargé et travaillé et tient ung procédé qu'il respond et veoit toutes les affaires et les départ toutes où elles se doibvent respondre *où elles demeurent le plus souvent immortelles*, où qu'elles soient, ou de grande ou de peu de conséquence de manière qu'il n'en vient rien mieulx, et sur ca les malintentionnés luy forgent infinies doubtes et soubçons."

See also letter of Saint-Goard to Charles IX., Madrid, 17th December, 1573, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 27* et seq.

The object, alike paltry and impossible, of this ambition bespoke the narrow mind. His estates were regarded by him as private property; measures affecting the temporal and eternal interests of millions were regarded as domestic affairs; and the eye of the master was considered the only one which could duly superintend these estates and those interests. Much incapacity to govern was revealed in this inordinate passion to administer. His mind, constantly fatigued by petty labors, was never enabled to survey his wide domains from the height of majesty.

In Alva, certainly, he had employed an unquestionable reality; but Alva, by a fortunate coincidence of character, had seemed his second self. He was now gone, however, and although the royal purpose had not altered, the royal circumstances were changed. The moment had arrived when it was thought that the mask and cothurn might again be assumed with effect—when a grave and conventional personage might decorously make his appearance to perform an interlude of clemency and moderation with satisfactory results. Accordingly, the grand commander, heralded by rumors of amnesty, was commissioned to assume the government which Alva had been permitted to resign.

It had been industriously circulated that a change of policy was intended. It was even supposed by the more sanguine that the duke had retired in disgrace. A show of coldness was manifested toward him on his return by the king, while Vargas, who had accompanied the governor, was peremptorily forbidden to appear within five leagues of the court.[1] The more discerning, how-

[1] Letter of Saint-Goard to Charles IX., 4th of April, 1574, Archives, etc., iv. 361.

ever, perceived much affectation in this apparent displeasure. Saint-Goard, the keen observer of Philip's moods and measures, wrote to his sovereign that he had narrowly observed the countenances of both Philip and Alva; that he had informed himself as thoroughly as possible with regard to the course of policy intended; that he had arrived at the conclusion that the royal chagrin was but dissimulation, intended to dispose the Netherlanders to thoughts of an impossible peace; and that he considered the present merely a breathing-time, in which still more active preparations might be made for crushing the rebellion.[1] It was now evident to the world that the revolt had reached a stage in which it could be terminated only by absolute conquest or concession.

To conquer the people of the provinces, except by extermination, seemed difficult—to judge by the seven years of execution, sieges, and campaigns which had now passed without a definite result. It was therefore thought expedient to employ concession. The new governor accordingly, in case the Netherlanders would abandon every object for which they had been so heroically contending, was empowered to concede a pardon. It was expressly enjoined upon him, however, that no conciliatory measures should be adopted in which the king's absolute supremacy, and the total prohibition of every form of worship but the Roman Catholic, were not assumed as a basis.[2] Now, as the people had been contending at least ten years long for constitutional rights against prerogative, and at least seven for liberty

[1] Letter of Saint-Goard, Archives, etc., iv. 361.

[2] Letter of Philip II. to Requesens, 30th March, 1574, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 395.

of conscience against papistry, it was easy to foretell how much effect any negotiations thus commenced were likely to produce.

Yet no doubt in the Netherlands there was a most earnest longing for peace. The Catholic portion of the population were desirous of a reconciliation with their brethren of the new religion. The universal vengeance which had descended upon heresy had not struck the heretics only. It was difficult to find a fireside, Protestant or Catholic, which had not been made desolate by execution, banishment, or confiscation. The common people and the grand seigniors were alike weary of the war. Not only Aerschot and Viglius, but Noircarmes and Berlaymont, were desirous that peace should be at last compassed upon liberal terms, and the Prince of Orange fully and unconditionally pardoned.[1] Even the Spanish commanders had become disgusted with the monotonous butchery which had stained their swords. Julien Romero, the fierce and unscrupulous soldier upon whose head rested the guilt of the Naarden massacre, addressed several letters to William of Orange, full of courtesy and good wishes for a speedy termination of the war, and for an entire reconciliation of the prince with his sovereign.[2] Noircarmes also opened a correspondence with the great leader of the revolt, and offered to do all in his power to restore peace and prosperity to the country. The prince answered the courtesy of the Spaniard with equal but barren courtesy, for it was obvious that no definite result could be derived from such informal negotiations. To Noircarmes he re-

[1] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 81–87.

sponded in terms of gentle but grave rebuke,[1] expressing deep regret that a Netherland noble of such eminence, with so many others of rank and authority, should so long have supported the king in his tyranny. He, however, expressed his satisfaction that their eyes, however late, had opened to the enormous iniquity which had been practised in the country, and he accepted the offers of friendship as frankly as they had been made. Not long afterward the prince furnished his correspondent with a proof of his sincerity, by forwarding to him two letters which had been intercepted,[2] from certain agents of government to Alva, in which Noircarmes and others who had so long supported the king against their own country were spoken of in terms of menace and distrust. The prince accordingly warned his new correspondent that, in spite of all the proofs of uncompromising loyalty which he had exhibited, he was yet moving upon a dark and slippery pathway, and might, even like Egmont and Horn, find a scaffold as the end and the reward of his career. So profound was that abyss of dissimulation which constituted the royal policy toward the Netherlands that the most unscrupulous partizans of government could only see doubt and danger with regard to their future destiny, and were sometimes only saved by an opportune death from disgrace and the hangman's hands.

Such, then, were the sentiments of many eminent personages, even among the most devoted loyalists. All longed for peace; many even definitely expected it, upon

[1] See the correspondence in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 301, 302.

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 94 et seq.

the arrival of the grand commander. Moreover, that functionary discovered, at his first glance into the disorderly state of the exchequer, that at least a short respite was desirable before proceeding with the interminable measures of hostility against the rebellion. If any man had been ever disposed to give Alva credit for administrative ability, such delusion must have vanished at the spectacle of confusion and bankruptcy which presented itself at the termination of his government. He resolutely declined to give his successor any information whatever as to his financial position.[1] So far from furnishing a detailed statement, such as might naturally be expected upon so momentous an occasion, he informed the grand commander that even a sketch was entirely out of the question, and would require more time and labor than he could then afford.[2] He took his departure, accordingly, leaving Requesens in profound ignorance as to his past accounts—an ignorance in which it is probable that the duke himself shared to the fullest extent. His enemies stoutly maintained that however loosely his accounts had been kept, he had been very careful to make no mistakes against himself, and that he had retired full of wealth, if not of honor, from his long and terrible administration.[3] His own letters, on the contrary, accused the king of ingratitude in permitting an old soldier to ruin himself, not only in health but in fortune, for want of proper recompense during an arduous administration.[4] At any rate, it is very certain that the rebellion had already been an expensive

[1] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., in Gachard, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.

[2] Ibid. [3] Hoofd, viii. 334.

[4] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1288.

matter to the crown. The army in the Netherlands numbered more than sixty-two thousand men, eight thousand being Spaniards, the rest Walloons and Germans. Forty millions of dollars had already been sunk,[1] and it seemed probable that it would require nearly the whole annual produce of the American mines to sustain the war. The transatlantic gold and silver, disinterred from the depths where they had been buried for ages, were employed, not to expand the current of a healthy, life-giving commerce, but to be melted into blood. The sweat and the tortures of the king's pagan subjects in the primeval forests of the New World were made subsidiary to the extermination of his Netherland people and the destruction of an ancient civilization. To this end had Columbus discovered a hemisphere for Castile and Aragon, and the new Indies revealed their hidden treasures?

Forty millions of ducats had been spent. Six and a half millions of arrearages[2] were due to the army, while its current expenses were six hundred thousand a month.[3] The military expenses alone of the Netherlands were accordingly more than seven millions of dollars yearly, and the mines of the New World produced, during the half-century of Philip's reign, an average of only eleven.[4] Against this constantly increasing deficit there was not a stiver in the exchequer, nor the means of raising one.[5] The tenth penny had been long virtu-

[1] Meteren, v. 103.

[2] Letter of Requesens to Philip II., Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1294.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Humboldt, Essai sur la Nouvelle Espagne, iii. 428 (2d ed.).

[5] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1285.

ally extinct, and was soon to be formally abolished. Confiscation had ceased to afford a permanent revenue, and the estates obstinately refused to grant a dollar. Such was the condition to which the unrelenting tyranny and the financial experiments of Alva had reduced the country.

It was therefore obvious to Requesens that it would be useful at the moment to hold out hopes of pardon and reconciliation. He saw, what he had not at first comprehended, and what few bigoted supporters of absolutism in any age have ever comprehended, that national enthusiasm, when profound and general, makes a rebellion more expensive to the despot than to the insurgents. "Before my arrival," wrote the grand commander to his sovereign, "I did not understand how the rebels could maintain such considerable fleets, while your Majesty could not support a single one. It appears, however, that men who are fighting for their lives, their firesides, their property, and their false religion, for their own cause, in short, are contented to receive rations only, without receiving pay."[1] The moral which the new governor drew from his correct diagnosis of the prevailing disorder was, not that this national enthusiasm should be respected, but that it should be deceived. He deceived no one but himself, however. He censured Noircarmes and Romero for their intermeddling, but held out hopes of a general pacification.[2] He repudiated the idea of any reconciliation between the king and the Prince of Orange, but proposed at the same time a settlement of the revolt.[3] He had not yet learned that the revolt and William of Orange were one.

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291.
[2] Ibid., ii. 1293. [3] Ibid.

Although the prince himself had repeatedly offered to withdraw forever from the country if his absence would expedite a settlement satisfactory to the provinces,[1] there was not a patriot in the Netherlands who could contemplate his departure without despair. Moreover, they all knew better than did Requesens the inevitable result of the pacific measures which had been daily foreshadowed.

The appointment of the grand commander was in truth a desperate attempt to deceive the Netherlanders. He approved distinctly and heartily of Alva's policy,[2] but wrote to the king that it was desirable to amuse the people with the idea of another and a milder scheme. He affected to believe, and perhaps really did believe, that the nation would accept the destruction of all their institutions, provided that penitent heretics were allowed to be reconciled to the Mother Church, and obstinate ones permitted to go into perpetual exile, taking with them a small portion of their worldly goods. For being willing to make this last and almost incredible concession he begged pardon sincerely of the king. If censurable, he ought not, he thought, to be too severely blamed, for his loyalty was known. The world was aware how often he had risked his life for his Majesty, and how gladly and how many more times he was ready to risk it in future. In his opinion, religion had, after all, but very little to do with the troubles, and so he confidentially informed his sovereign. Egmont and Horn had died Catholics, the people did not rise to assist the prince's invasion in 1568, and the new religion was

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., 394–400.

[2] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291: "A mi parecer ha tenido mucha razon," etc.

only a lever by which a few artful demagogues had attempted to overthrow the king's authority.[1]

Such views as these revealed the measure of the new governor's capacity. The people had really refused to rise in 1568, not because they were without sympathy for Orange, but because they were paralyzed by their fear of Alva. Since those days, however, the new religion had increased and multiplied everywhere in the blood which had rained upon it. It was now difficult to find a Catholic in Holland and Zealand who was not a government agent.[2] The prince had been a moderate Catholic in the opening scenes of the rebellion, while he came forward as the champion of liberty for all forms of Christianity. He had now become a convert to the new religion, without receding an inch from his position in favor of universal toleration. The new religion was therefore not an instrument devised by a faction, but had expanded into the atmosphere of the people's daily life. Individuals might be executed for claiming to breathe it, but it was itself impalpable to the attacks of despotism. Yet the grand commander persuaded himself that religion had little or nothing to do with the state of the Netherlands. Nothing more was necessary, he thought, or affected to think, in order to restore tranquillity, than once more to spread the net of a general amnesty.

The Duke of Alva knew better. That functionary, with whom, before his departure from the provinces, Requesens had been commanded to confer, distinctly

[1] Letter of Requesens, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange, 28th September, 1574, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 73.

stated his opinion that there was no use of talking about pardon. Brutally, but candidly, he maintained that there was nothing to be done but to continue the process of extermination. It was necessary, he said, to reduce the country to a dead level of unresisting misery before an act of oblivion could be securely laid down as the foundation of a new and permanent order of society.[1] He had already given his advice to his Majesty, that every town in the country should be burned to the ground, except those which could be permanently occupied by the royal troops. The king, however, in his access of clemency at the appointment of a new administration, instructed the grand commander *not to resort to this measure unless it should become strictly necessary.*[2] Such were the opposite opinions of the old and new governors with regard to the pardon. The learned Viglius sided with Alva, although manifestly against his will. "It is both the duke's opinion and my own," wrote the commander, "that Viglius does not dare to express his real opinion, and that he is secretly desirous of an arrangement with the rebels."[3] With a good deal of inconsistency, the governor was offended not only with those who opposed his plans, but with those who favored them. He was angry with Viglius, who, at least nominally, disapproved of the pardon, and with Noircarmes, Aerschot, and others, who manifested a wish for a pacification. Of the chief characteristic ascribed to the people by Julius Cæsar, namely, that they forgot neither favors nor injuries, the second half only, in the grand commander's opinion, had been retained. Not only did they never forget injuries, but their memory,

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1293.
[2] Ibid., ii. 1287. [3] Ibid., ii. 1293.

said he, was so good that they recollected many which they had never received.[1]

On the whole, however, in the embarrassed condition of affairs, and while waiting for further supplies, the commander was secretly disposed to try the effect of a pardon. The object was to deceive the people and to gain time; for there was no intention of conceding liberty of conscience, of withdrawing foreign troops, or of assembling the States-General. It was, however, not possible to apply these hypocritical measures of conciliation immediately. The war was in full career, and could not be arrested even in that wintry season. The patriots held Mondragon closely besieged in Middelburg,[2] the last point in the isle of Walcheren which held for the king. There was a considerable treasure in money and merchandise shut up in that city; and, moreover, so deserving and distinguished an officer as Mondragon could not be abandoned to his fate. At the same time, famine was pressing him sorely, and by the end of the year garrison and townspeople had nothing but rats, mice, dogs, cats, and such repulsive substitutes for food, to support life withal.[3] It was necessary to take immediate measures to relieve the place.

On the other hand, the situation of the patriots was not very encouraging. Their superiority on the sea was unquestionable, for the Hollanders and Zealanders were the best sailors in the world, and they asked of their country no payment for their blood but thanks. The land forces, however, were usually mercenaries, who

[1] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291, and p. 443, note.

[2] Bor, vii. 479. Meteren, v. 88.

[3] Letter of De la Klunder, in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., iv. 307, 308.

were apt to mutiny at the commencement of an action if, as was too often the case, their wages could not be paid. Holland was entirely cut in twain by the loss of Haarlem and the leaguer of Leyden, no communication between the dissevered portions being possible, except with difficulty and danger.[1] The estates, although they had done much for the cause, and were prepared to do much more, were too apt to wrangle about economical details. They irritated the Prince of Orange by huckstering about subsidies to a degree which his proud and generous nature could hardly brook.[2] He had strong hopes from France. Louis of Nassau had held secret interviews with the Duke of Alençon and the Duke of Anjou, now King of Poland, at Blamont.[3] Alençon had assured him secretly, affectionately, and warmly that he would be as sincere a friend to the cause as were his two royal brothers. The count had even received one hundred thousand livres in hand as an earnest of the favorable intentions of France,[4] and was now busily engaged, at the instance of the prince, in levying an army in Germany for the relief of Leyden and the rest of Holland, while William, on his part, was omitting nothing, whether by representations to the estates or by secret foreign missions and correspondence, to further the cause of the suffering country.[5]

At the same time the prince dreaded the effect of the promised pardon. He had reason to be distrustful of

[1] Bor, vii. 478.

[2] Ibid., vii. Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., vi., Hoofdst., and Bijlage, i. 401–415.

[3] Groen v. Prinst., iv. 263–278. De Thou, t. vii. liv. vii. 28–37. Hoofd, ix. 343, 344.

[4] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 281.

[5] Bor, vii. 479, 488, 490. Hoofd, ix. 334, 344.

the general temper of the nation when a man like Sainte-Aldegonde, the enlightened patriot and his own tried friend, was influenced, by the discouraging and dangerous position in which he found himself, to abandon the high ground upon which they had both so long and so firmly stood. Sainte-Aldegonde had been held a strict prisoner since his capture at Maaslandsluis, at the close of Alva's administration.[1] It was no doubt a predicament attended with much keen suffering and positive danger. It had hitherto been the uniform policy of the government to kill all prisoners, of whatever rank. Accordingly, some had been drowned, some had been hanged, some beheaded, some poisoned in their dungeons —all had been murdered. This had been Alva's course. The grand commander also highly approved of the system,[2] but the capture of Count Bossu by the patriots had necessitated a suspension of such rigor.[3] It was certain that Bossu's head would fall as soon as Sainte-Aldegonde's, the prince having expressly warned the government of this inevitable result.[4] Notwithstanding that security, however, for his eventual restoration to liberty, a Netherland rebel in a Spanish prison could hardly feel himself at ease. There were so many foot-marks into the cave, and not a single one coming forth. Yet it was not singular, however, that the prince should read with regret the somewhat insincere casuistry with which Sainte-Aldegonde sought to persuade himself and his fellow-countrymen that a reconciliation with the monarch was desirable, even upon unworthy terms. He was somewhat shocked that so valiant and eloquent a

[1] Bor, vii. 481, 482. Archives et Correspondance, iv. 237.
[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1291, 445.
[3] Ibid. [4] Bor, vii. 482.

supporter of the Reformation should coolly express his opinion that the king would probably refuse liberty of conscience to the Netherlanders, but would, no doubt, permit heretics to go into banishment. "Perhaps, after we have gone into exile," added Sainte-Aldegonde, almost with baseness, "God may give us an opportunity of doing such good service to the king that he will lend us a more favorable ear, and, peradventure, permit our return to the country."[1]

Certainly such language was not becoming the pen which wrote the famous Compromise. The prince himself was, however, not to be induced, even by the captivity and the remonstrances of so valued a friend, to swerve from the path of duty. He still maintained, in public and private, that the withdrawal of foreign troops from the provinces, the restoration of the old constitutional privileges, and the entire freedom of conscience in religious matters, were the indispensable conditions of any pacification. It was plain to him that the Spaniards were not ready to grant these conditions; but he felt confident that he should accomplish the release of Sainte-Aldegonde without condescending to an ignominious peace.

The most pressing matter, upon the grand commander's arrival, was obviously to relieve the city of Middelburg. Mondragon, after so stanch a defense, would soon be obliged to capitulate, unless he should promptly receive supplies. Requesens accordingly collected seventy-five ships at Bergen-op-Zoom, which were placed nominally under the command of Admiral de Glimes, but in reality under that of Julien Romero.

[1] See the letter of Sainte-Aldegonde, in Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 78 et seq.

Another fleet of thirty vessels had been assembled at Antwerp under Sancho d'Avila. Both, amply freighted with provisions, were destined to make their way to Middelburg by the two different passages of the Honde and the Eastern Schelde.[1] On the other hand, the Prince of Orange had repaired to Flushing to superintend the operations of Admiral Boisot, who already, in obedience to his orders, had got a powerful squadron in readiness at that place. Late in January, 1574, D'Avila arrived in the neighborhood of Flushing, where he awaited the arrival of Romero's fleet. United, the two commanders were to make a determined attempt to reinforce the starving city of Middelburg.[2] At the same time Governor Requesens made his appearance in person at Bergen-op-Zoom to expedite the departure of the stronger fleet;[3] but it was not the intention of the Prince of Orange to allow this expedition to save the city. The Spanish generals, however valiant, were to learn that their genius was not amphibious, and that the beggars of the sea were still invincible on their own element, even if their brethren of the land had occasionally quailed.

Admiral Boisot's fleet had already moved up the Schelde and taken a position nearly opposite to Bergen-op-Zoom.[4] On the 20th of January the Prince of Orange, embarking from Zierikzee, came to make them a visit before the impending action. His galley, conspicuous for its elegant decorations, was exposed for some time to the artillery of the fort, but providentially

[1] Bor, vii. 479. Hoofd, ix. 335. Meteren, v. 88.
[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.
[3] Mendoza, xi. 225. Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, vii. 479.

escaped unharmed. He assembled all the officers of his armada, and, in brief but eloquent language, reminded them how necessary it was to the salvation of the whole country that they should prevent the city of Middelburg —the key to the whole of Zealand, already upon the point of falling into the hands of the patriots—from being now wrested from their grasp. On the sea, at least, the Hollanders and Zealanders were at home. The officers and men, with one accord, rent the air with their cheers. They swore that they would shed every drop of blood in their veins but they would sustain the prince and the country; and they solemnly vowed not only to serve, if necessary, without wages, but to sacrifice all that they possessed in the world rather than abandon the cause of their fatherland.[1] Having by his presence and his language aroused their valor to so high a pitch of enthusiasm, the prince departed for Delft, to make arrangements to drive the Spaniards from the siege of Leyden.[2]

On the 29th of January the fleet of Romero sailed from Bergen, disposed in three divisions, each numbering twenty-five vessels of different sizes. As the grand commander stood on the dike of Schakerlo to witness the departure, a general salute was fired by the fleet in his honor, but with most unfortunate augury. The discharge, by some accident, set fire to the magazines of

[1] Letter of De la Klunder, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 307: "Tellement encouragea les soldats que tous d'une même voix respondirent qu'ils étoient prets d'assister à son Exc. jusques à la dernière goutte de leur sang, et que plus tot que d'abandonner la cause, aymeroient mieulx de servir un an sans recevoir maille, voire à enchanger tout ce qu'ils ont en ce monde."

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 247 et seq.

one of the ships, which blew up with a terrible explosion, every soul on board perishing. The expedition, nevertheless, continued its way. Opposite Romerswael the fleet of Boisot awaited them, drawn up in battle array.[1] As an indication of the spirit which animated this hardy race, it may be mentioned that Schot, captain of the flag-ship, had been left on shore, dying of a pestilential fever. Admiral Boisot had appointed a Flushinger, Klaaf Klaafzoon, in his place. Just before the action, however, Schot, "scarcely able to blow a feather from his mouth," staggered on board his ship, and claimed the command.[2] There was no disputing a precedency which he had risen from his death-bed to vindicate. There was, however, a short discussion, as the enemy's fleet approached, between these rival captains regarding the manner in which the Spaniards should be received. Klaafzoon was of opinion that most of the men should go below till after the enemy's first discharge. Schot insisted that all should remain on deck, ready to grapple with the Spanish fleet, and to board them without the least delay. The sentiment of Schot prevailed, and all hands stood on deck, ready with boarding-pikes and grappling-irons.[3]

The first division of Romero came nearer and delivered its first broadside, when Schot and Klaafzoon both fell, mortally wounded. Admiral Boisot lost an eye,[4] and many officers and sailors in the other vessels were killed or wounded. This was, however, the first and last of the cannonading. As many of Romero's vessels

[1] Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 225. Meteren, v. 89.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 336: "Zoo haast als hy een veder vanden mondt blaazen kan quam met noch ungenesen lichaam weeder t' scheep."

[3] Hoofd, ubi sup. [4] Ibid. Bor, vii. 479.

as could be grappled with in the narrow estuary found themselves locked in close embrace with their enemies. A murderous hand-to-hand conflict succeeded. Battle-ax, boarding-pike, pistol, and dagger were the weapons. Every man who yielded himself a prisoner was instantly stabbed and tossed into the sea by the remorseless Zealanders. Fighting only to kill, and not to plunder, they did not even stop to take the gold chains which many Spaniards wore on their necks. It had, however, been obvious from the beginning that the Spanish fleet were not likely to achieve that triumph over the patriots which was necessary before they could relieve Middelburg. The battle continued a little longer; but after fifteen ships had been taken and twelve hundred royalists slain, the remainder of the enemy's fleet retreated into Bergen.[1] Romero himself, whose ship had grounded, sprang out of a port-hole and swam ashore, followed by such of his men as were able to imitate him. He landed at the very feet of the grand commander, who, wet and cold, had been standing all day upon the dike of Schakerlo, in the midst of a pouring rain, only to witness the total defeat of his armada at last.[2] "I told your Excellency," said Romero, coolly, as he climbed, all dripping, on the bank, "that I was a land-fighter, and not a sailor. If you were to give me the command of a hundred fleets, I believe that none of them would fare better than this has done."[3] The governor and his discomfited but philo-

[1] Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 336. Bor, vii. 479. Mendoza, xi. 226, 227.

[2] Cabrera, x. 780. Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] "Vide Excellencia bien sabia que yo no era marinero sino infante, no me entregue mas armadas, porque si ciento me diesse es de temer que las pierda todas."—Mendoza, xi. 227.

sophical lieutenant then returned to Bergen, and thence to Brussels, acknowledging that the city of Middelburg must fall, while Sancho d'Avila, hearing of the disaster which had befallen his countrymen, brought his fleet, with the greatest expedition, back to Antwerp. Thus the gallant Mondragon was abandoned to his fate.[1]

That fate could no longer be protracted. The city of Middelburg had reached and passed the starvation point. Still Mondragon was determined not to yield at discretion, although very willing to capitulate. The Prince of Orange, after the victory of Bergen, was desirous of an unconditional surrender, believing it to be his right, and knowing that he could not be supposed capable of practising upon Middelburg the vengeance which had been wreaked on Naarden, Zütphen, and Haarlem. Mondragon, however, swore that he would set fire to the city in twenty places, and perish with every soldier and burgher in the flames together, rather than abandon himself to the enemy's mercy.[2] The prince knew that the brave Spaniard was entirely capable of executing his threat. He granted honorable conditions, which, on the 18th February, were drawn up in five articles, and signed.[3] It was agreed that Mondragon and his troops should leave the place, with their arms, ammunition, and all their personal property. The citizens who remained were to take oath of fidelity to the prince as stadholder for his Majesty, and were to pay besides a

[1] Bor, vii. 479, 480. Meteren, v. 89. Hoofd, ix. 338.

[2] "Mondragon antwoorde, dat hy en de zynen de staat eer tot twintigh plaatsen aan brandt zouden steeken, daar naa in eenen uitval zich fechtende laaten aan stukken haaken."—Hoofd, ix. 339.

[3] Bor, vii. 480. Meteren, v. 89. Mendoza, xi. 229.

subsidy of three hundred thousand florins. Mondragon was, furthermore, to procure the discharge of Sainte-Aldegonde and of four other prisoners of rank, or, failing in the attempt, was to return within two months and constitute himself prisoner of war. The Catholic priests were to take away from the city none of their property but their clothes.[1] In accordance with this capitulation, Mondragon, and those who wished to accompany him, left the city on the 21st of February, and were conveyed to the Flemish shore at Neuz. It will be seen in the sequel that the governor neither granted him the release of the five prisoners, nor permitted him to return according to his parole. A few days afterward the prince entered the city, reorganized the magistracy, received the allegiance of the inhabitants, restored the ancient constitution, and liberally remitted two thirds of the sum in which they had been mulcted.[2]

The Spaniards had thus been successfully driven from the isle of Walcheren, leaving the Hollanders and Zealanders masters of the sea-coast. Since the siege of Alkmaar had been raised, however, the enemy had remained within the territory of Holland. Leyden was closely invested, the country in a desperate condition, and all communication between its different cities nearly suspended.[3] It was comparatively easy for the Prince of Orange to equip and man his fleets. The genius and habits of the people made them at home upon the water, and inspired them with a feeling of superiority to their adversaries. It was not so upon land. Strong to resist, patient to suffer, the Hollanders, although terrible in defense, had not the necessary discipline or ex-

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, Mendoza, ubi sup. Cabrera, x. 781.
[2] Bor, vii. 481. [3] Ibid., vii. 478.

perience to meet the veteran legions of Spain with confidence in the open field. To raise the siege of Leyden, the main reliance of the prince was upon Count Louis, who was again in Germany. In the latter days of Alva's administration William had written to his brothers, urging them speedily to arrange the details of a campaign of which he forwarded them a sketch.[1] As soon as a sufficient force had been levied in Germany, an attempt was to be made upon Maestricht. If that failed, Louis was to cross the Meuse in the neighborhood of Stockheim, make his way toward the prince's own city of Gertruydenberg, and thence make a junction with his brother in the neighborhood of Delft. They were then to take up a position together between Haarlem and Leyden. In that case it seemed probable that the Spaniards would find themselves obliged to fight at a great disadvantage, or to abandon the country. "In short," said the prince, "if this enterprise be arranged with due diligence and discretion, I hold it as the only certain means for putting a speedy end to the war, and for driving these devils of Spaniards out of the country before the Duke of Alva has time to raise another army to support them."[2]

In pursuance of this plan, Louis had been actively engaged all the earlier part of the winter in levying troops and raising supplies. He had been assisted by the French princes with considerable sums of money, as an earnest of what he was in future to expect from that source. He had made an unsuccessful attempt to effect the capture of Requesens, on his way to take the government of the Netherlands. He had then passed to the

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, iv. 246, 247, seq.
[2] Ibid.

frontier of France, where he had held his important interview with Catherine de' Medici and the Duke of Anjou, then on the point of departure to ascend the throne of Poland. He had received liberal presents, and still more liberal promises. Anjou had assured him that he would go as far as any of the German princes in rendering active and sincere assistance to the Protestant cause in the Netherlands. The Duc d'Alençon—soon, in his brother's absence, to succeed to the chieftainship of the new alliance between the Politiques and the Huguenots—had also pressed his hand, whispering in his ear, as he did so, that the government of France now belonged to him, as it had recently done to Anjou, and that the prince might reckon upon his friendship with entire security.[1]

These fine words, which cost nothing when whispered in secret, were not destined to fructify into a very rich harvest; for the mutual jealousy of France and England, lest either should acquire ascendancy in the Netherlands, made both governments prodigal of promises, while the common fear entertained by them of the power of Spain rendered both languid, insincere, and mischievous allies. Count John, however, was indefatigable in arranging the finances of the proposed expedition and in levying contributions among his numerous relatives and allies in Germany, while Louis had profited by the occasion of Anjou's passage into Poland to acquire for himself two thousand German and French cavalry, who had served to escort that prince,[2] and who, being now thrown out of employment, were glad to have a job offered them

[1] Letter of Count Louis to Prince of Orange, Archives, etc., iv. 278–281.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 334. Mendoza, xi. 231.

by a general who was thought to be in funds. Another thousand of cavalry and six thousand foot were soon assembled[1] from those ever-swarming nurseries of mercenary warriors, the smaller German states. With these, toward the end of February, Louis crossed the Rhine in a heavy snow-storm, and bent his course toward Maestricht. All the three brothers of the prince accompanied this little army, besides Duke Christopher, son of the Elector Palatine.[2]

Before the end of the month the army reached the Meuse, and encamped within four miles of Maestricht, on the opposite side of the river.[3] The garrison, commanded by Montesdoca, was weak, but the news of the warlike preparations in Germany had preceded the arrival of Count Louis. Requesens, feeling the gravity of the occasion, had issued orders for an immediate levy of eight thousand cavalry in Germany, with a proportionate number of infantry. At the same time he had directed Don Bernardino de Mendoza, with some companies of cavalry, then stationed in Breda, to throw himself without delay into Maestricht. Don Sancho d'Avila was intrusted with the general care of resisting the hostile expedition. That general had forthwith collected all the troops which could be spared from every town where they were stationed; had strengthened the cities of Antwerp, Ghent, Nimwegen, and Valenciennes, where there were known to be many secret adherents of Orange; and with the remainder of his forces had put himself in motion to oppose the entrance of Louis into

[1] Meteren, v. 90. Compare Bor, vii. 489; Mendoza, xi. 231.

[2] Bor, vii. 489, 490.

[3] Ibid., vii. 490. Mendoza, xi. 231, 233. Archives et Correspondance, iv. 327.

Brabant and his junction with his brother in Holland. Bracamonte had been despatched to Leyden, in order instantly to draw off the forces which were besieging the city. Thus Louis had already effected something of importance by the very news of his approach.[1]

Meantime the Prince of Orange had raised six thousand infantry, whose rendezvous was the isle of Bommel. He was disappointed at the paucity of the troops which Louis had been able to collect, but he sent messengers immediately to him, with a statement of his own condition, and with directions to join him in the isle of Bommel as soon as Maestricht should be reduced. It was, however, not in the destiny of Louis to reduce Maestricht. His expedition had been marked with disaster from the beginning. A dark and threatening prophecy had, even before its commencement, inwrapped Louis, his brethren, and his little army in a funeral pall. More than a thousand of his men had deserted before he reached the Meuse. When he encamped opposite Maestricht, he found the river neither frozen nor open, the ice obstructing the navigation, but being too weak for the weight of an army.[2] While he was thus delayed and embarrassed, Mendoza arrived in the city with reinforcements. It seemed already necessary for Louis to abandon his hopes of Maestricht, but he was at least desirous of crossing the river in that neighborhood, in order to effect his junction with the prince at the earliest possible moment. While the stream was still encumbered with ice, however, the enemy removed all the boats. On the 3d of March, Avila arrived with a large

[1] Mendoza, xi. 232, 233. Hoofd, ix. 344. Bor, vii. 488–490. Meteren, v. 90.

[2] Bor, vii. 490. Mendoza, xi. 233.

body of troops at Maestricht, and on the 18th Mendoza crossed the river in the night, giving the patriots so severe an encamisada that seven hundred were killed, at the expense of only seven of his own party. Harassed but not dispirited by these disasters, Louis broke up his camp on the 21st, and took a position farther down the river, at Fauquemont and Gulpen, castles in the duchy of Limburg. On the 3d of April, Bracamonte arrived at Maestricht with twenty-five companies of Spaniards and three of cavalry, while on the same day Mondragon reached the scene of action with his sixteen companies of veterans.[1]

It was now obvious to Louis not only that he should not take Maestricht, but that his eventual junction with his brother was at least doubtful, every soldier who could possibly be spared seeming in motion to oppose his progress. He was, to be sure, not yet outnumbered, but the enemy was increasing and his own force diminishing daily. Moreover, the Spaniards were highly disciplined and experienced troops, while his own soldiers were mercenaries, already clamorous and insubordinate.[2] On the 8th of April he again shifted his encampment, and took his course along the right bank of the Meuse, between that river and the Rhine, in the direction of Nimwegen.[3] Avila promptly decided to follow him upon the opposite bank of the Meuse, intending to throw himself between Louis and the Prince of Orange, and by a rapid march to give the count battle before he could join his brother. On the 8th of April, at early dawn, Louis had left the neighborhood of Maestricht,[4]

[1] Mendoza, xi. 234, 236, 237. Hoofd, ix. 346. Bor, vii. 490.
[2] Meteren, v. 90, 91.
[3] Bor, vii. 490.
[4] Mendoza, xi. 238.

and on the 13th he encamped at the village of Mook, on the Meuse, near the confines of Cleves.[1] Sending out his scouts, he learned, to his vexation, that the enemy had outmarched him and were now within cannon-shot. On the 13th Avila had constructed a bridge of boats, over which he had effected the passage of the Meuse with his whole army,[2] so that on the count's arrival at Mook he found the enemy facing him, on the same side of the river, and directly in his path.[3] It was therefore obvious that, in this narrow space between the Waal and the Meuse, where they were now all assembled, Louis must achieve a victory unaided, or abandon his expedition and leave the Hollanders to despair. He was distressed at the position in which he found himself, for he had hoped to reduce Maestricht and to join his brother in Holland. Together they could, at least, have expelled the Spaniards from that territory, in which case it was probable that a large part of the population in the different provinces would have risen. According to present aspects, the destiny of the country, for some time to come, was likely to hang upon the issue of a battle which he had not planned, and for which he was not fully prepared. Still, he was not the man to be disheartened, nor had he ever possessed the courage to refuse a battle when offered. Upon this occasion it would be difficult to retreat without disaster and disgrace, but it was equally difficult to achieve a victory. Thrust as he was like a wedge into the very heart of a hostile country, he was obliged to force his way through or to remain in his enemy's power. Moreover, and worst of

[1] Mendoza, xi. 239. Bor, vii. 490.

[2] Mendoza, xi. 238, 239.

[3] Ibid., xi. 239. Bor, vii. 490. Hoofd, ix. 347.

all, his troops were in a state of mutiny for their wages.[1] While he talked to them of honor, they howled to him for money. It was the custom of these mercenaries to mutiny on the eve of battle; of the Spaniards, after it had been fought. By the one course a victory was often lost which might have been achieved; by the other, when won, it was rendered fruitless.

Avila had chosen his place of battle with great skill. On the right bank of the Meuse, upon a narrow plain which spread from the river to a chain of hills within cannon-shot on the north, lay the little village of Mook.[2] The Spanish general knew that his adversary had the superiority in cavalry, and that within this compressed space it would not be possible to derive much advantage from the circumstance.

On the 14th both armies were drawn up in battle array at earliest dawn,[3] Louis having strengthened his position by a deep trench which extended from Mook, where he had stationed ten companies of infantry, which thus rested on the village and the river. Next came the bulk of his infantry, disposed in a single square. On their right was his cavalry, arranged in four squadrons, as well as the narrow limits of the field would allow. A small portion of them, for want of space, were stationed on the hillside.[4]

Opposite, the forces of Don Sancho were drawn up in somewhat similar fashion. Twenty-five companies of Spaniards were disposed in four bodies of pikemen and

[1] Meteren, v. 91.

[2] Mendoza, xi. 239. Bentivoglio, viii. 142, 143.

[3] Mendoza, xi. 241. Bor, vii. 491.

[4] Mendoza, xi. 239, 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 142, 143. Bor, vii. 491, 492.

musketeers, their right resting on the river. On their left was the cavalry, disposed by Mendoza in the form of a half-moon, the horns garnished by two small bodies of sharp-shooters. In the front ranks of the cavalry were the mounted carbineers of Schenk; behind were the Spanish lancers. The village of Mook lay between the two armies.[1]

The skirmishing began at early dawn with an attack upon the trench, and continued some hours without bringing on a general engagement. Toward ten o'clock Count Louis became impatient. All the trumpets of the patriots now rang out a challenge to their adversaries,[2] and the Spaniards were just returning the defiance and preparing a general onset when the Seigneur de Hierges and Baron Chevreaux arrived on the field. They brought with them a reinforcement of more than a thousand men, and the intelligence that Valdez was on his way with nearly five thousand more.[3] As he might be expected on the following morning, a short deliberation was held as to the expediency of deferring the action. Count Louis was at the head of six thousand foot and two thousand cavalry. Avila mustered only four thousand infantry and not quite a thousand horse.[4] This inferiority would be changed on the morrow into an overwhelming superiority. Meantime it was well to remember the punishment endured by Aremberg at Heiliger Lee for not waiting till Meghen's arrival. This prudent counsel was, however, very generally scouted, and by none more loudly than by Hierges

[1] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, ix. 347, 348.
[2] Mendoza, xi. 241.
[3] Mendoza, ubi sup. Hoofd, ix. 348.
[4] Mendoza, xi. 240. Bentivoglio, viii. 141.

and Chevreaux, who had brought the intelligence. It was thought that at this juncture nothing could be more indiscreet than discretion. They had a wary and audacious general to deal with. While they were waiting for their reinforcements, he was quite capable of giving them the slip. He might thus effect the passage of the stream and that union with his brother which had been thus far so successfully prevented. This reasoning prevailed,[1] and the skirmishing at the trench was renewed with redoubled vigor, an additional force being sent against it. After a short and fierce struggle it was carried, and the Spaniards rushed into the village, but were soon dislodged by a larger detachment of infantry, which Count Louis sent to the rescue.[2] The battle now became general at this point.

Nearly all the patriot infantry were employed to defend the post; nearly all the Spanish infantry were ordered to assail it. The Spaniards, dropping on their knees, according to custom, said a Paternoster and an Ave Maria, and then rushed in mass to the attack. After a short but sharp conflict the trench was again carried and the patriots completely routed. Upon this, Count Louis charged with all his cavalry upon the enemy's horse, which had hitherto remained motionless. With the first shock the mounted harquebusiers of Schenk, constituting the vanguard, were broken, and fled in all directions. So great was their panic, as Louis drove them before him, that they never stopped till they had swum or been drowned in the river, the survivors carrying the news to Grave and to other cities that the royal-

[1] Hoofd, ix. 348. Bentivoglio, Mendoza, ubi sup. Bor, vii. 491, 492. Cabrera, x. 784, 785.

[2] Mendoza, xi. 242. Hoofd.

ists had been completely routed. This was, however, very far from the truth. The patriot cavalry, mostly carbineers, wheeled after the first discharge, and retired to reload their pieces; but before they were ready for another attack, the Spanish lancers and the German black troopers, who had all remained firm, set upon them with great spirit. A fierce, bloody, and confused action succeeded, in which the patriots were completely overthrown.[1]

Count Louis, finding that the day was lost and his army cut to pieces, rallied around him a little band of troopers, among whom were his brother, Count Henry, and Duke Christopher, and together they made a final and desperate charge.[2] It was the last that was ever seen of them on earth. They all went down together, in the midst of the fight, and were never heard of more. The battle terminated, as usual in those conflicts of mutual hatred, in a horrible butchery, hardly any of the patriot army being left to tell the tale of their disaster. At least four thousand were killed, including those who were slain on the field, those who were suffocated in the marshes or the river, and those who were burned in the farm-houses where they had taken refuge.[3] It was uncertain which of those various modes of death had been the lot of Count Louis, his brother, and his friend. The mystery was never solved. They had probably all died on the field; but, stripped of their clothing, with their faces trampled upon by the hoofs of horses, it was

[1] Mendoza, xi. 242–244. Hoofd, ix. 350. Meteren, v. 91.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 350, 351. Mendoza, xi. 244. Bentivoglio, viii. 145.

[3] Bentivoglio, viii. 145. Compare Cabrera, x. 781–786; Mendoza, Hoofd, ubi sup. According to Mendoza, but forty of the Spanish army were killed; according to the Dutch historians, about two hundred.

not possible to distinguish them from the less illustrious dead. It was the opinion of many that they had been drowned in the river; of others, that they had been burned.[1] There was a vague tale that Louis, bleeding but not killed, had struggled forth from the heap of corpses where he had been thrown, had crept to the riverside, and, while washing his wounds, had been surprised and butchered by a party of rustics.[2] The story was not generally credited, but no man knew, or was destined to learn, the truth.

A dark and fatal termination to this last enterprise of Count Louis had been anticipated by many. In that superstitious age, when emperors and princes daily investigated the future by alchemy, by astrology, and by books of fate filled with formulæ as gravely and precisely set forth as algebraical equations;[3] when men of

[1] Meteren, v. 91. Bor, vii. 491, 492. Hoofd, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. The Walloon historian occasionally cited in these pages has a more summary manner of accounting for the fate of these distinguished personages. According to his statement, the leaders of the Protestant forces dined and made merry at a convent in the neighborhood upon Good Friday, five days before the battle, using the sacramental chalices at the banquet, and mixing consecrated wafers with their wine. As a punishment for this sacrilege, the army was utterly overthrown, and the devil himself *flew away with the chieftains, body and soul.*

"Oires Dieu permit que cinq jours après ne restait de leurs principaulx chefs ung seul vif; que plus est, entre les corps morts plusieurs de ces seigneurs n'ont été retrouvés nonobstant toute curieuse recherche; à ceste cause lon creut du comenchement que ils estoient eschappes, et depuis que ils étoient emportés en corps et en âme."—Renom de France MS., ii. c. xxx.

[2] Francisci Haraei, Ann. Tumult. Belg., iii. 203. Strada alludes to the story without confirming it (viii. 383).

[3] The conjuring books, in many folio volumes, containing the tables of wizard logarithms by which Augustus of Saxony was

every class, from monarch to peasant, implicitly believed in supernatural portents and prophecies, it was not singular that a somewhat striking appearance observed in the sky some weeks previously to the battle of Mookerheyde should have inspired many persons with a shuddering sense of impending evil.

Early in February five soldiers of the burgher guard at Utrecht, being on their midnight watch, beheld in the sky above them the representation of a furious battle. The sky was extremely dark, except directly over their heads, where, for a space equal in extent to the length of the city, and in breadth to that of an ordinary chamber, two armies, in battle array, were seen advancing upon each other. The one moved rapidly up from the northwest, with banners waving, spears flashing, trumpets sounding, accompanied by heavy artillery and by squadrons of cavalry. The other came slowly forward from the southeast, as if from an intrenched camp, to encounter their assailants. There was a fierce action for a few moments, the shouts of the combatants, the heavy discharge of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the tramp of heavy-armed foot-soldiers, the rush of cavalry, being distinctly heard. The firmament trembled with the shock of the contending hosts, and was lurid with the rapid discharges of their artillery. After a short, fierce en-

accustomed to steer his course upon the sea of life, and by the aid of which he considered himself competent to ascertain all future events and their effect upon his destiny, may still be seen in the library of Dresden. No doubt the elector consulted these tables most anxiously at the time when Count Louis and Duke Christopher were marching toward the Meuse. With still more intensity he studied their combinations when the projected marriage between the Prince of Orange and Charlotte of Bourbon was first announced to him.

gagement the northwestern army was beaten back in disorder, but rallied again, after a breathing-time, formed again into solid column, and again advanced. Their foes, arrayed, as the witnesses affirmed, in a square and closely serried grove of spears and muskets, again awaited the attack. Once more the aërial cohorts closed upon each other, all the signs and sounds of a desperate encounter being distinctly recognized by the eager witnesses. The struggle seemed but short. The lances of the southeastern army seemed to snap "like hemp-stalks," while their firm columns all went down together in mass beneath the onset of their enemies. The overthrow was complete, victors and vanquished had faded, the clear blue space, surrounded by black clouds, was empty, when suddenly its whole extent, where the conflict had so lately raged, was streaked with blood, flowing athwart the sky in broad crimson streams; nor was it till the five witnesses had fully watched and pondered over these portents that the vision entirely vanished.[1]

So impressed were the grave magistrates of Utrecht with the account given next day by the sentinels that a formal examination of the circumstances was made, the deposition of each witness, under oath, duly recorded,[2] and a vast deal of consultation of soothsayers' books and other auguries employed to elucidate the mystery. It was universally considered typical of the anticipated battle between Count Louis and the Spaniards. When, therefore, it was known that the patriots, moving from the southeast, had arrived at Mookerheyde, and that

[1] Bor, vii. 492.

[2] Ibid. Hoofd also relates the story, premising that he could hardly omit doing so, since the magistrates of Utrecht considered the subject worthy of a formal investigation (ix. 352).

LOUIS OF NASSAU.
After a contemporaneous engraving.

their adversaries, crossing the Meuse at Grave, had advanced upon them from the northwest, the result of the battle was considered inevitable, the phantom battle of Utrecht its infallible precursor.

Thus perished Louis of Nassau in the flower of his manhood, in the midst of a career already crowded with events such as might suffice for a century of ordinary existence. It is difficult to find in history a more frank and loyal character. His life was noble; the elements of the heroic and the genial so mixed in him that the imagination contemplates him, after three centuries, with an almost affectionate interest. He was not a great man; he was far from possessing the subtle genius or the expansive views of his brother; but, called as he was to play a prominent part in one of the most complicated and imposing dramas ever enacted by man, he, nevertheless, always acquitted himself with honor. His direct, fearless, and energetic nature commanded alike the respect of friend and foe. As a politician, a soldier, and a diplomatist, he was busy, bold, and true. He accomplished by sincerity what many thought could only be compassed by trickery. Dealing often with the most adroit and most treacherous of princes and statesmen, he frequently carried his point, and he never stooped to flattery. From the time when, attended by his "twelve disciples," he assumed the most prominent part in the negotiations with Margaret of Parma, through all the various scenes of the revolution, through all the conferences with Spaniards, Italians, Huguenots, malcontents, Flemish councilors, or German princes, he was the consistent and unflinching supporter of religious liberty and constitutional law. The battle of Heiliger Lee and the capture of Mons were his most signal triumphs, but the fruits of both were

annihilated by subsequent disaster. His headlong courage was his chief foible. The French accused him of losing the battle of Moncontour by his impatience to engage, yet they acknowledged that to his masterly conduct it was owing that their retreat was effected in so successful and even so brilliant a manner.[1] He was censured for rashness and precipitancy in this last and fatal enterprise, but the reproach seems entirely without foundation. The expedition, as already stated, had been deliberately arranged, with the full coöperation of his brother, and had been preparing several months. That he was able to set no larger force on foot than that which he led into Guelders was not his fault. But for the floating ice which barred his passage of the Meuse, he would have surprised Maestricht; but for the mutiny which rendered his mercenary soldiers cowards, he might have defeated Avila at Mookerheyde. Had he done so he would have joined his brother in the isle of Bommel in triumph; the Spaniards would probably have been expelled from Holland, and Leyden saved the horrors of that memorable siege which she was soon called upon to endure. These results were not in his destiny. Providence had decreed that he should perish in the midst of his usefulness; that the prince, in his death, should lose the right hand which had been so swift to execute his various plans, and the faithful fraternal heart which had always responded so readily to every throb of his own.

In figure he was below the middle height, but martial

[1] "Car ce fut luy qui fit cette belle retraite à la bataille de Moncontour, secondant fort à propos Monsieur l'Admiral qui avoit été blessée."—Brantôme, Grands Capitaines, etc., P. d'Orange et Comte L. de Nassau.

and noble in his bearing. The expression of his countenance was lively, his manner frank and engaging. All who knew him personally loved him, and he was the idol of his gallant brethren. His mother always addressed him as her dearly beloved, her heart's cherished Louis. "You must come soon to me," she wrote in the last year of his life, "for I have many matters to ask your advice upon; and I thank you beforehand, for you have loved me as your mother all the days of your life; for which may God Almighty have you in his holy keeping." [1]

It was the doom of this high-born, true-hearted dame to be called upon to weep oftener for her children than is the usual lot of mothers. Count Adolphus had already perished in his youth on the field of Heiliger Lee, and now Louis and his young brother Henry, who had scarcely attained his twenty-sixth year, and whose short life had been passed in that faithful service to the cause of freedom which was the instinct of his race, had both found a bloody and an unknown grave. Count John, who had already done so much for the cause, was fortunately spared to do much more. Although of the expedition, and expecting to participate in the battle, he had, at the urgent solicitation of all the leaders, left the army for a brief season, in order to obtain at Cologne a supply of money for the mutinous troops. He had started upon this mission two days before the action [2] in which he, too, would otherwise have been sacrificed. The young Duke Christopher, "optimæ indolis et magnæ spei adolescens," [3] who had perished on the same field, was sincerely mourned by the lovers of freedom.

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 174.
[2] Ibid., iv. 369. [3] Ibid., iv. 367.

His father, the elector, found his consolation in the Scriptures, and in the reflection that his son had died in the bed of honor, fighting for the cause of God. "'T was better thus," said that stern Calvinist, whose dearest wish was to "Calvinize the world,"[1] "than to have passed his time in idleness, which is the devil's pillow."[2]

Vague rumors of the catastrophe had spread far and wide. It was soon certain that Louis had been defeated, but for a long time conflicting reports were in circulation as to the fate of the leaders. The Prince of Orange, meanwhile, passed days of intense anxiety, expecting hourly to hear from his brothers, listening to dark rumors, which he refused to credit and could not contradict, and writing letters, day after day, long after the eyes which should have read the friendly missives were closed.[3]

The victory of the king's army at Mookerheyde had been rendered comparatively barren by the mutiny which broke forth the day after the battle.[4] Three years' pay was due to the Spanish troops, and it was not surprising that upon this occasion one of those periodic rebellions should break forth, by which the royal cause was frequently so much weakened, and the royal governors so intolerably perplexed. These mutinies

[1] Archives et Correspondance, iv. 71.

[2] Ibid., iv. 367. [3] Ibid., iv. 372.

[4] Bor, vii. 494 et seq. Meteren, v. 91. Hoofd, ix. 352–359. Mendoza, xi. xii. 246, 247. Bentivoglio, viii. 146–149. The account given by the last-mentioned historian is the clearest and most elegantly written account of this mutiny which exists. As a specimen of a system from which many important consequences were destined to flow at different periods, the subject demands especial attention.

were of almost regular occurrence, and attended by as regular a series of phenomena. The Spanish troops, living so far from their own country, but surrounded by their women and constantly increasing swarms of children, constituted a locomotive city of considerable population, permanently established on a foreign soil. It was a city walled in by bayonets, and still further isolated from the people around by the impassable moat of mutual hatred. It was a city obeying the articles of war, governed by despotic authority, and yet occasionally revealing, in full force, the irrepressible democratic element. At periods which could almost be calculated, the military populace were wont to rise upon the privileged classes, to deprive them of office and liberty, and to set up in their place commanders of their own election. A governor-in-chief, a sergeant-major, a board of councilors, and various other functionaries were chosen by acclamation and universal suffrage. The *eletto*, or chief officer thus appointed, was clothed with supreme power, but forbidden to exercise it. He was surrounded by councilors who watched his every motion, read all his correspondence, and assisted at all his conferences, while the councilors were themselves narrowly watched by the commonalty. These movements were, however, in general, marked by the most exemplary order. Anarchy became a system of government; rebellion enacted and enforced the strictest rules of discipline; theft, drunkenness, violence to women, were severely punished.[1] As soon as the mutiny broke forth, the first object was to take possession of the nearest city, where the eletto was usually established in the town house, and the soldiery quartered upon the citizens. Nothing

[1] Bentivoglio, viii. 147.

in the shape of food or lodging was too good for these marauders. Men who had lived for years on camp rations—coarse knaves who had held the plow till compelled to handle the musket—now slept in fine linen, and demanded from the trembling burghers the daintiest viands. They ate the land bare, like a swarm of locusts. "Chickens and partridges," says the thrifty chronicler of Antwerp, "capons and pheasants, hares and rabbits, two kinds of wines; for sauces, capers and olives, citrons and oranges, spices and sweetmeats; wheaten bread for their dogs, and even wine to wash the feet of their horses"[1]—such was the entertainment demanded and obtained by the mutinous troops. They were very willing both to enjoy the luxury of this forage and to induce the citizens, from weariness of affording compelled hospitality, to submit to a taxation by which the military claims might be liquidated.

A city thus occupied was at the mercy of a foreign soldiery which had renounced all authority but that of self-imposed laws. The king's officers were degraded, perhaps murdered, while those chosen to supply their places had only a nominal control. The eletto, day by day, proclaimed from the balcony of the town house the latest rules and regulations. If satisfactory, there was a clamor of applause; if objectionable, they were rejected with a tempest of hisses, with discharges of musketry. The eletto did not govern; he was a dictator who could not dictate, but could only register decrees. If too honest, too firm, or too dull for his place, he was deprived of his office and sometimes of his life. Another was chosen in his room, often to be succeeded by a series of others, destined to the same fate. Such

[1] Meteren, v. 103.

were the main characteristics of those formidable mutinies, the result of the unthriftiness and dishonesty by which the soldiery engaged in these interminable hostilities were deprived of their dearly earned wages. The expense of the war was bad enough at best, but when it is remembered that of three or four dollars sent from Spain or contributed by the provinces for the support of the army hardly one reached the pockets of the soldier,[1] the frightful expenditure which took place may be imagined. It was not surprising that so much peculation should engender revolt.

The mutiny which broke out after the defeat of Count Louis was marked with the most pronounced and inflammatory of these symptoms. Three years' pay was due to the Spaniards, who, having just achieved a signal victory, were disposed to reap its fruits by fair means or by force. On receiving nothing but promises in answer to their clamorous demands, they mutinied to a man, and crossed the Meuse to Grave,[2] whence, after accomplishing the usual elections, they took their course to Antwerp. Being in such strong force, they determined to strike at the capital. Rumor flew before them. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and royal governor of the city, wrote in haste to apprise Requesens of the approaching danger. The grand commander, attended only by Vitelli, repaired instantly to Antwerp. Champagny advised throwing up a breastwork with bales of merchandise upon the esplanade, between the citadel and the town;[3] for it was at this point, where the con-

[1] Requesens to Philip, Correspondance de Philippe II., ii. 1292, 457.

[2] Mendoza, Bentivoglio, Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, vii. 494.

nection between the fortifications of the castle and those of the city had never been thoroughly completed,[1] that the invasion might be expected. Requesens hesitated. He trembled at a conflict with his own soldiery. If successful, he could only be so by trampling upon the flower of his army. If defeated, what would become of the king's authority, with rebellious troops triumphant in rebellious provinces? Sorely perplexed, the commander could think of no expedient. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing. In the meantime Champagny, who felt himself odious to the soldiery, retreated to the Newtown, and barricaded himself, with a few followers, in the house of the Baltic merchants.[2]

On the 26th of April the mutinous troops, in perfect order, marched into the city, effecting their entrance precisely at the weak point where they had been expected. Numbering at least three thousand, they encamped on the esplanade, where Requesens appeared before them alone on horseback and made them an oration. They listened with composure, but answered briefly and with one accord, "Dineros y non palabras" ("Dollars, not speeches"). Requesens promised profusely, but the time was past for promises. Hard silver dollars would alone content an army which, after three years of bloodshed and starvation, had at last taken the law into their own hands. Requesens withdrew to consult the broad council of the city. He was without money himself, but he demanded four hundred thousand crowns of the city.[3] This was at first refused, but the troops knew the strength of their position, for these mutinies

[1] Bentivoglio, Bor, Meteren, et al.

[2] "Oostersfe Huis."—Bor, vii. 494. Meteren. Hoofd.

[3] Meteren, v. 92. Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

were never repressed and rarely punished. On this occasion the commander was afraid to employ force, and the burghers, after the army had been quartered upon them for a time, would gladly pay a heavy ransom to be rid of their odious and expensive guests. The mutineers, foreseeing that the work might last a few weeks, and determined to proceed leisurely, took possession of the great square. The eletto, with his staff of councilors, was quartered in the town house, while the soldiers distributed themselves among the houses of the most opulent citizens, no one escaping a billet who was rich enough to receive such company—bishop or burgomaster, margrave or merchant.[1] The most famous kitchens were naturally the most eagerly sought, and sumptuous apartments, luxurious dishes, delicate wines, were daily demanded. The burghers dared not refuse.[2]

The six hundred Walloons who had been previously quartered in the city were expelled, and for many days the mutiny reigned paramount. Day after day the magistracy, the heads of gilds, all the representatives of the citizens, were assembled in the broad council. The governor-general insisted on his demand of four hundred thousand crowns, representing, with great justice, that the mutineers would remain in the city until they had eaten and drunk to that amount, and that there would still be the arrearages, for which the city would be obliged to raise the funds. On the 9th of May the authorities made an offer, which was duly communicated to the eletto. That functionary stood forth on a window-sill of the town house, and addressed

[1] Bor, vii. 494, 495. Hoofd. Meteren.

[2] Meteren, v. 92. Bor, vii. 494, 495. Hoofd, ix. 355, 356. Bentivoglio, viii. 148.

the soldiery. He informed them that the grand commander proposed to pay ten months' arrears in cash, five months' in silks and woolen cloths, and the balance in promises, to be fulfilled within a few days.[1] The terms were not considered satisfactory, and were received with groans of derision. The eletto, on the contrary, declared them very liberal, and reminded the soldiers of the perilous condition in which they stood, guilty to a man of high treason, with a rope around every neck. It was well worth their while to accept the offer made them, together with the absolute pardon for the past by which it was accompanied. For himself, he washed his hands of the consequences if the offer were rejected. The soldiers answered by deposing the eletto and choosing another in his room.[2]

Three days after, a mutiny broke out in the citadel—an unexampled occurrence.[3] The rebels ordered Sancho d'Avila, the commandant, to deliver the keys of the fortress. He refused to surrender them but with his life. They then contented themselves with compelling his lieutenant to leave the citadel, and with sending their eletto to confer with the grand commander, as well as with the eletto of the army. After accomplishing his mission, he returned, accompanied by Chiapin Vitelli, as envoy of the governor-general. No sooner, however, had the eletto set foot on the drawbridge than he was attacked by Ensign Salvatierra of the Spanish garrison, who stabbed him to the heart and threw him

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Hoofd, ix. 359.

[3] "Los soldados del Castillo se amotinaron, alteracion que jamas ha hecho la nacion Española, hallandose en Castillo."—Mendoza, xii. 247.

into the moat. The ensign, who was renowned in the army for his ferocious courage, and who wore embroidered upon his trunk-hose the inscription, "El castigador de los Flamencos,"[1] then rushed upon the sergeant-major of the mutineers, despatched him in the same way, and tossed him likewise into the moat.[2] These preliminaries being settled, a satisfactory arrangement was negotiated between Vitelli and the rebellious garrison. Pardon for the past, and payment upon the same terms as those offered in the city, were accepted, and the mutiny of the citadel was quelled.[3] It was, however, necessary that Salvatierra should conceal himself for a long time, to escape being torn to pieces by the incensed soldiery.

Meantime affairs in the city were more difficult to adjust. The mutineers raised an altar of chests and bales upon the public square, and celebrated mass under the open sky, solemnly swearing to be true to each other to the last.[4] The scenes of carousing and merrymaking were renewed at the expense of the citizens, who were again exposed to nightly alarms from the boisterous mirth and ceaseless mischief-making of the soldiers. Before the end of the month, the broad council, exhausted by the incubus which had afflicted them so many weeks, acceded to the demand of Requesens. The four hundred thousand crowns were furnished, the grand commander accepting them as a loan, and giving in return bonds duly signed and countersigned, together with a mortgage upon all the royal domains.[5] The citi-

[1] Meteren, v. 92. Hoofd, ix. 359. "The chastiser of the Flemings."

[2] Mendoza, Meteren, Hoofd.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Hoofd, ix. 359.

[5] Bor, vii. 494, 495.

zens received the documents as a matter of form, but they had handled such securities before and valued them but slightly. The mutineers now agreed to settle with the governor-general, on condition of receiving all their wages, either in cash or cloth, together with a solemn promise of pardon for all their acts of insubordination. This pledge was formally rendered, with appropriate religious ceremonies, by Requesens, in the cathedral.[1] The payments were made directly afterward, and a great banquet was held on the same day, by the whole mass of the soldiery, to celebrate the event. The feast took place on the place of the Meer, and was a scene of furious revelry. The soldiers, more thoughtless than children, had arrayed themselves in extemporaneous costumes, cut from the cloth which they had at last received in payment of their sufferings and their blood. Broadcloths, silks, satins, and gold-embroidered brocades, worthy of a queen's wardrobe, were hung in fantastic drapery around the sinewy forms and bronzed faces of the soldiery, who, the day before, had been clothed in rags. The mirth was fast and furious; and scarce was the banquet finished before every drumhead became a gaming-table, around which gathered groups eager to sacrifice in a moment their dearly bought gold.[2]

The fortunate or the prudent had not yet succeeded in entirely plundering their companions when the distant booming of cannon was heard from the river. Instantly, accoutred as they were in their holiday and fantastic costumes, the soldiers, no longer mutinous, were summoned from banquet and gaming-table, and were ordered forth upon the dikes. The patriot Ad-

[1] Bentivoglio, viii. 149.
[2] Hoofd, ix. 359, 360.

miral Boisot, who had so recently defeated the fleet of Bergen under the eyes of the grand commander, had unexpectedly sailed up the Schelde, determined to destroy the fleet of Antwerp, which upon that occasion had escaped. Between the forts of Lillo and Calloo he met with twenty-two vessels under the command of Vice-Admiral Haemstede. After a short and sharp action he was completely victorious. Fourteen of the enemy's ships were burned or sunk, with all their crews, and Admiral Haemstede was taken prisoner. The soldiers opened a warm fire of musketry upon Boisot from the dike, to which he responded with his cannon. The distance of the combatants, however, made the action unimportant, and the patriots retired down the river after achieving a complete victory. The grand commander was further than ever from obtaining that foothold on the sea which, as he had informed his sovereign, was the only means by which the Netherlands could be reduced.[1]

[1] Bor, vii. 495, 496. Hoofd, ix. 359, 360. Bentivoglio, viii. 149. Letter of the Prince of Orange, in Archives, etc., v. 11, 12.

CHAPTER II

First siege of Leyden—Commencement of the second—Description of the city—Preparations for defense—Letters of Orange—Act of amnesty issued by Requesens—Its conditions—Its reception by the Hollanders—Correspondence of the Glippers—Sorties and fierce combats beneath the walls of Leyden—Position of the prince—His project of relief—Magnanimity of the people—Breaking of the dikes—Emotions in the city and the besieging camp—Letter of the estates of Holland—Dangerous illness of the prince—The "wild Zealanders"—Admiral Boisot commences his voyage—Sanguinary combat on the Land-scheiding—Occupation of that dike and of the Green-way—Pauses and progress of the flotilla—The prince visits the fleet—Horrible sufferings in the city—Speech of Van der Werf—Heroism of the inhabitants—The admiral's letters—The storm—Advance of Boisot—Lammen fortress—An anxious night—Midnight retreat of the Spaniards—The admiral enters the city—Thanksgiving in the great church—The prince in Leyden—Parting words of Valdez—Mutiny—Leyden University founded—The charter—Inauguration ceremonies.

THE invasion of Louis of Nassau had, as already stated, effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from the 31st of October, 1573, to the 21st of March, 1574,[1] when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By an extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing-time thus afforded them to victual the city and strengthen the garrison.[2] They seemed to reckon more confidently upon

[1] Bor, vii. 502. [2] Ibid.

the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On the 26th of May, Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of eight thousand Walloons and Germans,[1] and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly toward its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime-trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation in the center of the city rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England.[2]

[1] Bor, vii. 504.

[2] Guicciardini, Descript. Holl. et Zelandiæ. Bor, vii. 502. Bentivoglio, viii. 151.

"Putatur Engistus Britanno
Orbe redux posuisse victor," etc.,

according to the celebrated poem of John Van der Does, the accomplished and valiant commandant of the city. The tower,

Surrounded by fruit-trees, and overgrown in the center with oaks, it afforded, from its moldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maaslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and The Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg and fled toward Leyden. Refused admittance by the citizens, who now, with reason, distrusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterward sent back to England.[1] In the course of a few days Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two redouts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly eight thousand—a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "freebooters" and five companies of the burgher guard. John van

which is doubtless a Roman one, presents at the present day almost precisely the same appearance as that described by the contemporaneous historians of the siege. The verses of the commandant show the opinion that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors of Britain went from Holland to have been a common one in the sixteenth century.

[1] Mendoza (xii. 251), who says that the lives of these English prisoners were spared at his express solicitation. He was at that juncture sent by the grand commander on a mission to Queen Elizabeth, and obtained this boon of his superior as a personal favor to himself.

der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learning, his poetical genius, and his valor, had accepted the office of military commandant.[1]

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time,[2] now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would, in all human probability, depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them that he would, within that time, devise the means of their deliverance.[3] The citizens responded courageously and confidently to these missives, and assured the prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.[4]

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and

[1] Hoofd, ix. 362. Bor, vii. 505. Guicciardini: "Janum Dousam, virum nobilem, Toparcham Nordovicenum, utraque lingua doctissimum, et poetam egregium."—Desc. Holl., ed. usà, 238, 239. "Juan Duse, Señor de Nortwyck—gentil poeta en la lengua Latina."—Mendoza, xii. 254. "Giovanni Douza poeta nobile di quel tempo ne componimenti latini e molto nobile ancora per qualità di sangue e per altre prerogative di merito."—Bentivoglio, viii. 153.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 10.

[3] Letter of Orange, in Bor, vii. 505.

[4] Ibid. Hoofd, ix. 363, 364.

unflinching soul as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis, and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry III., had but small sympathy for the Netherlands. The English government, relieved from the fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman employed by Requesens to assassinate the Prince of Orange had been arrested in Zealand, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth.[1] The provinces of Holland and Zealand were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men upon that handbreadth of territory and the powerful Spanish empire seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon the 8th of March,

[1] The story was incredible, so far as the queen was implicated, but its invention by the assassin indicated the estimate entertained, in general, of her sentiments toward the Netherlands. "Depuis ceste escripte," wrote the prince to his brother, "l'on m'a icy envoyé de Zealande ung Anglois prisonnier, lequel entre aultres confesse d'avoir esté apporté du nouveau Gouverneur pour me tuer. Et avoit aussi, par charge du dit Gouverneur, entreprins de vous tuer à Couloigne, passé dix ou douze jours. Et toutes fois il dict le tout avoir esté faict par consentement et avec intelligence de la Royne d'Angleterre, pour tant mieux descouvrir les desseings des ennemis."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 12, 13.

was formally issued by the grand commander on the 6th of June.[1] By the terms of this document the king invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offenses, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded;[2] but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest, in its progress, had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutional, was Catholic, there was now hardly a papist to be found among the natives. To accept the pardon, then, was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered. They were resolved, too, not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be reëstablished on their soil, to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment expressed by the Prince of Orange after the second siege of Leyden had been commenced: "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion."[3] The single condition of the amnesty assumed, in a phrase, what Spain had fruitlessly striven to

[1] Bor, vii. 510. Meteren, v. 93. Hoofd, ix. 368.

[2] The pardon is given in full by Bor, vii. 510–513.

[3] "Comme aussi de nostre costel nous sommes icy resoluz de ne quitter la deffense de sa Parolle et de nostre liberté jusques au dernier homme."—Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 27.

establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

Moreover, the pardon came from the wrong direction. The malefactor gravely extended forgiveness to his victims. Although the Hollanders had not yet disembarrassed their minds of the supernatural theory of government, and felt still the reverence of habit for regal divinity, they naturally considered themselves outraged by the trick now played before them. The man who had violated all his oaths, trampled upon all their constitutional liberties, burned and sacked their cities, confiscated their wealth, hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive their innocent brethren, now came forward, not to implore, but to offer forgiveness. Not in sackcloth, but in royal robes; not with ashes, but with a diadem upon his head, did the murderer present himself vicariously upon the scene of his crimes. It may be supposed that, even in the sixteenth century, there were many minds which would revolt at such blasphemy. Furthermore, even had the people of Holland been weak enough to accept the pardon, it was impossible to believe that the promise would be fulfilled.[1] It was sufficiently known how much faith was likely to be kept with heretics, notwithstanding that the act was fortified by a papal bull, dated on the 30th of April, by which Gregory XIII. promised forgiveness to those Netherland sinners who duly repented and sought absolution for their crimes, even although they had sinned more than seven times seven.[2]

For a moment the prince had feared lest the pardon

[1] See letter of the secretary of Requesens, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 31.

[2] The bull is given at length in Bor, vii. 513–515.

might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in Utrecht and the son of a refugee peddler from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice.[1] The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy, which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents. Certain Netherlanders belonging to the king's party, and familiarly called "Glippers," despatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in the city. In these epistles the citizens of Leyden were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters, and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity which they could show to those poor old fathers, daughters, and wives was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery; so they made no answer to the Glippers, save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter, to Valdez:

According to the advice early given by the Prince of

Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps.[2]

[1] Bor, vii. 516.

[2] Jan Fruytiers, Corte Beschryvinghe van der strenghe Belegeringhe en wondebaerlijcke Verlossinge der Stadt Leyden . . . met byvoeghing alle der Brieven die an de van der Stadt geschreven zijn. Ghedruckt tot Delf, A. D. 1577. This contemporary and very rare volume is much the best authority for the details of the memorable siege which it describes. It was the main source of the historian Pieter Bor. Compare Meteren, v. 94; Hoofd, x. 364.

Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread were allotted to a full-grown man, and to the rest a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier-pigeons and by a few swift and skilful messengers called jumpers, was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.[1]

The prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On the 29th June the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden.[2] He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 552. Meteren, v. Hoofd, ix. 366.
[2] Bor, vii. 548.

gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dikes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had, for the present, quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from The Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dikes along the Meuse and Yssel were in possession of the prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while, at the same time, the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delfshaven should be opened.[1] The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland, from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land,"[2] cried the patriots, with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory, for a season, to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued, payable at a long date.[3] In addition to this

[1] Bor, vii. 548. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 370.

[2] "Liever bedorven dan verloren land."—Fruytiers, 16. Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, vii. 549. Hoofd, ix. 370, 371.

preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guldens was voted by the estates until the work should be completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewelry, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.[1]

Meantime Valdez, on the 30th July, issued most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens if they would consent to open their gates and accept the king's authority; but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstanding that the population was already approaching the starvation point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude rather than upon the honeyed words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Haarlem and of Naarden. On the 3d of August the prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dikes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the prince, in all the principal towns of the neighborhood, and some two hundred vessels, of various sizes, had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delfshaven, and other ports.[2]

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt-cake, they had but slender provision.

[1] Hoofd, ix. 370.

[2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 549, 550. Hoofd, ix. 371.

On the 12th of August they received a letter from the prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the 21st they addressed a despatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food and another month without food.[1] If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt-cake would last but four days, and after that was gone there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter, dictated by the prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dikes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Landscheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.[2]

The letter was read publicly in the market-place, and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a

[1] "Te weten, de eerste twe maendern met brood, en de derde maend met armoede."—Jan Fruytiers.

[2] Letter of Fl. de Nuynhem and N. Brunynck to Count John of Nassau, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 38–40. Bor, vii. 550.

perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.[1]

Even in the city itself a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief"[2]; and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. On the 27th they addressed a desponding letter to the estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citizens were assured that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the estates,

[1] Hoofd, ix. 372. Bor, vii. 551.

[2] "Gaet en op den toren gy Geuskens en siet het Maeswater te gemoot," etc.—Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 374.

"will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been intrusted to the prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered and all the correspondence conducted.[1]

The fever of the prince had meanwhile reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed, as to his disorder, only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts; but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, anxious and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible for him to close his ears to her cry. Therefore from his sick-bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boisot, commanding the fleet, minute direc-

[1] See the letter in Bor, vii. 551, 552.

tions and precautions.[1] Toward the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick-chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten fever. Cornelius van Mierop, receiver-general of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and, strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the prince's bedchamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the prince, in a very feeble voice, that he had sent them all away. The receiver-general seems, from this, to have rather hastily arrived at the conclusion that the prince's disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice.[2] This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his maître d'hôtel watched day and night by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been despatched on different errands, at the express desire of their master, but there had never been a suspicion that his disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumor of Leyden's fall, a fiction which

[1] Letters of N. Brunynck, Arch. et Correspond., v. 39, 46. Bor, vii. 551, 552.

[2] Bor, vii. 551. Hoofd, ix. 372, 373. Such was the information given by him to the historian Bor, whose account is followed by Hoofd and others. The letters of Secretary Brunynck and of Nuynhem prove, on the contrary, the solicitude with which the prince was attended in his illness (Archives et Correspondance, v. 38–56).

Cornelius Mierop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees. "God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."[1]

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the 1st of September Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than popish"[2]; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill, the appearance of these wildest of the "sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and

[1] Archives et Correspondance, etc., v. 53.

[2] "Liever Turx dan Paus."—Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 552. Hoofd, ix. 374. Meteren, v. 94.

water.[1] The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested.[2] The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory thus encircled were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the king, the besieging force being about four times as strong[3] as that which was coming to the rescue.

The prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half feet above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished by surprise, and in a masterly manner.[4] The

[1] Meteren, v. 94. Bor, vii. 552.

[2] Bor, vii. 552–554. Hoofd, ix. 375.

[3] The army of Valdez numbered at least ten thousand (Hoofd, ix. 387).

[4] Jan Fruytiers. Compare Bor, vii. 554. Hoofd, ix. 375.

few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dike were all despatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding.[1] This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dike, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog with the exclamation, "'T is too bitter!"[2] The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it,[3] a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time

[1] Bor, vii. 554. Hoofd, ix. 375, 376.

[2] Bor, vii. 554. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 376.

[3] "Dit gebeten herte met den tekenen der tanden is binnen Delf daer na van vele lofwaerdige luiden gesien en zijn daer na ook, eeinige carmina nitgegeven," etc.—Bor, vii. 554.

One of the "carmina" thus alluded to by the historian was a Latin poem by the commandant Van der Does, in which the progress of the siege is described with much spirit and elegance.

was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but after their passage had been effected in good order the admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that when once the Land-scheiding had been passed the water would flood the country as far as Leyden; but the "Green-way," another long dike, three quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla in triumph over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea, which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly toward a bridge, strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal.[1] The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest ves-

[1] Bor, vii. 555. Hoofd, ix. 376.

sels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated and almost despairing.[1]

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the admiral that by making a detour to the right he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly toward Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa.[2] It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them,

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Compare Mendoza, xii. 260–262.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xii. 262.

devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The *Ark of Delft*, an enormous vessel with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels[1] turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 556. Hoofd, ix. 377. Mendoza, xii. 262.

bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the head-quarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.[1]

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity; and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.[2]

Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. The

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza.

[2] Bor, vii. 556. Hoofd, ix. 380.

burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days, being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees,

every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful: infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, and children—side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.[1]

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 557. Hoofd, ix. 381. Meteren, v. 94. Mendoza's estimate of the entire population as numbering only fourteen thousand before the siege (xii. 256) is evidently erroneous. It was probably nearer fifty thousand.

at the door of the burgomaster as a silent witness against his inflexibility.[1] A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."[2]

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new

[1] Hoofd, ix. 381, 382. Bor, vii. 557.

[2] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 379. Meteren, v. 94.

courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed."[1] Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud; but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens—"as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."[2]

[1] Jan Fruytiers, 25. Meteren, v. 94. Hoofd, ix. 379, 380.

[2] "Dat hat den Prinse so onmogelijk was om Leyden te ontsetten als het henluiden mogelijk was te sterren metter hand te reiken en grijpen."—Bor, vii. 557.

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot.[1] In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.[2]

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of

[1] Bor, vii. 557. See also the text of the letter transmitted on the same day and in the same manner from the admiral to the Commandant Nordwyck, in Groen v. Prinsterer. The tone of the letter is spirited, cheerful, and almost jocular. The writer claims the hospitality of the commandant, assuring him that he shall soon arrive in Leyden, to be a guest in his house (Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 67, 68).

[2] Bor, vii. 557.

water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle—a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels.[1] The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards, respectively. Strong redouts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla; but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led

[1] Bor, vii. 557. Hoofd, ix. 382. Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 263.

in a westerly direction toward The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike, and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.[1]

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city.[2] It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 558. Hoofd, ix. 383. Mendoza, xii. 264.

[2] Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 384. Meteren, v. 95.

fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.[1]

Meantime the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen—"yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief so long expected shall be wrested from us."[2] It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-stricken citizens thought that

[1] Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 385.

[2] Bor, vii. 559.

the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens.[1] Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while, at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-stricken, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident.[2] Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Meteren, v. 95. Mendoza, xii. 265.

[2] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 559. Hoofd, ix. 385.

Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm, for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.[1]

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,—nearly every living person within the walls,—all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Bor, vii. 560. Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy and united with him in thanksgiving.[1]

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege,[2] "in

[1] Jan Fruytiers. Hoofd, ix. 386. Bor, vii. 560. Meteren, v. 95.

[2] Letter to Count John, 7th May, 1574, Archives, etc., iv. 385–398.

the name of God, be it so. At any rate, we shall have the honor to have done what no nation ever did before us, that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that until they *had* made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the governor-general that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man. In the headquarters of Valdez, at Leyderdorp, many plans of Leyden and the neighborhood were found lying in confusion about the room. Upon the table was a hurried farewell of that general to the scenes of his discomfiture, written in a Latin worthy of Juan Vargas: "Vale civitas, valete castelli parvi, qui relicti estis propter aquam et non per vim inimicorum!" In his precipitate retreat before the advancing rebels, the commander had but just found time for this elegant effusion, and for his parting instructions to Colonel Borgia that the fortress of Lammen was to be forthwith abandoned. These having been reduced to writing, Valdez had fled so speedily as to give rise to much censure and more scandal. He was even accused

of having been bribed by the Hollanders to desert his post—a tale which many repeated and a few believed. On the 4th of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the northeast and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dikes commenced.[1]

After a brief interval of repose, Leyden had regained its former position. The prince, with advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings,

[1] Bor, vii. 560. Meteren, v. 95. Hoofd, ix. 383. Mendoza, xii. 265. The best authority, after Fruytiers, for the history of this memorable siege is Bor, who was living at Utrecht at the time. He afterward, in writing his Chronicle, used the account drawn up by Jan Fruytiers from information and documents furnished by the magistrates and many persons present at the siege. Bor had also enjoyed frequent communications with the Seigneur de Nordwyck, commandant of the city during the siege, with Dirk de Montfort, at whose house the Prince of Orange lodged on the 4th of October, and with other individuals. He had read in the original every letter which he quotes in his history. He cites, also, with amusing gravity, a variety of acrostics, anagrams, and other poetical effusions, wonderful specimens all of the uncouth gambols by which the poets of that day and country were in the habit of exhibiting their enthusiasm. Among other productions of the Muse elicited by the triumphant termination to the siege, he alludes with emotion to a poem which he hoped was soon to see the light. This was an "Ode on the Siege of Leyden," "in six hundred and eleven stanzas of eight lines each"—which the suffering reader was at liberty "to sing or to read," as best suited him. To sing six hundred and eleven stanzas, eight lines each, of a Dutch poem, one would think almost as formidable a doom as to endure the horrors of the siege which it celebrated (Bor, vii. 561). Don Bernardino de Mendoza

a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes,[1] and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zealand for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls.[2] The University of Leyden, afterward so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

The university was endowed with a handsome revenue, principally derived from the ancient abbey of Egmont,[3] and was provided with a number of professors, selected for their genius, learning, and piety among all the most distinguished scholars of the Netherlands. The document by which the institution was founded was certainly a masterpiece of ponderous irony, for, as the fiction of the king's sovereignty was still maintained, Philip was gravely made to establish the university, as a reward to Leyden for rebellion to himself. "Considering," said this wonderful charter,[4] "that during these present wearisome wars within our provinces of Holland and Zealand all good instruction of youth in the sciences and liberal arts is likely to come into entire oblivion; . . . *considering the differences of religion;*

is the chief Spanish authority. Compare Bentivoglio, lib. viii. 151–156; and Cabrera, Hist. Don Felipe Segundo, lib. x. cap. xvii. xix. xxi. The last historian sees nothing worthy of admiration or respect in the conduct of the Hollanders, and he is incensed with Geronimo Franchi for having wasted nearly the whole of one book on an account of the memorable relief.

[1] Bor, vii. 561.

[2] Ibid., viii. 593. Meteren, v. 95.

[3] Bor, viii. 503.

[4] See the text of the octroi by which the university was established, in Bor, viii. 593, 591.

considering that we are inclined to gratify *our city of Leyden, with its burghers, on account of the heavy burdens sustained by them during this war with such faithfulness* we have resolved, after *ripely deliberating with our dear cousin, William, Prince of Orange,* stadholder, to erect a free public school and university," etc. So ran the document establishing this famous academy, all needful regulations for the government and police of the institution being intrusted by Philip to his "above-mentioned dear cousin of Orange."

The university having been founded, endowed, and supplied with its teachers, it was solemnly consecrated in the following winter, and it is agreeable to contemplate this scene of harmless pedantry, interposed as it was between the acts of the longest and dreariest tragedy of modern time. On the 5th of February, 1575, the city of Leyden, so lately the victim of famine and pestilence, had crowned itself with flowers. At seven in the morning, after a solemn religious celebration in the Church of St. Peter,[1] a grand procession was formed. It was preceded by a military escort, consisting of the burgher militia and the five companies of infantry stationed in the city. Then came, drawn by four horses, a splendid triumphal chariot, on which sat a female figure, arrayed in snow-white garments. This was the Holy Gospel. She was attended by the Four Evangelists, who walked on foot at each side of her chariot. Next followed Justice, with sword and scales, mounted, blindfold, upon a unicorn, while those learned doctors, Julian, Papinian, Ulpian, and Tribonian, rode on either side, attended by two lackeys and four men-at-arms. After these came Medicine, on horseback, holding in

[1] Bor, viii. 594.

one hand a treatise of the healing art, in the other a garland of drugs. The curative goddess rode between the four eminent physicians, Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, and Theophrastus, and was attended by two footmen and four pike-bearers. Last of the allegorical personages came Minerva, prancing in complete steel, with lance in rest, and bearing her Medusa shield. Aristotle and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, all on horseback, with attendants in antique armor at their back, surrounded the daughter of Jupiter, while the city band, discoursing eloquent music from hautboy and viol, came upon the heels of the allegory. Then followed the mace-bearers and other officials, escorting the orator of the day; the newly appointed professors and doctors, the magistrates and dignitaries, and the body of the citizens generally completing the procession.

Marshaled in this order, through triumphal arches, and over a pavement strewed with flowers, the procession moved slowly up and down the different streets and along the quiet canals of the city. As it reached the Nuns' Bridge, a barge of triumph, gorgeously decorated, came floating slowly down the sluggish Rhine. Upon its deck, under a canopy inwreathed with laurels *and oranges*, and adorned with tapestry, sat Apollo, attended by the nine Muses, all in classical costume; at the helm stood Neptune with his trident. The Muses executed some beautiful concerted pieces; Apollo twanged his lute. Having reached the landing-place, this deputation from Parnassus stepped on shore, and stood awaiting the arrival of the procession. Each professor, as he advanced, was gravely embraced and kissed by Apollo and all the nine Muses in turn, who greeted their arrival besides with the recitation of an elegant

Latin poem. This classical ceremony terminated, the whole procession marched together to the cloister of St. Barbara, the place prepared for the new university, where they listened to an eloquent oration by the Rev. Caspar Kolhas, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. With this memorable feast, in the place where famine had so lately reigned, the ceremonies were concluded.[1]

[1] Bor, viii. 594, 595.

CHAPTER III

Latter days of the Blood-Council—Informal and insincere negotiations for peace—Characteristics of the negotiators and of their diplomatic correspondence—Dr. Junius—Secret conferences between Dr. Leoninus and Orange—Steadfastness of the prince—Changes in the internal government of the northern provinces—Generosity and increasing power of the municipalities—Incipient jealousy in regard to Orange rebuked—His offer of resignation refused by the estates—His elevation to almost unlimited power—Renewed mediation of Maximilian—Views and positions of the parties—Advice of Orange—Opening of negotiations at Breda—Propositions and counter-propositions—Adroitness of the plenipotentiaries on both sides—Insincere diplomacy and unsatisfactory results—Union of Holland and Zealand under the Prince of Orange—Act defining his powers—Charlotte de Bourbon—Character, fortunes, and fate of Anna of Saxony—Marriage of Orange with Mademoiselle de Bourbon—Indignation thereby excited—Horrible tortures inflicted upon papists by Sonoy in North Holland—Oudewater and Schoonhoven taken by Hierges—The isles of Zealand—A submarine expedition projected—Details of the adventure—Its entire success—Death of Chiapin Vitelli—Deliberations in Holland and Zealand concerning the renunciation of Philip's authority—Declaration at Delft—Doubts as to which of the great powers the sovereignty should be offered—Secret international relations—Mission to England—Unsatisfactory negotiations with Elizabeth—Position of the grand commander—Siege of Zierikzee—Generosity of Count John—Desperate project of the prince—Death and character of Requesens.

THE Council of Troubles, or, as it will be forever denominated in history, the Council of Blood, still existed, although the grand commander, upon his arrival in the

Netherlands, had advised his sovereign to consent to the immediate abolition of so odious an institution.[1] Philip, accepting the advice of his governor and his cabinet, had accordingly authorized him by a letter of the 10th of March, 1574, to take that step if he continued to believe it advisable.[2]

Requesens had made use of this permission to extort money from the obedient portion of the provinces. An assembly of deputies was held at Brussels on the 7th of June, 1574, and there was a tedious interchange of protocols, reports, and remonstrances.[3] The estates, not satisfied with the extinction of a tribunal which had at last worn itself out by its own violence and had become inactive through lack of victims, insisted on greater concessions. They demanded the departure of the Spanish troops, the establishment of a council of Netherlanders in Spain for Netherland affairs, the restoration to offices in the provinces of natives, and natives only;[4] for these drawers of documents thought it possible, at that epoch, to recover by pedantry what their brethren of Holland and Zealand were maintaining with the sword. It was not the moment for historical disquisition, citations from Solomon, nor chopping of logic; yet with such lucubrations were reams of paper filled and days and weeks occupied.[5] The result was what might have been expected. The grand commander obtained but little money; the estates obtained none of their demands; and the Blood-Council remained, as it were, suspended in mid-air. It continued to trans-

[1] Lettre de Requesens à Philippe II., December 30, 1573, apud Gachard, Notice, etc., 24.

[2] Gachard, Notice, etc., 24, 26.

[3] Bor, vii. 517–523 seq.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Ibid.

act business at intervals during the administration of Requesens,[1] and at last, after nine years of existence, was destroyed by the violent imprisonment of the council of state at Brussels. This event, however, belongs to a subsequent page of this history.

Noircarmes had argued, from the tenor of Sainte-Aldegonde's letters, that the prince would be ready to accept his pardon upon almost any terms.[2] Noircarmes was now dead,[3] but Sainte-Aldegonde still remained in prison, very anxious for his release, and as well disposed as ever to render services in any secret negotiation. It will be recollected that, at the capitulation of Middelburg, it had been distinctly stipulated by the prince that Colonel Mondragon should at once effect the liberation of Sainte-Aldegonde, with certain other prisoners, or himself return into confinement. He had done neither the one nor the other. The patriots still languished in prison, some of them being subjected to exceedingly harsh treatment; but Mondragon, although repeatedly summoned, as an officer and a gentleman, by the prince, to return to captivity, had been forbidden by the grand commander to redeem his pledge.[4]

Sainte-Aldegonde was now released from prison upon parole, and despatched on a secret mission to the prince and estates.[5] As before, he was instructed that two

[1] Gachard, Notice, etc., 27, 28, and note, p. 27.

[2] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 369–373.

[3] He died March 4, 1574, at Utrecht, of poison, according to suspicion (Bor, vii. 492).

[4] Vide Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. DXLIII. DXLIV. DXLV. Compare Groen van Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 71, 72.

[5] Bor, vii. 534. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 400 seq.

points were to be left untouched—the authority of the king and the question of religion.[1] Nothing could be more preposterous than to commence a negotiation from which the two important points were thus carefully eliminated. The king's authority and the question of religion covered the whole ground upon which the Spaniards and the Hollanders had been battling for six years and were destined to battle for three quarters of a century longer. Yet, although other affairs might be discussed, those two points were to be reserved for the more conclusive arbitration of gunpowder. The result of negotiations upon such a basis was easily to be foreseen. Breath, time, and paper were profusely wasted and nothing gained. The prince assured his friend, as he had done secret agents previously sent to him, that he was himself ready to leave the land if by so doing he could confer upon it the blessing of peace,[2] but that all hopes of reaching a reasonable conclusion from the premises established were futile. The envoy treated also with the estates, and received from them in return an elaborate report, which was addressed immediately to the king.[3] The style of this paper was bold and blunt, its substance bitter and indigestible. It informed Philip what he had heard often enough before, that the Spaniards must go and the exiles come back, the Inquisition be abolished and the ancient privileges restored, the Roman Catholic religion renounce its supremacy

[1] Bor, vii. 534. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 400 seq.

[2] "Quant à luy il étoit content, si ceulx là le treuvoient bon de se retirer du pays, afin que tant mieulx ilz puissent parvenir à ce que dessus," etc.—Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 400.

[3] Bor, vii. 535.

and the Reformed religion receive permission to exist unmolested, before he could call himself master of that little hook of sand in the North Sea. With this paper, which was intrusted to Sainte-Aldegonde, by him to be delivered to the grand commander, who was, after reading it, to forward it to its destination, the negotiator returned to his prison.[1] Thence he did not emerge again till the course of events released him upon the 15th of October, 1574.[2]

This report was far from agreeable to the governor, and it became the object of a fresh correspondence between his confidential agent, Champagny, and the learned and astute Junius de Jonge, representative of the Prince of Orange and governor of Veere.[3] The communication of De Jonge consisted of a brief note and a long discourse. The note was sharp and stinging, the discourse elaborate and somewhat pedantic. Unnecessarily historical and unmercifully extended, it was yet bold, bitter, and eloquent. The presence of foreigners was proved to have been, from the beginning of Philip's reign, the curse of the country. Dr. Sonnius, with his batch of bishops, had sowed the seed of the first disorder. A prince ruling in the Netherlands had no right to turn a deaf ear to the petitions of his subjects. If he did so, the Hollanders would tell him, as the old woman had told the Emperor Adrian, that the potentate who had no time to attend to the interests of his subjects had not leisure enough to be a sovereign. While Holland refused to bow its neck to the Inquisition, the King of Spain dreaded the thunder and lightning of

[1] See the "Vertooning" in Bor, vii. 535 seq.

[2] Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 101. Bor, vii.

[3] See the correspondence in Bor, vii. 535, 536.

the pope. The Hollanders would with pleasure emancipate Philip from his own thraldom, but it was absurd that he, who was himself a slave to another potentate, should affect unlimited control over a free people. It was Philip's councilors, not the Hollanders, who were his real enemies, for it was they who held him in the subjection by which his power was neutralized and his crown degraded.[1]

It may be supposed that many long pages, conceived in this spirit and expressed with great vigor, would hardly smooth the way for the more official negotiations which were soon to take place, yet Dr. Junius fairly and faithfully represented the sentiment of his nation.

Toward the close of the year, Dr. Elbertus Leoninus, professor of Louvain, together with Hugo Bonte, expensionary of Middelburg, was commissioned by the grand commander to treat secretly with the prince.[2] He was, however, not found very tractable when the commissioners opened the subject of his own pardon and reconciliation with the king, and he absolutely refused to treat at all except with the coöperation of the estates.[3] He, moreover, objected to the use of the word "pardon" on the ground that he had never done anything requiring his Majesty's forgiveness. If adversity should visit him, he cared but little for it; he had lived long enough, he said, and should die with some glory, regretting the disorders and oppressions which had

[1] See the discourse of Junius, in Bor, vii. 536–544.

The letters and documents concerning this secret negotiation are published in Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 403–430. See also Bor, vii. 585.

[3] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 378, 379.

taken place, but conscious that it had not been in his power to remedy them. When reminded by the commissioners of the king's power, he replied that he knew his Majesty to be very mighty, but that there was a King more powerful still—even God the Creator, who, as he humbly hoped, was upon his side.[1]

At a subsequent interview with Hugo Bonte, the prince declared it almost impossible for himself or the estates to hold any formal communication with the Spanish government, as such communications were not safe. No trust could be reposed either in safe-conducts or hostages. Faith had been too often broken by the administration. The promise made by the Duchess of Parma to the nobles and afterward violated, the recent treachery of Mondragon, the return of three exchanged prisoners from The Hague, who died next day of poison administered before their release, the frequent attempts upon his own life—all such constantly recurring crimes made it doubtful, in the opinion of the prince, whether it would be possible to find commissioners to treat with his Majesty's government. All would fear assassination, afterward to be disavowed by the king and pardoned by the pope.[2] After much conversation in this vein, the prince gave the Spanish agents warning that he might eventually be obliged to seek the protection of some foreign power for the provinces. In this connection he made use of the memorable metaphor, so often repeated afterward, that "the country was a beautiful damsel, who certainly did not lack suitors able and willing to accept her and defend her against the world."[3] As to

[1] See the account by Bonte, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 378, 379, 380.

[2] Ibid., iii. 383. [3] Ibid., iii. 387. Compare Bor, viii. 613.

the matter of religion, he said he was willing to leave it to be settled by the States-General, but doubted whether anything short of entire liberty of worship would ever satisfy the people.[1]

Subsequently there were held other conferences, between the prince and Dr. Leoninus, with a similar result, all attempts proving fruitless to induce him to abandon his position upon the subject of religion, or to accept a pardon on any terms save the departure of the foreign troops, the assembling of the States-General, and entire freedom of religion. Even if he were willing to concede the religious question himself, he observed that it was idle to hope either from the estates or people a handbreadth of concession upon that point. Leoninus was subsequently admitted to a secret conference with the estates of Holland, where his representations were firmly met by the same arguments as those already used by the prince.[2]

These proceedings on the part of Sainte-Aldegonde, Champagny, Junius, and Elbertus Leoninus extended through the whole summer and autumn of 1574, and were not terminated until January of the following year.

Changes fast becoming necessary in the internal government of the provinces were also undertaken during

[1] Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 387. Compare Bor, viii. 613.

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 403–430. Bor, vii. 565 seq. Compare Hoofd, ix. 400, 401; Wagenaer, d. vii. 25–27. See also a very ample memoir of the distinguished scholar and diplomatist Albert de Leeuw (or Elbertus Leoninus), by J. P. Van Cappelle, Bijdragen tot de Ges. d. Nederl., 1–204. He began his active life as law professor at Louvain, in which city he married Barbara de Haze, with whom he lived more than fifty-two years. The lady, however, seems not to have pined

this year. Hitherto the prince had exercised his power under the convenient fiction of the king's authority, systematically conducting the rebellion in the name of his Majesty, and as his Majesty's stadholder. By this process an immense power was lodged in his hands—nothing less, indeed, than the supreme executive and legislative functions of the land; while since the revolt had become, as it were, perpetual, ample but anomalous functions had been additionally thrust upon him by the estates and by the general voice of the people.

The two provinces, even while deprived of Haarlem and Amsterdam, now raised two hundred and ten thousand florins monthly,[1] whereas Alva had never been able to extract from Holland more than two hundred and seventy-one thousand florins yearly. They paid all rather than pay a tenth. In consequence of this liberality, the cities insensibly acquired a greater influence in the government. The coming contest between the centrifugal aristocratic principle, represented by these corporations, and the central popular authority of the stadholder, was already foreshadowed, but at first the estates were in perfect harmony with the prince. They even urged upon him more power than he desired, and declined functions which he wished them to exercise.

away after the termination of this wedlock of more than half a century, for she survived her husband *thirty-six years*. The biographer shrewdly suspects, therefore, that she must have been a "*very young miss when she was married.*" "Dit meisje moet nog seer jong zijn geweest, toen Leoninus zich met haar in het huwelijk begaf."—Van Cappelle, 93, note 8. He was born at Bommel, in 1519 or 1520, and died in 1598, full of years and honors. His public services on various important occasions will be often alluded to in subsequent pages.

[1] Resol. Holl., March 15 and 17, 1576, bl. 16, 19.

On the 7th of September, 1573, it had been formally proposed by the general council to confer a regular and unlimited dictatorship upon him,[1] but in the course of a year from that time the cities had begun to feel their increasing importance.[2] Moreover, while growing more ambitious, they became less liberal.

The prince, dissatisfied with the conduct of the cities, brought the whole subject before an assembly of the estates of Holland on the 20th October, 1574. He stated the inconveniences produced by the anomalous condition of the government. He complained that the common people had often fallen into the error that the money raised for public purposes had been levied for his benefit only, and that they had, therefore, been less willing to contribute to the taxes. As the only remedy for these evils, he tendered his resignation of all the powers with which he was clothed, so that the estates might then take the government, which they could exercise without conflict or control. For himself, he had never desired power, except as a means of being useful to his country, and he did not offer his resignation from unwillingness to stand by the cause, but from a hearty desire to save it from disputes among its friends. He was ready, now as ever, to shed the last drop of his blood to maintain the freedom of the land.[3]

This straightforward language produced an instantaneous effect. The estates knew that they were dealing with a man whose life was governed by lofty principles, and they felt that they were in danger of losing him

[1] Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., d. i. 86.

[2] Ibid., i. 78 et seq. Wagenaer, vii. 5, 6.

[3] Resol. Holl., October 20, November 1, bl. 148–176. Kluit, d. i. 96, 97. Wagenaer, vii. 10, 11.

through their own selfishness and low ambition. They were embarrassed, for they did not like to relinquish the authority which they had begun to relish, nor to accept the resignation of a man who was indispensable. They felt that to give up William of Orange at that time was to accept the Spanish yoke forever. At an assembly held at Delft on the 12th of November, 1574, they accordingly requested him "to continue in his blessed government, with the council established near him,"[1] and for this end they formally offered to him, "under the name of governor or regent," absolute power, authority, and sovereign command. In particular, they conferred on him the entire control of all the ships of war, hitherto reserved to the different cities, together with the right to dispose of all prizes and all moneys raised for the support of fleets. They gave him also unlimited power over the domains; they agreed that all magistracies, militia bands, gilds, and communities should make solemn oath to contribute taxes and to receive garrisons, exactly as the prince, with his council, should ordain; but they made it a condition that the estates should be convened and consulted upon requests, impositions, and upon all changes in the governing body. It was also stipulated that the judges of the Supreme Court and of the exchequer, with other high officers, should be appointed by and with the consent of the estates.[2]

The prince expressed himself willing to accept the government upon these terms. He, however, demanded

[1] Resol. Holl., November, 1574, bl. 178. Wagenaer, vii. 11, 12, 13. Kluit, d. i. 97, 98.

[2] Resol. Holl. Kluit, Wagenaer, ubi sup. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94.

an allowance of forty-five thousand florins monthly for the army expenses and other current outlays.[1] Here, however, the estates refused their consent. In a mercantile spirit unworthy the occasion and the man with whom they were dealing, they endeavored to chaffer where they should have been only too willing to comply, and they attempted to reduce the reasonable demand of the prince to thirty thousand florins.[2] The prince, who had poured out his own wealth so lavishly in the cause, —who, together with his brothers, particularly the generous John of Nassau, had contributed all which they could raise by mortgage, sales of jewelry and furniture, and by extensive loans, subjecting themselves to constant embarrassment, and almost to penury,—felt himself outraged by the paltriness of this conduct. He expressed his indignation and denounced the niggardliness of the estates in the strongest language, and declared that he would rather leave the country forever, with the maintenance of his own honor, than accept the government upon such disgraceful terms.[3] The estates, disturbed by his vehemence, and struck with its justice, instantly, and without further deliberation, consented to his demand. They granted the forty-five thousand florins monthly, and the prince assumed the government, thus remodeled.[4]

During the autumn and early winter of the year 1574

[1] Resol. Holl., November 13 and 25, 1574, bl. 196, 207, 208. Kluit, i. 101, 102.

[2] Resol. Holl., November 25, 1574, bl. 207, 208.

[3] Ibid., bl. 208.

[4] They made the offer of thirty thousand in the morning and granted the whole demand in the afternoon of the 25th November ibid., bl. 196–208. Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 102. Wagenaer, vii. 13, 14. Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 90–94).

the Emperor Maximilian had been actively exerting himself to bring about a pacification of the Netherlands. He was certainly sincere, for an excellent reason. "The emperor maintains," said Saint-Goard, French ambassador at Madrid, "that if peace is not made with the beggars, the empire will depart from the house of Austria, and that such is the determination of the electors."[1] On the other hand, if Philip were not weary of the war, at any rate his means for carrying it on were diminishing daily. Requesens could raise no money in the Netherlands;[2] his secretary wrote to Spain that the exchequer was at its last gasp, and the cabinet of Madrid was at its wit's end and almost incapable of raising ways and means. The peace party was obtaining the upper hand, the fierce policy of Alva regarded with increasing disfavor. "The people here," wrote Saint-Goard from Madrid, "are completely desperate, whatever pains they take to put a good face on the matter. They desire most earnestly to treat without losing their character." It seemed, nevertheless, impossible for Philip to bend his neck. The hope of wearing the imperial crown had alone made his bigotry feasible. To less potent influences it was adamant; and even now, with an impoverished exchequer, and after seven years of unsuccessful warfare, his purpose was not less rigid than at first. "The Hollanders demand liberty of conscience," said Saint-Goard, "to which the king will never consent, or I am much mistaken."[3]

As for Orange, he was sincerely in favor of peace—but not a dishonorable peace, in which should be renounced all the objects of the war. He was far from

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 81.
[2] Ibid., v. 28–32. [3] Ibid., v. 83.

sanguine on the subject, for he read the signs of the times and the character of Philip too accurately to believe much more in the success of the present than in that of the past efforts of Maximilian. He was pleased that his brother-in-law, Count Schwarzburg, had been selected as the emperor's agent in the affair, but expressed his doubts whether much good would come of the proposed negotiations. Remembering the many traps which in times past had been set by Philip and his father, he feared that the present transaction might likewise prove a snare. "We have not forgotten the words 'ewig' and 'einig' in the treaty with Landgrave Philip," he wrote; "at the same time we beg to assure his Imperial Majesty that we desire nothing more than a good peace, tending to the glory of God, the service of the King of Spain, and the prosperity of his subjects."[1]

This was his language to his brother, in a letter which was meant to be shown to the emperor. In another, written on the same day, he explained himself with more clearness, and stated his distrust with more energy. There were no papists left, except a few ecclesiastics, he said, so much had the number of the reformers been augmented, through the singular grace of God. It was out of the question to suppose, therefore, that a measure dooming all who were not Catholics to exile could be entertained. None would change their religion, and none would consent voluntarily to abandon forever their homes, friends, and property. "Such a peace," he said, "would be poor and pitiable indeed."[2]

These, then, were the sentiments of the party now about to negotiate. The mediator was anxious for a

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 61–65.
[2] Ibid., v. 73, 74.

settlement, because the interests of the imperial house required it. The King of Spain was desirous of peace, but was unwilling to concede a hair. The Prince of Orange was equally anxious to terminate the war, but was determined not to abandon the objects for which it had been undertaken. A favorable result, therefore, seemed hardly possible. A whole people claimed the liberty to stay at home and practise the Protestant religion, while their king asserted the right to banish them forever, or to burn them if they remained. The parties seemed too far apart to be brought together by the most elastic compromise. The prince addressed an earnest appeal to the assembly of Holland, then in session at Dort, reminding them that although peace was desirable, it might be more dangerous than war, and entreating them, therefore, to conclude no treaty which should be inconsistent with the privileges of the country and their duty to God.[1]

It was now resolved that all the votes of the assembly should consist of five: one for the nobles and large cities of Holland, one for the estates of Zealand, one for the small cities of Holland, one for the cities Bommel and Buren, and the fifth for William of Orange.[2] The prince thus effectually held in his hands three votes: his own, that of the small cities, which through his means only had been admitted to the assembly, and, thirdly, that of Buren, the capital of his son's earldom. He thus exercised a controlling influence over the coming deliberations. The ten commissioners who were appointed by the estates for the peace negotiations were all his

[1] Bor, viii. 595, 596. Resol. Holl., February 6, 1575.

[2] Resol. Holl., February 5, 6, 7, 1575, bl. 47, 51, 52. Wagenaer, vii. 29.

friends. Among them were Sainte-Aldegonde, Paul Buys, Charles Boisot, and Dr. Junius. The plenipotentiaries of the Spanish government were Leoninus, the Seigneur de Rassinghem, Cornelius Suis, and Arnold Sasbout.[1]

The proceedings were opened at Breda upon the 3d of March, 1575.[2] The royal commissioners took the initiative, requesting to be informed what complaints the estates had to make, and offering to remove, if possible, all grievances which they might be suffering. The states' commissioners replied that they desired nothing, in the first place, but an answer to the petition which they had already presented to the king. This was the paper placed in the hands of Sainte-Aldegonde during the informal negotiations of the preceding year. An answer was accordingly given, but couched in such vague and general language as to be quite without meaning. The estates then demanded a categorical reply to the two principal demands in the petition, namely, the departure of the foreign troops and the assembling of the States-General. They were asked what they understood by foreigners and by the assembly of the States-General. They replied that by foreigners they meant those who were not natives, and particularly the Spaniards. By the States-General they meant the same body before which, in 1555, Charles had resigned his sovereignty to Philip. The royal commissioners made an extremely unsatisfactory answer, concluding with a request that all cities, fortresses, and castles then in the power of the estates, together with all their artillery and vessels of war, should be delivered to the king. The

[1] Resol. Holl., February 12, 1575, bl. 49–59.

[2] Bor, viii. 597.

Roman Catholic worship, it was also distinctly stated, was to be reëstablished at once exclusively throughout the Netherlands; those of the Reformed religion receiving permission, *for that time only*, to convert their property into cash within a certain time, and to depart the country.[1]

Orange and the estates made answer on the 21st March. It could not be called hard, they said, to require the withdrawal of the Spanish troops, for this had been granted in 1559, for less imperious reasons. The estates had, indeed, themselves made use of foreigners, but those foreigners had never been allowed to participate in the government. With regard to the assembly of the States-General, that body had always enjoyed the right of advising with the sovereign on the condition of the country and on general measures of government. Now it was only thought necessary to summon them in order that they might give their consent to the king's "requests." Touching the delivery of cities and citadels, artillery and ships, the proposition was pronounced to resemble that made by the wolves to the sheep in the fable—that the dogs should be delivered up as a preliminary to a lasting peace. It was unreasonable to request the Hollanders to abandon their religion or their country. The reproach of heresy was unjust, for they still held to the Catholic Apostolic Church, wishing only to purify it of its abuses. Moreover, it was certainly more cruel to expel a whole population than to dismiss three or four thousand Spaniards who for seven long years had been eating their fill at the expense of the provinces. It would be impossible for the exiles to dis-

[1] Resol. Holl., Maart 7, 1575, bl. 121, 122, 123, 125; Maart 17, 1575, bl. 158 et seq. Bor, viii. 597 sqq. Wagenaer, vii. 31.

pose of their property, for all would, by the proposed measure, be sellers, while there would be no purchasers.[1]

The royal plenipotentiaries, making answer to this communication upon the 1st of April, signified a willingness that the Spanish soldiers should depart, if the states would consent to disband their own foreign troops. They were likewise in favor of assembling the States-General, but could not permit any change in the religion of the country. His Majesty had sworn to maintain the true worship at the moment of assuming the sovereignty. The dissenters might, however, be allowed a period of six months in which to leave the land, and eight or ten years for the sale of their property. After the heretics had all departed, his Majesty did not doubt that trade and manufactures would flourish again, along with the old religion. As for the Spanish Inquisition, there was not, and there never had been, any intention of establishing it in the Netherlands.[2]

No doubt there was something specious in this paper. It appeared to contain considerable concessions. The prince and estates had claimed the departure of the Spaniards. It was now promised that they should depart. They had demanded the assembling of the States-General. It was now promised that they should assemble. They had denounced the Inquisition. It was now averred that the Spanish Inquisition was not to be established.

Nevertheless, the commissioners of the prince were not deceived by such artifices. There was no parity between the cases of the Spanish soldiery and of the troops

[1] Resol. Holl., Maart 21, 1575, bl. 166. Bor, viii. 599. Wagenaer, vii. 34–39.

[2] Resol. Holl., April, 1575, bl. 202. Bor, viii. 602.

in service of the estates. To assemble the States-General was idle, if they were to be forbidden the settlement of the great question at issue. With regard to the Spanish Inquisition, it mattered little whether the slaughter-house were called Spanish or Flemish, or simply the Blood-Council. It was, however, necessary for the states' commissioners to consider their reply very carefully, for the royal plenipotentiaries had placed themselves upon specious grounds. It was not enough to feel that the king's government was paltering with them; it was likewise necessary for the states' agents to impress this fact upon the people.

There was a pause in the deliberations. Meantime Count Schwarzburg, reluctantly accepting the conviction that the religious question was an insurmountable obstacle to a peace, left the provinces for Germany.[1] The last propositions of the government plenipotentiaries had been discussed in the councils of the various cities,[2] so that the reply of the prince and estates was delayed until the 1st of June. They admitted, in this communication, that the offer to restore ancient privileges had an agreeable sound, but regretted that if the whole population were to be banished there would be but few to derive advantage from the restoration. If the king would put an end to religious persecution, he would find as much loyalty in the provinces as his forefathers had found. It was out of the question, they said, for the states to disarm and to deliver up their strong places before the Spanish soldiery had retired and before peace had been established. It was their wish to leave the question of religion, together with all other disputed matters, to the decision of the assembly. Were it pos-

[1] Bor, viii. 604, 506. [2] Wagenaer, vii. 43.

sible, in the meantime, to devise any effectual method for restraining hostilities, it would gladly be embraced.[1]

On the 8th of July the royal commissioners inquired what guaranty the states would be willing to give that the decision of the general assembly, whatever it might be, should be obeyed. The demand was answered by another, in which the king's agents were questioned as to their own guaranties. Hereupon it was stated that his Majesty would give his word and sign manual, together with the word and signature of the emperor into the bargain. In exchange for these promises, the prince and estates were expected to give their own oaths and seals, together with a number of hostages. Over and above this, they were requested to deliver up the cities of Brill and Enkhuizen, Flushing and Arnemuyden.[2] The disparity of such guaranties was ridiculous. The royal word, even when strengthened by the imperial promise and confirmed by the autographs of Philip and Maximilian, was not so solid a security, in the opinion of Netherlanders, as to outweigh four cities in Holland and Zealand, with all their population and wealth. To give collateral pledges and hostages upon one side, while the king offered none, was to assign a superiority to the royal word over that of the prince and the estates which there was no disposition to recognize. Moreover, it was very cogently urged that to give up the cities was to give as security for the contract some of the principal contracting parties.[3]

This closed the negotiations. The provincial pleni-

[1] Resol. Holl., April 19, 1575, bl. 240; May 20, 23, 1575; June 5, 1575, bl. 240, 305, 314, 316, 355. Bor, viii. 605–608.

[2] Resol. Holl., July 8, 1575, bl. 478.

[3] Ibid., July 8, 16, 1575, bl. 478, 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49.

potentiaries took their leave by a paper dated 13th July, 1575, which recapitulated the main incidents of the conference. They expressed their deep regret that his Majesty should insist so firmly on the banishment of the reformers, for it was unjust to reserve the provinces to the sole use of a small number of Catholics. They lamented that the proposition which had been made to refer the religious question to the estates had neither been loyally accepted nor candidly refused. They inferred, therefore, that the object of the royal government had been to amuse the states, while time was thus gained for reducing the country into a slavery more abject than any which had yet existed.[1] On the other hand, the royal commissioners as solemnly averred that the whole responsibility for the failure of the negotiations belonged to the estates.[2]

It was the general opinion in the insurgent provinces that the government had been insincere from the beginning, and had neither expected nor desired to conclude a peace. It is probable, however, that Philip was sincere—so far as it could be called sincerity to be willing to conclude a peace if the provinces would abandon the main objects of the war.[3] With his impoverished

[1] Resol. Holl., July 16, 1575, bl. 506. Wagenaer, vii. 49, 50. Bor, viii. 610.

[2] Resol. Holl., July 16, 1575, bl. 512. Bor, viii. 612.

[3] See Kluit, Hist. der Holl. Staatsreg., i. 90, 91, note 34. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 259–262; Bor, viii. 606, 615; Meteren, v. 100; Hoofd, x. 410. Count John of Nassau was distrustful and disdainful from the beginning. Against his brother's loyalty and the straightforward intentions of the estates he felt that the whole force of the Machiavelli system of policy would be brought to bear with great effect. He felt that the object of the king's party was to temporize, to con-

exchequer, and ruin threatening his whole empire if this mortal combat should be continued many years longer, he could have no motive for further bloodshed, provided all heretics should consent to abandon the country. As usual, however, he left his agents in the dark as to his real intentions. Even Requesens was as much in doubt as to the king's secret purposes as Margaret of Parma had ever been in former times.[1] Moreover, the grand commander and the government had, after all, made a great mistake in their diplomacy. The estates of Brabant, although strongly desirous that the Spanish troops should be withdrawn, were equally stanch for the maintenance of the Catholic religion, and many of the southern provinces entertained the same sentiments. Had the governor, therefore, taken the states' commissioners at their word, and left the decision of the religious question to the general assembly, he might perhaps have found the vote in his favor.[2] In this case it is certain that the Prince of Orange and his party would have been placed in a very awkward position.[3]

fuse, and to deceive. He did not believe them capable of conceding the real object in dispute, but he feared lest they might obscure the judgment of the plain and well-meaning people with whom they had to deal. Alluding to the constant attempts made to poison himself and his brother, he likens the pretended negotiations to Venetian drugs, by which eyesight, hearing, feeling, and intellect were destroyed. Under this pernicious influence the luckless people would not perceive the fire burning around them, but would shrink at a rustling leaf. Not comprehending then the tendency of their own acts, they would "lay bare their own backs to the rod, and bring fagots for their own funeral pile" (Archives, etc., v. 131–137).

[1] Vigl. ad Hopp., Ep. 253. [2] See Wagenaer, vii. 52.

[3] Besides the Resolutions of the estates of Holland, already cited, see, for the history of these negotiations, Meteren, v. 96–

The internal government of the insurgent provinces had remained upon the footing which we have seen established in the autumn of 1574, but in the course of this summer (1575), however, the foundation was laid for the union of Holland and Zealand under the authority of Orange. The selfish principle of municipal aristocracy, which had tended to keep asunder these various groups of cities, was now repressed by the energy of the prince and the strong determination of the people.

In April, 1575, certain articles of union between Holland and Zealand were proposed, and six commissioners appointed to draw up an ordinance for the government of the two provinces. This ordinance was accepted in general assembly of both.[1] It was in twenty articles. It declared that, during the war, the prince, as sovereign, should have absolute power in all matters concerning the defense of the country. He was to appoint military officers, high and low, establish and remove garrisons, punish offenders against the laws of war. He was to regulate the expenditure of all money voted by the estates. He was to maintain the law, in the king's name, as Count of Holland, and to appoint all judicial officers upon nominations by the estates. He was, at the usual times, to appoint and renew the magistracies of the cities, according to their constitutions. He was to protect the exercise of the Evangelical Reformed religion, *and to suppress the exercise of the*

100; Bor, viii. 595–615; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 69 et seq.; Hoofd, x. 400, 411. Compare Bentivoglio, lib. ix. 157–161; Mendoza, xiii. 269, 270.

[1] Resol. Holl., May 17, 18, 1575, bl. 291, 294. Wagenaer, vii. 15–18.

Roman religion,[1] without permitting, however, that search should be made into the creed of any person. A deliberative and executive council, by which the jealousy of the corporations had intended to hamper his government, did not come into more than nominal existence.[2]

The articles of union having been agreed upon, the prince, desiring an unfettered expression of the national will, wished the ordinance to be laid before the people in their primary assemblies. The estates, however, were opposed to this democratic proceeding. They represented that it had been customary to consult, after the city magistracies, only the captains of companies and the deans of gilds on matters of government. The prince yielding the point, the captains of companies and deans of gilds accordingly alone united with the aristocratic boards in ratifying the instrument by which his authority over the two united provinces was established. On the 4th of June this first union was solemnized.[3]

Upon the 11th of July the prince formally accepted the government.[4] He, however, made an essential change in a very important clause of the ordinance.

[1] "Ook de oefening der Evangelische Gereformeerde Religie handhaaven, doende de oefeninge der Romische Religie ophouden." —Resol. Holl., ubi sup.

[2] Wagenaer, vii. 19, 22, 23, 25. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 268–272. See Resol. Holl., June 10, 21, 23, 1575, bl. 381, 414, 420.

[3] Wagenaer, vii. 19. Resol. Holl., May 21, 1575, bl. 311, 313; June 4, 1575, bl. 359. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 271, 272.

[4] Resol. Holl., July 12, 15, 18, 19, 20, 1575, bl. 487, 501, 514, 516, 520. Bor, viii. 641–643. Hoofd, x. 420, 421.

In place of the words, the "Roman religion," he insisted that the words, "religion at variance with the gospel," should be substituted in the article by which he was enjoined to prohibit the exercise of such religion.[1] This alteration rebuked the bigotry which had already grown out of the successful resistance to bigotry, and left the door open for a general religious toleration.

Early in this year the prince had despatched Sainte-Aldegonde on a private mission to the Elector Palatine. During some of his visits to that potentate he had seen at Heidelberg the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon. That lady was daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, the most ardent of the Catholic princes of France, and the one who at the conferences of Bayonne had been most indignant at the queen dowager's hesitation to unite heartily with the schemes of Alva and Philip for the extermination of the Huguenots. His daughter, a woman of beauty, intelligence, and virtue, forced before the canonical age to take the religious vows, had been placed in the convent of Jouarre, of which she had become abbess. Always secretly inclined to the Reformed religion, she had fled secretly from her cloister, in the year of horrors 1572, and had found refuge at the court of the Elector Palatine, after which step her father refused to receive her letters, to contribute a farthing to her support, or even to acknowledge her claims upon him by a single line or message of affection.[2]

Under these circumstances the outcast princess, who

[1] Resol. Holl., July 22, 30, 1575, bl. 528, 542. Wagenaer, vii. 22. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 272; Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 116, 117, note 55.

[2] Archives et Corresp., v. 113.

had arrived at years of maturity, might be considered her own mistress, and she was neither morally nor legally bound, when her hand was sought in marriage by the great champion of the Reformation, to ask the consent of a parent who loathed her religion and denied her existence. The legality of the divorce from Anna of Saxony had been settled by a full expression of the ecclesiastical authority which she most respected,[1] the facts upon which the divorce had been founded having been proved beyond peradventure.

Nothing, in truth, could well be more unfortunate in its results than the famous Saxon marriage, the arrangements for which had occasioned so much pondering to Philip, and so much diplomatic correspondence on the part of high personages in Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain. Certainly it was of but little consequence to what church the unhappy princess belonged, and they must be slightly versed in history or in human nature who can imagine these nuptials to have exercised any effect upon the religious or political sentiments of Orange. The princess was of a stormy, ill-regulated nature, almost a lunatic from the beginning. The dislike which succeeded to her fantastic fondness for the prince, as well as her general eccentricity, had soon become the talk of all the court at Brussels. She would pass week after week without emerging from her chamber, keeping the shutters closed and candles burning day and night.[2] She quarreled violently with Countess Egmont for precedence, so that the ludicrous

[1] "Acte de cinq Ministres du St. Evangile par lequel ils declarent le mariage du Prince d'Orange être legitime," Archives, etc., v. 216–226.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, i. 386.

contentions of the two ladies in antechambers and doorways were the theme and the amusement of society.[1] Her insolence, not only in private but in public, toward her husband became intolerable. "I could not do otherwise than bear it with sadness and patience," said the prince, with great magnanimity, "hoping that with age would come improvement." Nevertheless, upon one occasion, at a supper-party, she had used such language in the presence of Count Horn and many other nobles "that all wondered that he could endure the abusive terms which she applied to him."[2]

When the clouds gathered about him, when he had become an exile and a wanderer, her reproaches and her violence increased. The sacrifice of their wealth, the mortgages and sales which he effected of his estates, plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise money for the struggling country, excited her bitter resentment. She separated herself from him by degrees, and at last abandoned him altogether. Her temper became violent to ferocity. She beat her servants with her hands and with clubs; she threatened the lives of herself, of her attendants, of Count John of Nassau, with knives and daggers, and indulged in habitual profanity and blasphemy, uttering frightful curses upon all around. Her original tendency to intemperance had so much increased that she was often unable to stand on her feet. A bottle of wine, holding more than a quart, in the morning, and another in the evening, together with a pound of sugar, was her usual allowance. She addressed letters to Alva, complaining that her husband

[1] Papiers d'État, vii. 452.

[2] Letter to the Elector Augustus, Groen v. Prinst., Archives, ii. 31, 32.

had impoverished himself "in his good-for-nothing beggar war," and begging the duke to furnish her with a little ready money and with the means of arriving at the possession of her dower.[1] An illicit connection with a certain John Rubens, an exiled magistrate of Antwerp, and father of the celebrated painter, completed the list of her delinquencies, and justified the marriage

[1] "Derhalben auch die Princessin sich dermassen ertzurnedt, das sie ihr der frawen man und die fraw midt einem scheidtholltz gleichfalls auch mit feusten geschlagen und sehr ubel gescholten hab," etc.—Summarische Verreichnisz und Protocolle der Abgesandten, 85–129. Acta: Der Fr. Princessin zu Uranien vorgefliche vorhandlung belangnt, A° 1572, MS., Dresden Archives.

"Habe darnach des Abends, als sie gahr und also beweindt gewesen das sie nicht stehen konnen, ein schreibmesserlein in den rechten ermel zu sich gestegkt, vorhabens Graf Johann wan er zu ihr kumen wehre, sollchs in den halsz zu stossen . . . gleichfolls habe sie ein briefstecher bekhumen und sollchen, alls sie auch etwas zuviel getrunken, zu ihrem Haupt ins bedt gelegt," etc. "Es las ihr auch die Fr. Prinzessin offtmals eyer gahr hardt im salltz sieden, darauf, tringkt sie dan edtwan zuvil und werde ungedultig, fluche alle bosze flueche, und werfe die speisze und schussel und allem von tisch von sich," etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict. act.

"Und die Fr. Prinzessin, wie sie es genant, *den tollen man*, nemlich ein guedte flasche weins morgens und abermals ein guedte flasche zu abendtszeidt mehr dan ein masz haltend bekumen, welches ir sambt einem Pfundt Zugkers bei sich zu nemen nicht zu vil sey," etc.—Ibid.

"Der man sich verweigert hat einen brief so sie an den Duca de Alba geschrieben gen Cölln zu tragen und daselbst ferner zu uberschigken. . . . Der Innhalt solches Briefs sei ungeverlich gewesen, das sie sich beclagdt, wie man sie allhie so gahr ubel tractir—das guedt, so ihr auf des Königs anordnung gehandtraicht habe sollen werden, entwendt und es *ihrem herrn zu seinem unnutzen Goesen Kriegk zu gebrauchen* zugestellt haben. Bidte das der *Duca de Alba wölle vor sie schreiben* an das Cammergericht umb Mandat, das sie von Gf. Johanns gefengknisz ledig unnd zu

of the prince with Charlotte de Bourbon.[1] It was therefore determined by the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave William to remove her from the custody of the Nassaus. This took place with infinite difficulty at the close of the year 1575. Already, in 1572, Augustus had proposed to the landgrave that she should be kept in solitary confinement, and that a minister should preach to her daily through the grated aperture by which her food was to be admitted. The landgrave remonstrated at so inhuman a proposition, which was, however, carried into effect. The wretched princess, now completely a lunatic, was imprisoned in the electoral palace, in a chamber where the windows were walled up and a small grating let into the upper part of the door. Through this wicket came her food, as well as the words of the holy man appointed to preach daily for her edification.[2]

Two years long she endured this terrible punishment, and died mad,[3] on the 18th of December, 1577. On the

Spier vor recht gestellt werden möge. Auch das er, der von Alba, ir die *nechste Mesz etwas von geldt* und dabei einen gesandten mit mundlicher werbung zuschigken wolle. Sey der Brief zwei Bogen lank," etc.—MS., Dresden Archives, dict. act.

[1] Acta: Der Fran. Princessin zu Uranien, etc. Abschriften von F. Annen Ehestifftung, etc. Schickung an Joh. G. tzu Nass. Abholung der Princessin und todtlichen Abgang. MS., Dresd. Arch., 1575–79, passim. Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink, Het Huwelijk van W. v. Oranje, 133 sqq.

[2] "Seindt auch der endlichen meinung, wan sie also in geheim vorwahret und ein Predicant verordnet, der sie teglich durch ein fensterlein do ir die speys und tranck gericht werde Irer begangenen sunde mit Vleiss erinnere."—Letter of Elector Augustus to Landgrave William, July 9, 1572, MS., Dresd. Arch. "Ganz gestoaten Geistes."—Ibid.

[3] "Desgleichen, habe ich auch angeordnet," writes Secretary

following day she was buried in the electoral tomb at Meissen, a pompous procession of "school-children, clergy, magistrates, nobility, and citizens" conducting her to that rest of which she could no longer be deprived by the cruelty of man nor her own violent temperament.[1]

So far, therefore, as the character of Mademoiselle de Bourbon and the legitimacy of her future offspring were concerned, she received ample guaranties. For the rest, the prince, in a simple letter, informed her that he was already past his prime, having reached his forty-second year, and that his fortune was encumbered not only with settlements for his children by previous marriages, but by debts contracted in the cause of his oppressed

Hans Jenitz immediately after the decease of the princess, "dasz *die Fenster durch die Maurer*, welche sie *zuvor zugemauert*, wiederum ausgebrochen werden und sol der Bettmeister mit *Reinigung derselben Stube und Kammer* sich E. F. G. befehl nach verhalten. E. F. G. kann ich auch unterthänigst nicht verhalten, dasz keine neue Thür vor solche stube gemaecht worden . . . sondern man hat durch die alte Thure in dem obern Felde nur *ein vier eckicht Loch ausgeschnitten und von starkem eisernen Blech* ein *enges Gitter dafur gemacht* dasz man auswendig auf *dem Saal auch verschliessen* kann. . . . Es steht auch zu E. F. G. Gefallen, ob man die *grosse eiserne bande* mit den Vorlege *schlossern, damit die Thuere von aussen verwart* gewesen, also daran bleiben lassen, oder wieder aus dem stein aushauen und abfeilen lassen wolle, aber die gegitter vor den Fenstern können meines Bedünckens wohl bleiben."—Hans Jenitz an Churfürstin Anna. Acta: Inventarium über F. Annen, p. 3. Uranien Vorlassenschaft, etc., A° 1577, MS., Dresden Archives.

[1] Dict. act., MS., Dresden Archives.

It can certainly be considered no violation of the sanctity of archives to make these slender allusions to a tale the main features of which have already been published, not only by MM. Groen v. Prinsterer and Bakhuyzen, in Holland, but by the Saxon

country.[1] A convention of doctors and bishops of France, summoned by the Duc de Montpensier, afterward confirmed the opinion that the conventual vows of the Princess Charlotte had been conformable neither to the laws of France nor to the canons of the Trent Council.[2] She was conducted to Brill by Sainte-Aldegonde, where she was received by her bridegroom, to whom she was united on the 12th of June. The wedding-festival was held at Dort with much revelry and holiday-making, "but without dancing."[3]

In this connection no doubt the prince consulted his inclination only. Eminently domestic in his habits, he required the relief of companionship at home to the exhausting affairs which made up his life abroad. For years he had never enjoyed social converse, except at long intervals, with man or woman; it was natural, therefore, that he should contract this marriage. It was equally natural that he should make many enemies by so impolitic a match. The Elector Palatine, who was in place of guardian to the bride, decidedly disapproved, although he was suspected of favoring the alli-

professor Böttiger, in Germany. It is impossible to understand the character and career of Orange, and his relations with Germany, without a complete view of the Saxon marriage. The extracts from the "geomantic letters" of Elector Augustus, however, given in Böttiger (Hist. Taschenb., 1836, pp. 169–173), with their furious attacks upon the prince and upon Charlotte of Bourbon, seem to us too obscene to be admitted, even in a note to these pages, and in a foreign language.

[1] "Memoire pour le Comte de Hohenlo allant de la part du Prince d'Orange vers le Comte J. de Nassau, l'Electeur Palatin, et son épouse, Mlle. de Bourbon," Arch., etc., v. 189–192.

[2] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, ed. Sylvius, 37, 38.

[3] Archives et Corresp., v. 226. Bor, viii. 644. Meteren, v. 100.

ance.[1] The Landgrave of Hesse for a time was furious, the Elector of Saxony absolutely delirious with rage.[2] The diet of the empire was to be held within a few weeks at Frankfort, where it was very certain that the outraged and influential elector would make his appearance, overflowing with anger, and determined to revenge upon the cause of the Netherland Reformation the injury which he had personally received. Even the wise, considerate, affectionate brother, John of Nassau, considered the marriage an act of madness. He did what he could, by argument and entreaty, to dissuade the prince from its completion,[3] although he afterward voluntarily confessed that the Princess Charlotte had been deeply calumniated and was an inestimable treasure to his brother.[4] The French government made use of the circumstance to justify itself in a still further alienation from the cause of the prince than it had hitherto manifested, but this was rather pretense than reality.

It was not in the nature of things, however, that the Saxon and Hessian indignation could be easily allayed. The landgrave was extremely violent. "Truly I cannot imagine," he wrote to the Elector of Saxony, "*quo consilio* that wiseacre of an Aldegonde, and whosoever else has been aiding and abetting, have undertaken this affair. *Nam si pietatem respicias*, it is to be feared that, considering she is a Frenchwoman, a nun, and moreover a fugitive nun, about whose chastity there has been considerable question, the prince has got out of the frying-pan into the fire. *Si formam*, it is not to

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 300.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., v. 203, 204.
[4] Ibid., v. 312, 313.

be supposed that it was her beauty which charmed him, since, without doubt, he must be rather frightened than delighted when he looks upon her. *Si spem prolis*, the prince has certainly only too many heirs already, and ought to wish that he had neither wife nor children. *Si amicitiam*, it is not to be supposed, while her father expresses himself in such threatening language with regard to her, that there will be much cordiality of friendship on his part. Let them look to it, then, lest it fare with them no better than with the admiral at his Paris wedding; for those gentlemen can hardly forgive such injuries, *sine mercurio et arsenico sublimato*." [1]

The Elector of Saxony was frantic with choler, and almost ludicrous in the vehemence of its expression. Count John was unceasing in his exhortations to his brother to respect the sensitiveness of these important personages, and to remember how much good and how much evil it was in their power to compass with regard to himself and to the great cause of the Protestant religion. He reminded him, too, that the divorce had not been and would not be considered impregnable as to form, and that much discomfort and detriment was likely to grow out of the whole proceeding, for himself and his family.[2] The prince, however, was immovable in his resolution, and from the whole tone of his correspondence and deportment it was obvious that his marriage was one rather of inclination than of policy. "I can assure you, my brother," he wrote to Count John, "that my character has always tended to this—to care neither for words nor menaces in any matter where I

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 227, 228.

[2] See the letter of Count John to Prince of Orange, Archives, v. 208–213.

can act with a clear conscience and without doing injury to my neighbor. Truly, if I had paid regard to the threats of princes, I should never have embarked in so many dangerous affairs, contrary to the will of the king, my master, *in times past*, and even to the advice of many of my relatives and friends."[1]

The evil consequences which had been foreseen were not slow to manifest themselves. There was much discussion of the prince's marriage at the Diet of Frankfort, and there was even a proposition formally to declare the Calvinists excluded in Germany from the benefits of the peace of Passau. The Archduke Rudolph was soon afterward elected King of the Romans and of Bohemia, although hitherto, according to the policy of the Prince of Orange, and in the expectation of benefit to the cause of the Reformation in Germany and the Netherlands, there had been a strong disposition to hold out hopes to Henry III. and to excite the fears of Maximilian.[2]

While these important affairs, public and private, had been occurring in the south of Holland and in Germany, a very nefarious transaction had disgraced the cause of the patriot party in the northern quarter. Diedrich Sonoy, governor of that portion of Holland, a man of great bravery but of extreme ferocity of character, had discovered an extensive conspiracy among certain of the inhabitants in aid of an approaching Spanish invasion. Bands of landlopers had been employed, according to the intimation which he had received or affected to have received, to set fire to villages and towns in every direction, to set up beacons, and to conduct a series of signals

[1] See the letter, Archives, etc., v. 244–252.

[2] Vide Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 299, 300.

by which the expeditions about to be organized were to be furthered in their objects.[1] The governor, determined to show that the Duke of Alva could not be more prompt nor more terrible than himself, improvised, of his own authority, a tribunal in imitation of the infamous Blood-Council. Fortunately for the character of the country, Sonoy was not a Hollander, nor was the jurisdiction of this newly established court allowed to extend beyond very narrow limits. Eight vagabonds were, however, arrested and doomed to tortures the most horrible, in order to extort from them confessions implicating persons of higher position in the land than themselves. Seven, after a few turns of the pulley and the screw, confessed all which they were expected to confess, and accused all whom they were requested to accuse. The eighth was firmer, and refused to testify to the guilt of certain respectable householders, whose names he had, perhaps, never heard, and against whom there was no shadow of evidence. He was, however, reduced by three hours and a half of sharp torture to confess entirely according to their orders, so that accusations and evidence were thus obtained against certain influential gentlemen of the province, whose only crime was a secret adherence to the Catholic faith.[2]

The eight wretches, who had been induced by promises of unconditional pardon upon one hand, and by savage torture on the other, to bear this false witness, were condemned to be burned alive, and on their way to the stake they all retracted the statements which had only been extorted from them by the rack. Nevertheless, the

[1] Bor, viii. 623 sqq. Hoofd, x. 411, 412. Wagenaer, vii. 54 et seq.

[2] Bor, viii. 623 seq. Hoofd, x. 412.

individuals who had been thus designated were arrested. Charged with plotting a general conflagration of the villages and farm-houses, in conjunction with an invasion by Hierges and other papist generals, they indignantly protested their innocence; but two of them, a certain Kopp Corneliszoon, and his son, Nanning Koppezoon, were selected to undergo the most cruel torture which had yet been practised in the Netherlands.[1] Sonoy, to his eternal shame, was disposed to prove that human ingenuity to inflict human misery had not been exhausted in the chambers of the Blood-Council, for it was to be shown that reformers were capable of giving a lesson even to inquisitors in this diabolical science. Kopp, a man advanced in years, was tortured during a whole day. On the following morning he was again brought to the rack, but the old man was too weak to endure all the agony which his tormentors had provided for him. Hardly had he been placed upon the bed of torture than he calmly expired, to the great indignation of the tribunal.[2] "The devil has broken his neck and carried him off to hell," cried they, ferociously. "Nevertheless, that shall not prevent him from being hung and quartered." This decree of impotent vengeance was accordingly executed.[3] The son of Kopp, however, Nanning Koppezoon, was a man in the full vigor of his years. He bore with perfect fortitude a series of incredible tortures, after which, with his body singed from head to heel, and his feet almost entirely flayed, he was left for six weeks to crawl about his dungeon on his knees. He was then brought back to the torture-room,

[1] Bor, viii. 626 seq. Hoofd, x. 413 seq.
[2] Bor, viii. 627, 628. Hoofd, x. 413.
[3] Hoofd, x. 413.

and again stretched upon the rack, while a large earthen vessel, made for the purpose, was placed, inverted, upon his naked body. A number of rats were introduced under this cover, and hot coals were heaped upon the vessel, till the rats, rendered furious by the heat, gnawed into the very bowels of the victim, in their agony to escape.[1] The holes thus torn in his bleeding flesh were filled with red-hot coals. He was afterward subjected to other tortures too foul to relate; nor was it till he had endured all this agony, with a fortitude which seemed supernatural, that he was at last discovered to be human. Scorched, bitten, dislocated in every joint, sleepless, starving, perishing with thirst, he was at last crushed into a false confession by a promise of absolute forgiveness. He admitted everything which was brought to his charge, confessing a catalogue of contemplated burnings and beacon-firings of which he had never dreamed, and avowing himself in league with other desperate papists, still more dangerous than himself.

[1] Bor (viii. 628) conscientiously furnishes diagrams of the machinery by aid of which this devilish cruelty was inflicted. The rats were sent by the governor himself. Vide letter of the commissioners to Sonoy, apud Bor, viii. 640, 641. The whole letter is a wonderful monument of barbarity. The incredible tortures to which the poor creatures had been subjected are detailed in a businesslike manner, as though the transactions were quite regular and laudable. The commissioners conclude with pious wishes for the governor's welfare. "Noble, wise, virtuous, and very discreet sir," they say, "we have wished to apprise you of the foregoing, and we now pray that God Almighty may spare you in a happy, healthy, and long-continued government." It will be seen, however, that the "wise, virtuous, and very discreet" governor, who thus caused his fellow-citizen's bowels to be gnawed by rats, was not allowed to remain much longer in his "happy and healthy government."

Notwithstanding the promises of pardon, Nanning was then condemned to death. The sentence ordained that his heart should be torn from his living bosom and thrown in his face, after which his head was to be taken off and exposed on the church steeple of his native village. His body was then to be cut in four, and a quarter fastened upon different towers of the city of Alkmaar; for it was that city, recently so famous for its heroic resistance to the Spanish army, which was now sullied by all this cold-blooded atrocity. When led to execution, the victim recanted indignantly the confessions forced from him by weakness of body, and exonerated the persons whom he had falsely accused. A certain clergyman, named Jurian Epeszoon, endeavored by loud praying to drown his voice, that the people might not rise with indignation, and the dying prisoner with his last breath solemnly summoned this unworthy pastor of Christ to meet him within three days before the judgment-seat of God. It is a remarkable and authentic fact that the clergyman thus summoned went home pensively from the place of execution, sickened immediately, and died upon the appointed day.[1]

Notwithstanding this solemn recantation, the persons accused were arrested, and in their turn subjected to torture; but the affair now reached the ears of Orange. His peremptory orders, with the universal excitement produced in the neighborhood, at last checked the course of the outrage, and the accused persons were remanded to prison, where they remained till liberated by the Pacification of Ghent. After their release they commenced legal proceedings against Sonoy, with a view

[1] Bor, viii. 628 et seq. Hoofd, x. 414. Wagenaer, vii. 58. Brandt, Hist. Ref., i. 563. Velius Horn, bl. 440.

of establishing their own innocence and of bringing the inhuman functionary to justice. The process languished, however, and was finally abandoned, for the powerful governor had rendered such eminent service in the cause of liberty that it was thought unwise to push him to extremity. It is no impeachment upon the character of the prince that these horrible crimes were not prevented. It was impossible for him to be omnipresent. Neither is it just to consider the tortures and death thus inflicted upon innocent men an indelible stain upon the cause of liberty. They were the crimes of an individual who had been useful, but who, like the Count de la Marck, had now contaminated his hand with the blood of the guiltless. The new tribunal never took root, and was abolished as soon as its initiatory horrors were known.[1]

On the 19th of July, Oudewater, entirely unprepared for such an event, was besieged by Hierges; but the garrison and the population, although weak, were brave. The town resisted eighteen days, and on the 7th of August was carried by assault,[2] after which the usual horrors were fully practised, and the garrison was put to the sword, the townspeople faring little better. Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, or obliged to purchase their lives by heavy ransoms, while matrons and maids were sold by auction to the soldiers at two or three dollars each.[3] Almost every house in the city was burned to the ground, and these horrible but very customary scenes having been enacted, the army of Hierges took its way to Schoon-

[1] Bor, viii. 628–641. Hoofd, x. 415–419.
[2] Bor, viii. 646. Meteren, v. 100.
[3] Bor, viii. 646. Hoofd, x. 424, 425.

hoven. That city, not defending itself, secured tolerable terms of capitulation, and surrendered on the 24th of August.[1]

The grand commander had not yet given up the hope of naval assistance from Spain, notwithstanding the abrupt termination to the last expedition which had been organized. It was, however, necessary that a foothold should be recovered upon the seaboard before a descent from without could be met with proper coöperation from the land forces within, and he was most anxious, therefore, to effect the reconquest of some portion of Zealand. The island of Tholen was still Spanish, and had been so since the memorable expedition of Mondragon to South Beveland. From this interior portion of the archipelago the governor now determined to attempt an expedition against the outer and more important territory. The three principal islands were Tholen, Duiveland, and Schouwen. Tholen was the first which detached itself from the continent. Next, and separated from it by a bay two leagues in width, was Duiveland, or the Isle of Doves. Beyond, and parted by a narrower frith, was Schouwen, fronting directly upon the ocean, fortified by its strong capital city, Zierikzee, and containing other villages of inferior consequence.[2]

Requesens had been long revolving in his mind the means of possessing himself of this important island. He had caused to be constructed a numerous armada of boats and light vessels of various dimensions, and he now came to Tholen to organize the expedition. His

[1] Bor, viii. 447. Meteren, v. 100.

[2] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x. 426, 427. Meteren, v. 101, 102. Mendoza, xiv. 281. Bentivoglio, ix. 164 et seq.

prospects were at first not flattering, for the gulfs and estuaries swarmed with Zealand vessels, manned by crews celebrated for their skill and audacity. Traitors, however, from Zealand itself now came forward to teach the Spanish commander how to strike at the heart of their own country. These refugees explained to Requesens that a narrow flat extended under the sea from Philipsland, a small and uninhabited islet situate close to Tholen, as far as the shore of Duiveland. Upon this submerged tongue of land the water, during ebb-tide, was sufficiently shallow to be waded, and it would therefore be possible for a determined band, under cover of the night, to make the perilous passage. Once arrived at Duiveland, they could more easily cross the intervening creek to Schouwen, which was not so deep and only half as wide, so that a force thus sent through these dangerous shallows might take possession of Duiveland and lay siege to Zierikzee, in the very teeth of the Zealand fleet, which would be unable to sail near enough to intercept their passage.[1]

The commander determined that the enterprise should be attempted. It was not a novelty, because Mondragon, as we have seen, had already most brilliantly conducted a very similar expedition. The present was, however, a much more daring scheme. The other exploit, although sufficiently hazardous and entirely successful, had been a victory gained over the sea alone. It had been a surprise, and had been effected without any opposition from human enemies. Here, however, they were to deal not only with the ocean and darkness, but with a watchful and determined foe. The Zealanders were

[1] Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, x. 426. Mendoza, xiv. 282. Bentivoglio, ix. 165.

aware that the enterprise was in contemplation, and their vessels lay about the contiguous waters in considerable force.[1] Nevertheless, the determination of the grand commander was hailed with enthusiasm by his troops. Having satisfied himself by personal experiment that the enterprise was possible, and that therefore his brave soldiers could accomplish it, he decided that the glory of the achievement should be fairly shared, as before, among the different nations which served the king.

After completing his preparations, Requesens came to Tholen, at which rendezvous were assembled three thousand infantry, partly Spaniards, partly Germans, partly Walloons. Besides these, a picked corps of two hundred sappers and miners was to accompany the expedition, in order that no time might be lost in fortifying themselves as soon as they had seized possession of Schouwen. Four hundred mounted troopers were, moreover, stationed in the town of Tholen, while the little fleet, which had been prepared at Antwerp, lay near that city, ready to coöperate with the land force as soon as they should complete their enterprise. The grand commander now divided the whole force into two parts. One half was to remain in the boats, under the command of Mondragon; the other half, accompanied by the two hundred pioneers, was to wade through the sea from Philipsland to Duiveland and Schouwen. Each soldier of this detachment was provided with a pair of shoes, two pounds of powder, and rations for three days in a canvas bag suspended at his neck. The leader of this expedition was Don Osorio

[1] Bentivoglio, ix. 165. Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283.

d'Ulloa, an officer distinguished for his experience and bravery.[1]

On the night selected for the enterprise, that of the 27th September, the moon was a day old in its fourth quarter, and rose a little before twelve. It was low water at between four and five in the morning. The grand commander, at the appointed hour of midnight, crossed to Philipsland, and stood on the shore to watch the setting forth of the little army. He addressed a short harangue to them, in which he skilfully struck the chords of Spanish chivalry and the national love of glory,[2] and was answered with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Don Osorio d'Ulloa then stripped and plunged into the sea immediately after the guides. He was followed by the Spaniards, after whom came the Germans and then the Walloons. The two hundred sappers and miners came next, and Don Gabriel Peralta, with his Spanish company, brought up the rear. It was a wild night. Incessant lightning alternately revealed and obscured the progress of the midnight march through the black waters, as the anxious commander watched the expedition from the shore, but the soldiers were quickly swallowed up in the gloom.[3] As they advanced

[1] Bentivoglio, ix. 166. Hoofd, x. 427, 428. Mendoza, xiv. 283.

[2] Hoofd, x. 428. Bor, viii. 648–650. Mendoza, xiv. 283, 284.

[3] Bor, viii. 648–650. Hoofd, x. 428. Bentivoglio, ix. 167. According to Mendoza, the sky was full of preternatural appearances on that memorable night; literally,

> "The exhalations whizzing through the air
> Gave so much light that one might read by them."
> Julius Cæsar.

"Viendose *en aqual punto cometas y señales en el cielo de grande claridad y tanta que se leian cartas como si fuera de dia,* quo ponia

cautiously, two by two, the daring adventurers found themselves soon nearly up to their necks in the waves, while so narrow was the submerged bank along which they were marching that a misstep to the right or left was fatal. Luckless individuals repeatedly sank to rise no more. Meantime, as the sickly light of the waning moon came forth at intervals through the stormy clouds, the soldiers could plainly perceive the files of Zealand vessels through which they were to march, and which were anchored as close to the flat as the water would allow. Some had recklessly stranded themselves, in their eagerness to interrupt the passage of the troops, and the artillery played unceasingly from the larger vessels. Discharges of musketry came continually from all, but the fitful lightning rendered the aim difficult and the fire comparatively harmless,[1] while the Spaniards were, moreover, protected, as to a large part of their bodies, by the water in which they were immersed.

At times they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants. Standing breast-high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well-directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zealanders, however, did not assail them with firearms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boat-hooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails.[2] Many

admiracion el verlas; juzgando los mas ser cosa fuera del curso natural," etc. (xiv. 284). Compare Strada, viii. 398.

[1] Bentivoglio, ix. 167. Hoofd, x. 429. Wagenaer, vii. 71.

[2] "Ne bastara a nemici di travagliargli solamente co i moschetti, e con gli archibugi, ma piu d'appresso con uncini di ferro, con

were the mortal duels thus fought in the darkness, and, as it were, in the bottom of the sea; many were the deeds of audacity which no eye was to mark save those by whom they were achieved. Still, in spite of all impediments and losses, the Spaniards steadily advanced. If other arms proved less available, they were attacked by the fierce taunts and invectives of their often invisible foes, who reviled them as water-dogs, fetching and carrying for a master who despised them; as mercenaries who coined their blood for gold, and were employed by tyrants for the basest uses. If, stung by these mocking voices, they turned in the darkness to chastise their unseen tormentors, they were certain to be trampled upon by their comrades, and to be pushed from their narrow pathway into the depths of the sea. Thus many perished.

The night wore on, and the adventurers still fought it out manfully, but very slowly, the main body of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, soon after daylight, reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order. The pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away.[1] The rear-guard, under Peralta, not surprised, like the pioneers, in the middle of their passage, by the rising tide, but prevented, before it was too late, from advancing far beyond the shore from which they had

legni maneggiabili a molti doppi, é con altsi istromenti," etc.—Bentivoglio, ix. 167. "Llegavan á herir á los nuestros con unos instrumentos de la manera que los con que bateren el trigo para sacar el grano de la paja."—Mendoza, xiv. 285.

[1] Hoofd, x. 429. "Donde vays malaventurados, que os haren ser perros de agua," etc.—Mendoza, ubi sup. Bentivoglio, ix. 168.

departed, were fortunately enabled to retrace their steps.[1]

Don Osorio, at the head of the successful adventurers, now effected his landing upon Duiveland. Reposing themselves but for an instant after this unparalleled march through the water of more than six hours, they took a slight refreshment, prayed to the Virgin Mary and to St. James, and then prepared to meet their new enemies on land. Ten companies of French, Scotch, and English auxiliaries lay in Duiveland, under the command of Charles van Boisot. Strange to relate, by an inexplicable accident, or by treason, that general was slain by his own soldiers, at the moment when the royal troops landed. The panic created by this event became intense, as the enemy rose suddenly, as it were, out of the depths of the ocean to attack them. They magnified the numbers of their assailants, and fled terror-stricken in every direction. Some swam to the Zealand vessels which lay in the neighborhood; others took refuge in the forts which had been constructed on the island, but these were soon carried by the Spaniards, and the conquest of Duiveland was effected.[2]

The enterprise was not yet completed, but the remainder was less difficult and not nearly so hazardous, for the creek which separated Duiveland from Schouwen was much narrower than the estuary which they had just traversed. It was less than a league in width, but

[1] Mendoza, xiv. 285. Bentivoglio, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Hoofd, x. 429. Bor, viii. 649. Mendoza, xiv. 286. The officer whose career was thus unfortunately closed was a brother of the famous Admiral Boisot, had himself rendered good service to the cause of his country, and was governor of Walcheren at the time of his death (Archives et Corresp., v. 283).

so encumbered by rushes and briers that, although difficult to wade, it was not navigable for vessels of any kind.[1] This part of the expedition was accomplished with equal resolution, so that, after a few hours' delay, the soldiers stood upon the much-coveted island of Schouwen. Five companies of states' troops, placed to oppose their landing, fled in the most cowardly manner at the first discharge of the Spanish muskets,[2] and took refuge in the city of Zierikzee, which was soon afterward beleaguered.

The troops had been disembarked upon Duiveland from the armada, which had made its way to the scene of action, after having received, by signal, information that the expedition through the water had been successful. Brouwershaven, on the northern side of Schouwen, was immediately reduced, but Bommenede resisted till the 25th of October, when it was at last carried by assault, and delivered over to fire and sword. Of the whole population and garrison not twenty were left alive. Siege was then laid to Zierikzee, and Colonel Mondragon was left in charge of the operations. Requesens himself came to Schouwen to give directions concerning this important enterprise.[3]

Chiapin Vitelli also came thither in the middle of the winter, and was so much injured by a fall from his litter, while making the tour of the island, that he died on shipboard during his return to Antwerp.[4] This

[1] Mendoza, xiv. 286. Bentivoglio (ix. 168) says, "poco men d'una lengua." Compare Bor, viii. 649; Hoofd, x. 429.

[2] Mendoza, xiv. 287. Hoofd, x. 429. Bentivoglio, ix. 168.

[3] Mendoza, xiv. 287–293 seq. Bentivoglio, ix. 169, 170. Bor, viii. 652 seq. Hoofd, x. 431.

[4] Meteren, v. 103. Strada, viii. 403.

officer had gained his laurels upon more than one occasion, his conduct in the important action near Mons, in which the Huguenot force under Genlis was defeated, having been particularly creditable. He was of a distinguished Umbrian family, and had passed his life in camps, few of the generals who had accompanied Alva to the Netherlands being better known or more odious to the inhabitants. He was equally distinguished for his courage, his cruelty, and his corpulence. The last characteristic was so remarkable that he was almost monstrous in his personal appearance. His protuberant stomach was always supported in a bandage suspended from his neck; yet in spite of this enormous impediment he was personally active on the battle-field, and performed more service, not only as a commander but as a subaltern, than many a younger and lighter man.[1]

The siege of Zierikzee was protracted till the following June, the city holding out with firmness. Want of funds caused the operations to be conducted with lan-

[1] Strada, viii. 404. Vitelli seems to have been unpopular with the Spaniards also, and Mendoza does not even allude to his death. The Netherlanders hated him cordially. His name, which afforded the materials for a pun, was, of course, a whetstone for their wits. They improved his death by perpetrating a multitude of epigrams, of which the following may serve as a sample:

"EPITAPHIUM CHIAP. VITELLI, MARCHIONIS CETONIS, ETC.

"O Deus omnipotens crassi miserere Vitelli,
Quem mors proveniens non sinit esse bovem.
Corpus in Italia est, tenet intestina Brabantus,
Ast animam nemo, cur? quia non habuit."
Vide Meteren, v. 103b.

His death occurred toward the end of February, 1576, a few days before that of the grand commander.

guor, but the same cause prevented the prince from accomplishing its relief. Thus the expedition from Philipsland, the most brilliant military exploit of the whole war, was attended with important results. The communication between Walcheren and the rest of Zealand was interrupted, the province cut in two; a foothold on the ocean, for a brief interval at least, acquired by Spain. The prince was inexpressibly chagrined by these circumstances, and felt that the moment had arrived when all honorable means were to be employed to obtain foreign assistance. The Hollanders and Zealanders had fought the battles of freedom alone hitherto, and had fought them well, but poverty was fast rendering them incapable of sustaining much longer the unequal conflict. Offers of men, whose wages the states were to furnish, were refused as worse than fruitless. Henry of Navarre, who perhaps deemed it possible to acquire the sovereignty of the provinces by so barren a benefit, was willing to send two or three thousand men, but not at his own expense. The proposition was respectfully declined.[1] The prince and his little country were all alone. "Even if we should not only see ourselves deserted by all the world, but also all the world against us," he said, "we should not cease to defend ourselves even to the last man. Knowing the justice of our cause, we repose entirely in the mercy of God."[2] He determined, however, once more to have recourse to the powerful of the earth, being disposed to test the truth of his celebrated observation that "there would be no lack of suitors for the bride that he had to be-

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 88. Resol. Holl., Maart 15, 1576.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 281, letter to Count John.

stow." It was necessary, in short, to look the great question of formally renouncing Philip directly in the face.

Hitherto the fiction of allegiance had been preserved, and, even by the enemies of the prince, it was admitted that it had been retained with no disloyal intent.[1] The time, however, had come when it was necessary to throw off allegiance, provided another could be found strong enough and frank enough to accept the authority which Philip had forfeited. The question was, naturally, between France and England, unless the provinces could effect their readmission into the body of the Germanic Empire. Already in June the prince had laid the proposition formally before the states, "whether they should not negotiate with the empire on the subject of their admission, with maintenance of their own constitutions," but it was understood that this plan was not to be carried out if the protection of the empire could be obtained under easier conditions.[2]

Nothing came of the proposition at that time. The nobles and the deputies of South Holland now voted, in the beginning of the ensuing month, "that it was their duty to abandon the king, as a tyrant who sought to oppress and destroy his subjects; and that it behooved them to seek another protector." This was while the Breda negotiations were still pending, but when their inevitable result was very visible. There was still a reluctance at taking the last and decisive step in the rebellion, so that the semblance of loyalty was still re-

[1] See the remarks of Groen v. Prinsterer on a passage in a letter of the council of state to Requesens, Archives, etc., v. 273. See also the letter in Bor, viii. 613.

[2] Resol. Holl., June 6, 1575, bl. 363. Wagenaer, vii. 78.

tained—that ancient scabbard in which the sword might yet one day be sheathed. The proposition was not adopted at the diet. A committee of nine was merely appointed to deliberate with the prince upon the "means of obtaining foreign assistance, without accepting foreign authority or severing their connection with his Majesty." The estates were, however, summoned a few months later, by the prince, to deliberate on this important matter at Rotterdam. On the 1st of October he then formally proposed either to make terms with their enemy, and that the sooner the better, or else, once for all, to separate entirely from the King of Spain, and to change their sovereign, in order, with the assistance and under protection of another Christian potentate, to maintain the provinces against their enemies. Orange, moreover, expressed the opinion that upon so important a subject it was decidedly incumbent upon them all to take the sense of the city governments. The members for the various municipalities acquiesced in the propriety of this suggestion, and resolved to consult their constituents, while the deputies of the nobility also desired to consult with their whole body. After an adjournment of a few days the diet again assembled at Delft, and it was then *unanimously* resolved by the nobles and the cities "*that they would forsake the king* and seek foreign assistance, referring the choice to the prince, who, in regard to the government, was to take the opinion of the estates."[1]

Thus the great step was taken by which two little provinces declared themselves independent of their

[1] Resol. Holl., July 7, 1575, bl. 474; July 9, 1575, bl. 482; October 3, 1575, bl. 668, 669; October 13, 1575, bl. 692. Bor, viii. 651. Wagenaer, vii. 81.

ancient master. That declaration, although taken in the midst of doubt and darkness, was not destined to be canceled, and the germ of a new and powerful commonwealth was planted. So little, however, did these republican fathers foresee their coming republic that the resolution to renounce one king was combined with a proposition to ask for the authority of another. It was not imagined that those two slender columns, which were all that had yet been raised of the future stately peristyle, would be strong enough to stand alone. The question now arose, to what foreign power application should be made. But little hope was to be entertained from Germany, a state which existed only in name, and France was still in a condition of religious and intestine discord. The attitude of revolt maintained by the Duc d'Alençon seemed to make it difficult and dangerous to enter into negotiations with a country where the civil wars had assumed so complicated a character that a loyal and useful alliance could hardly be made with any party. The Queen of England, on the other hand, dreaded the wrath of Philip, by which her perpetual dangers from the side of Scotland would be aggravated, while she feared equally the extension of French authority in the Netherlands, by which increase her neighbor would acquire an overshadowing power. She was also ashamed openly to abandon the provinces to their fate, for her realm was supposed to be a bulwark of the Protestant religion Afraid to affront Philip, afraid to refuse the suit of the Netherlands, afraid to concede an aggrandizement to France, what course was open to the English queen? That which, politically and personally, she loved the best—a course of barren coquetry. This the Prince of Orange foresaw; and although not

disposed to leave a stone unturned in his efforts to find assistance for his country, he on the whole rather inclined for France. He, however, better than any man, knew how little cause there was for sanguine expectation from either source.[1]

It was determined, in the name of his Highness and the estates, first to send a mission to England, but there had already been negotiations this year of an unpleasant character with that power. At the request of the Spanish envoy, the foremost Netherland rebels, in number about fifty, including by name the Prince of Orange, the counts of Berg and Culemburg, with Sainte-Aldegonde, Boisot, Junius, and others, had been formally forbidden by Queen Elizabeth to enter her realm.[2] The prince had, in consequence, sent Aldegonde and Junius on a secret mission to France,[3] and the queen, jealous and anxious, had thereupon sent Daniel Rogers secretly to the prince.[4] At the same time she had sent an envoy to the grand commander, counseling conciliatory measures, and promising to send a special mission to Spain with the offer of her mediation; but it was suspected by those most in the confidence of the Spanish government at Brussels that there was a great deal of deception in these proceedings.[5] A truce for six months having now been established between the Duc d'Alençon and his brother, it was supposed that an alliance between France and England, and perhaps between Alen-

[1] De Thou, t. vii. liv. 61. See Wagenaer, vii. 81.

[2] Resol. Holl., July 13, 1575, bl. 492. Meteren, v. 100, 101.

[3] Bor, viii. 641.

[4] Wagenaer, vii. 83.

[5] Letter from Morillon to Cardinal Granvelle, of date December 11, 1575, Archives et Corresp., v. 325, 326.

çon and Elizabeth, was on the carpet, and that a kingdom of the Netherlands was to be the wedding-present of the bride to her husband. These fantasies derived additional color from the fact that, while the queen was expressing the most amicable intentions toward Spain and the greatest jealousy of France, the English residents at Antwerp and other cities of the Netherlands had received private instructions to sell out their property as fast as possible, and to retire from the country.[1] On the whole, there was little prospect either of a final answer or of substantial assistance from the queen.

The envoys to England were Advocate Buys and Dr. Francis Maalzon, nominated by the estates, and Sainte-Aldegonde, chief of the mission, appointed by the prince. They arrived in England at Christmas-tide. Having represented to the queen the result of the Breda negotiations, they stated that the prince and the estates, in despair of a secure peace, had addressed themselves to her as an upright protector of the faith, and as a princess descended from the blood of Holland. This allusion to the intermarriage of Edward III. of England with Philippa, daughter of Count William III. of Hainault and Holland, would not, it was hoped, be in vain. They furthermore offered to her Majesty, in case she were willing powerfully to assist the states, the sovereignty over Holland and Zealand, under certain conditions.[2]

The queen listened graciously to the envoys, and appointed commissioners to treat with them on the subject. Meantime Requesens sent Champagny to Eng-

[1] Letter of Morillon, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, viii. 660, 661. Resol. Holl., November 14, 1575, bl. 730.

land to counteract the effect of this embassy of the estates, and to beg the queen to give no heed to the prayers of the rebels, to enter into no negotiations with them, and to expel them at once from her kingdom.[1]

The queen gravely assured Champagny "that the envoys were no rebels, but faithful subjects of his Majesty."[2] There was certainly some effrontery in such a statement, considering the solemn offer which had just been made by the envoys. If to renounce allegiance to Philip and to propose the sovereignty to Elizabeth did not constitute rebellion, it would be difficult to define or to discover rebellion anywhere. The statement was as honest, however, as the diplomatic grimace with which Champagny had reminded Elizabeth of the ancient and unbroken friendship which had always existed between herself and his Catholic Majesty. The attempt of Philip to procure her dethronement and assassination but a few years before was, no doubt, thought too trifling a circumstance to have for a moment interrupted those harmonious relations. Nothing came of the negotiations on either side. The queen coquetted, as was her custom. She could not accept the offer of the estates; she could not say them nay. She would not offend Philip; she would not abandon the provinces; she would therefore negotiate. Thus there was an infinite deal of diplomatic nothing spun and unraveled, but the result was both to abandon the provinces and to offend Philip.

In the first answer given by her commissioners to the states' envoys, it was declared "that her Majesty considered it too expensive to assume the protection of

[1] Bor, viii. 661. Vigl. Epist. Select., No. 177, p. 407.

[2] Bor, viii. 661.

both provinces. She was willing to protect them in name, but she should confer the advantage exclusively on Walcheren in reality. The defense of Holland must be maintained at the expense of the prince and the estates."[1]

This was certainly not munificent, and the envoys insisted upon more ample and liberal terms. The queen declined, however, committing herself beyond this niggardly and inadmissible offer. The states were not willing to exchange the sovereignty over their country for so paltry a concession. The queen declared herself indisposed to go further, at least before consulting Parliament.[2] The commissioners waited for the assembling of Parliament. She then refused to lay the matter before that body, and forbade the Hollanders taking any steps for that purpose.[3] It was evident that she was disposed to trifle with the provinces and had no idea of encountering the open hostility of Philip. The envoys accordingly begged for their passports. These were granted in April, 1576, with the assurance on the part of her Majesty that "she would think more of the offer made to her after she had done all in her power to bring about an arrangement between the provinces and Philip."[4]

After the result of the negotiations of Breda, it is difficult to imagine what method she was likely to devise for accomplishing such a purpose. The king was not more disposed than during the preceding summer to grant liberty of religion, nor were the Hollanders more

[1] Bor, viii. 661–663. Wagenaer, vii. 85.
[2] Wagenaer, vii. 85, 86. Bor, ubi sup.
[3] Wagenaer, ubi sup.
[4] Bor, viii. 663. Wagenaer, vii. 86.

ready than they had been before to renounce either their faith or their fatherland. The envoys, on parting, made a strenuous effort to negotiate a loan, but the frugal queen considered the proposition quite inadmissible. She granted them liberty to purchase arms and ammunition, and to levy a few soldiers with their own money, and this was accordingly done to a limited extent. As it was not difficult to hire soldiers or to buy gunpowder anywhere, in that warlike age, provided the money were ready, the states had hardly reason to consider themselves under deep obligation for this concession. Yet this was the whole result of the embassy. Plenty of fine words had been bestowed, which might or might not have meaning, according to the turns taken by coming events. Besides these cheap and empty civilities, they received permission to defend Holland at their own expense, with the privilege of surrendering its sovereignty, if they liked, to Queen Elizabeth—and this was all.

On the 19th of April the envoys returned to their country, and laid before the estates the meager result of their negotiations.[1] Very soon afterward, upon an informal suggestion from Henry III. and the queen mother that a more favorable result might be expected if the same applications were made to the Duc d'Alençon which had been received in so unsatisfactory a manner by Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed to France.[2] It proved impossible, however, at that juncture, to proceed with the negotiations, in consequence of the troubles occasioned by the attitude of the duke. The provinces

[1] Bor, viii. 661–663. Hoofd, x. 434, 435. Meteren, v. 101. Resol. Holl., April 19, 1576, bl. 42.

[2] Ever. Reid. Ann., lib. i. 18.

were still, even as they had been from the beginning, entirely alone.

Requesens was more than ever straitened for funds, wringing, with increasing difficulty, a slender subsidy, from time to time, out of the reluctant estates of Brabant, Flanders, and the other obedient provinces. While he was still at Duiveland, the States-General sent him a long remonstrance against the misconduct of the soldiery, in answer to his demand for supplies. "Oh, these estates! these estates!" cried the grand commander, on receiving such vehement reproaches instead of his money; "may the Lord deliver me from these estates!"[1] Meantime the important siege of Zierikzee continued, and it was evident that the city must fall. There was no money at the disposal of the prince. Count John, who was seriously embarrassed by reason of the great obligations in money which he, with the rest of his family, had incurred on behalf of the estates, had recently made application to the prince for his influence toward procuring him relief. He had forwarded an account of the great advances made by himself and his brethren in money, plate, furniture, and indorsements of various kinds, for which a partial reimbursement was almost indispensable to save him from serious difficulties.[2] The prince, however, unable to procure him any assistance, had been obliged once more to entreat him to display the generosity and the self-denial which the country had never found wanting at his hands or at those of his kindred. The appeal had not been in vain; but the count was obviously not in a condition to effect anything more at that moment to relieve the

[1] "Dios nos libera de estos Estados."—Meteren, v. 103b.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 301–304.

financial distress of the states. The exchequer was crippled.[1] Holland and Zealand were cut in twain by the occupation of Schouwen and the approaching fall of its capital. Germany, England, France, all refused to stretch out their hands to save the heroic but exhaustless little provinces. It was at this moment that a desperate but sublime resolution took possession of the prince's mind. There seemed but one way left to exclude the Spaniards forever from Holland and Zealand, and to rescue the inhabitants from impending ruin. The prince had long brooded over the scheme, and the hour seemed to have struck for its fulfilment. His project was to collect all the vessels, of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces, men, women, and children, together with all the movable property of the country, were then to be embarked on board this numerous fleet, and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dikes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored forever to the ocean, from which it had sprung.[2]

[1] The contributions of Holland and Zealand for war expenses amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand florins monthly. The pay of a captain was eighty florins monthly; that of a lieutenant, forty; that of a corporal, fifteen; that of a drummer, fifer, *or minister*, twelve; that of a common soldier, seven and a half. A captain had also one hundred and fifty florins each month to distribute among the most meritorious of his company. Each soldier was likewise furnished with food, bedding, fire, light, and washing (Renom de France MS., vol. ii. c. 46).

[2] Bor relates that this plan had been definitely formed by the prince. His authority is "a credible gentleman of quality" ("een geloofswaerdig edelmann van qualiteit") who, at the time, was a member of the estates and government of Holland (viii. 664). Groen

It is difficult to say whether the resolution, if Providence had permitted its fulfilment, would have been, on the whole, better or worse for humanity and civilization. The ships which would have borne the heroic prince and his fortunes might have taken the direction of the newly discovered western hemisphere. A religious colony, planted by a commercial and liberty-loving race in a virgin soil, and directed by patrician but self-denying hands, might have preceded, by half a century, the colony which a kindred race, impelled by similar motives, and under somewhat similar circumstances and conditions, was destined to plant upon the stern shores of New England. Had they directed their course to the warm and fragrant islands of the East, an independent Christian commonwealth might have arisen among those prolific regions, superior in importance to any subsequent colony of Holland, cramped from its birth by absolute subjection to a far-distant metropolis.

The unexpected death of Requesens suddenly dispelled these schemes. The siege of Zierikzee had occupied much of the governor's attention, but he had recently written to his sovereign that its reduction was now certain. He had added an urgent request for money, with a sufficient supply of which he assured Philip that he should be able to bring the war to an immediate

v. Prinsterer, however, rejects the tale as fabulous, or believes, at any rate, that the personage alluded to by Bor took the prince's words too literally. It is probable that the thought was often in the prince's mind and found occasional expression, although it had never been actually reduced to a scheme. It is difficult to see that it was not consistent with his character, supposing that there had been no longer any room for hope. Hoofd (x. 443) adopts the story without hesitation. Wagenaer (vii. 88, 89) alludes to it as a matter of current report. Compare Van Wyn op Wagen., vii. 33–35.

conclusion. While waiting for these supplies, he had, contrary to all law or reason, made an unsuccessful attempt to conquer the post of Emden, in Germany. A mutiny had, at about the same time, broken out among his troops in Haarlem, and he had furnished the citizens with arms to defend themselves, giving free permission to use them against the insurgent troops. By this means the mutiny had been quelled, but a dangerous precedent established. Anxiety concerning this rebellion is supposed to have hastened the grand commander's death. A violent fever seized him on the 1st, and terminated his existence on the 5th of March, in the fifty-first year of his life.[1]

It is not necessary to review elaborately his career, the chief incidents of which have been sufficiently described. Requesens was a man of high position by birth and office, but a thoroughly commonplace personage. His talents either for war or for civil employments were not above mediocrity. His friends disputed whether he were greater in the field or in the council, but it is certain that he was great in neither. His bigotry was equal to that of Alva, but it was impossible to rival the duke in cruelty. Moreover, the condition of the country, after seven years of torture under his predecessor, made it difficult for him, at the time of his arrival, to imitate the severity which had made the name of Alva infamous. The Blood-Council had been retained throughout his administration, but its occupation was gone, for want of food for its ferocity. The obedient provinces had been purged of Protestants, while, crippled, too, by confiscation, they offered no field for further extortion. From Holland and Zealand, whence

[1] Bor, viii. 663, 665. Hoofd, x. 436, 437. Vigl. Epist. Select., Ep. Card. Granv., No. 178, p. 408.

Catholicism had been nearly excluded, the King of Spain was nearly excluded also. The Blood-Council, which, if set up in that country, would have executed every living creature of its population, could only gaze from a distance at those who would have been its victims. Requesens had been previously distinguished in two fields of action, the Granada massacres and the carnage of Lepanto. Upon both occasions he had been the military tutor of Don John of Austria, by whom he was soon to be succeeded in the government of the Netherlands. To the imperial bastard had been assigned the preëminence, but it was thought that the grand commander had been entitled to a more than equal share of the glory. We have seen how much additional reputation was acquired by Requesens in the provinces. The expedition against Duiveland and Schouwen was, on the whole, the most brilliant feat of arms during the war, and its success reflects an undying luster on the hardihood and discipline of the Spanish, German, and Walloon soldiery. As an act of individual audacity in a bad cause, it has rarely been equaled. It can hardly be said, however, that the grand commander was entitled to any large measure of praise for the success of the expedition. The plan was laid by Zealand traitors. It was carried into execution by the devotion of the Spanish, Walloon, and German troops, while Requesens was only a spectator of the transaction. His sudden death arrested, for a moment, the ebb-tide in the affairs of the Netherlands, which was fast leaving the country bare and desolate, and was followed by a train of unforeseen transactions, which it is now our duty to describe.

CHAPTER IV

Assumption of affairs by the state council at Brussels—Hesitation at Madrid—Joachim Hopper—Maladministration—Vigilance of Orange—The provinces drawn more closely together—Inequality of the conflict—Physical condition of Holland—New act of union between Holland and Zealand—Authority of the prince defined and enlarged—Provincial polity characterized—Generous sentiments of the prince—His tolerant spirit—Letters from the king—Attitude of the great powers toward the Netherlands—Correspondence and policy of Elizabeth—Secret negotiations with France and Alençon—Confused and menacing aspect of Germany—Responsible and laborious position of Orange—Attempt to relieve Zierikzee—Death of Admiral Boisot—Capitulation of the city upon honorable terms—Mutiny of the Spanish troops in Schouwen—General causes of discontent—Alarming increase of the mutiny—The rebel regiments enter Brabant—Fruitless attempts to pacify them—They take possession of Alost—Edicts denouncing them from the state council—Intense excitement in Brussels and Antwerp—Letters from Philip brought by Marquis Havré—The king's continued procrastination—Ruinous royal confirmation of the authority assumed by the state council—United and general resistance to foreign military oppression—The German troops and the Antwerp garrison, under Avila, join the revolt—Letter of Verdugo—A crisis approaching—Jerome de Roda in the citadel—The mutiny universal.

The death of Requesens, notwithstanding his four days' illness, occurred so suddenly that he had not had time to appoint his successor. Had he exercised this privilege, which his patent conferred upon him, it was

supposed that he would have nominated Count Mansfeld to exercise the functions of governor-general until the king should otherwise ordain.[1] In the absence of any definite arrangement, the council of state, according to a right which that body claimed from custom, assumed the reins of government. Of the old board there were none left but the Duke of Aerschot, Count Berlaymont, and Viglius. To these were soon added, however, by royal diploma, the Spaniard Jerome de Roda and the Netherlanders Assonleville, Baron Rassinghem, and Arnold Sasbout. Thus all the members, save one, of what had now become the executive body were natives of the country. Roda was accordingly looked askance upon by his colleagues. He was regarded by Viglius as a man who desired to repeat the part which had been played by Juan Vargas in the Blood-Council, while the other members, although stanch Catholics, were all of them well disposed to vindicate the claim of Netherland nobles to a share in the government of the Netherlands.

For a time, therefore, the transfer of authority seemed to have been smoothly accomplished. The council of state conducted the administration of the country. Peter Ernest Mansfeld was intrusted with the supreme military command, including the government of Brussels; and the Spanish commanders, although dissatisfied that any but a Spaniard should be thus honored, were for a time quiescent.[2] When the news reached Madrid,

[1] Bor, viii. 663. Meteren, v. 104a.

[2] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Viglii Epist. Select. ad Diversos, No. 179, p. 409. Vigl. Epist., ubi sup. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor, ix. 663. Wagenaer (vii. 91), however, states that Mansfeld was intrusted simply with the government of Brussels, and that it is an error to describe him as invested with the supreme military command.

Philip was extremely disconcerted. The death of Requesens excited his indignation. He was angry with him, not for dying, but for dying at so very inconvenient a moment. He had not yet fully decided either upon his successor or upon the policy to be enforced by his successor. There were several candidates for the vacant post; there was a variety of opinions in the cabinet as to the course of conduct to be adopted.[1] In the impossibility of instantly making up his mind upon this unexpected emergency, Philip fell, as it were, into a long reverie, than which nothing could be more inopportune. With a country in a state of revolution and exasperation, the trance which now seemed to come over the government was like to be followed by deadly effects. The stationary policy which the death of Requesens had occasioned was allowed to prolong itself indefinitely,[2] and almost for the first time in his life Joachim Hopper was really consulted about the affairs of that department over which he imagined himself, and was generally supposed by others, to preside at Madrid. The creature of Viglius, having all the subserviency, with none of the acuteness, of his patron, he had been long employed as chief of the Netherland bureau, while kept in profound ignorance of the affairs which were transacted in his office. He was a privy councilor whose counsels were never heeded, a confidential servant in whom the king reposed confidence only on the ground that no man could reveal secrets which he did not know. This deportment of the king's showed that

[1] Letter of Philip (March 24, 1576) to the States-General, in Bor, ix. 663.

[2] Strada, viii. 407, 408. Hoofd, xi. 438. Bor, viii. 663 sqq. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 176 et seq., etc.

he had accurately measured the man, for Hopper was hardly competent for the place of a chief clerk. He was unable to write clearly in any language, because incapable of a fully developed thought upon any subject. It may be supposed that nothing but an abortive policy, therefore, would be produced upon the occasion thus suddenly offered. "'T is a devout man, that poor Master Hopper," said Granvelle, "but rather fitted for platonic researches than for affairs of state."[1]

It was a proof of this incompetency that now, when really called upon for advice in an emergency, he should recommend a continuance of the interim. Certainly nothing worse could be devised. Granvelle recommended a reappointment of the Duchess Margaret.[2] Others suggested Duke Eric of Brunswick or an archduke of the Austrian house, although the opinion held by most of the influential councilors was in favor of Don John of Austria.[3] In the interests of Philip and his despotism, nothing, at any rate, could be more fatal than delay. In the condition of affairs which then existed, the worst or feeblest governor would have been better than none at all. To leave a vacancy was to play directly into the hands of Orange, for it was impossible that so skilful an adversary should not at once perceive the fault and profit by it to the utmost. It was strange that Philip did not see the danger of inactivity at such

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 874.

[2] MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst., v. 331.

[3] Ibid. Compare Bor, viii. 663, and the letters of Philip to the state council, in Bor, ubi sup.; letters which Cabrera characterizes as "amorosas, suaves enlas razones fraternales," and in which "dezia los amaba como a hijos"! These letters distinctly indicated Don John as the probable successor of Requesens (Cabrera, Vita de Felipe II., xi. 845).

a crisis. Assuredly indolence was never his vice, but on this occasion indecision did the work of indolence. Unwittingly the despot was assisting the efforts of the liberator. Viglius saw the position of matters with his customary keenness, and wondered at the blindness of Hopper and Philip. At the last gasp of a life which neither learning nor the accumulation of worldly prizes and worldly pelf could redeem from intrinsic baseness, the sagacious but not venerable old man saw that a chasm was daily widening, in which the religion and the despotism which he loved might soon be hopelessly swallowed. "The Prince of Orange and his beggars do not sleep," he cried, almost in anguish; "nor will they be quiet till they have made use of this interregnum to do us some immense grievance."[1]

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not sleep upon this nor any other great occasion of his life. In his own vigorous language, used to stimulate his friends in various parts of the country, he seized the swift occasion by the forelock. He opened a fresh correspondence with many leading gentlemen in Brussels and other places in the Netherlands—persons of influence, who now, for the first time, showed a disposition to side with their country against its tyrants.[2] Hitherto the land had been divided into two very unequal portions. Holland and Zealand were devoted to the prince; their whole population, with hardly an individual exception, converted to the Reformed religion. The other fifteen provinces were, on the whole, loyal to the king, while the old religion had, of late years, taken root so rapidly

[1] Vigl. Epist. ad Joach. Hopperum, Ep. 265, p. 863.

[2] De Thou, t. vii. liv. lxii. 368, 369. Wagenaer, vii. 104, 105, sqq.

again that perhaps a moiety of their population might be considered as Catholic.[1] At the same time, the reign of terror under Alva, the paler but not less distinct tyranny of Requesens, and the intolerable excesses of the foreign soldiery, by which the government of foreigners was supported, had at last maddened all the inhabitants of the seventeen provinces. Notwithstanding, therefore, the fatal difference of religious opinion, they were all drawn into closer relations with each other; to regain their ancient privileges, and to expel the detested foreigners from the soil, being objects common to all. The provinces were united in one great hatred and one great hope.

The Hollanders and Zealanders, under their heroic leader, had well-nigh accomplished both tasks, so far as those little provinces were concerned. Never had a contest, however, seemed more hopeless at its commencement. Cast a glance at the map. Look at Holland—not the Republic, with its sister provinces beyond the Zuyder Zee, but Holland only, with the Zealand archipelago. Look at that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sand-bank, one hundred and twenty miles in length, and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine years long with the master of two worlds, the "Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America," the despot of the fairest realms of Europe, and conquer him at last? Nor was William even entirely master of that narrow shoal where clung the survivors of a great national shipwreck. North and

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, v. 381–385. Compare De Thou, liv. lxii.

South Holland were cut in two by the loss of Haarlem, while the enemy was in possession of the natural capital of the little country, Amsterdam. The prince affirmed that the cause had suffered more from the disloyalty of Amsterdam than from all the efforts of the enemy.

Moreover, the country was in a most desolate condition. It was almost *literally* a sinking ship. The destruction of the bulwarks against the ocean had been so extensive, in consequence of the voluntary inundations which have been described in previous pages, and by reason of the general neglect which more vital occupations had necessitated, that an enormous outlay, both of labor and money, was now indispensable to save the physical existence of the country. The labor and the money, notwithstanding the crippled and impoverished condition of the nation, were, however, freely contributed; a wonderful example of energy and patient heroism was again exhibited. The dikes which had been swept away in every direction were renewed at a vast expense.[1] Moreover, the country, in the course of recent events, had become almost swept bare of its cattle, and it was necessary to pass a law forbidding, for a considerable period, the slaughter of any animals, "oxen, cows, calves, sheep, or poultry."[2] It was, unfortunately, not possible to provide by law against that extermination of the human population which had been decreed by Philip and the pope.

Such was the physical and moral condition of the provinces of Holland and Zealand. The political con-

[1] The work was, however, not fairly taken in hand until the spring of 1577 (Wagenaer, vii. 158 sqq. Bor, x. 819).

[2] Resol. Holl., February 28, 1575, bl. 97. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 26.

stitution of both assumed, at this epoch, a somewhat altered aspect. The union between the two states, effected in June, 1575, required improvement. The administration of justice, the conflicts of laws, and more particularly the levying of moneys and troops in equitable proportions, had not been adjusted with perfect smoothness. The estates of the two provinces, assembled in congress at Delft, concluded, therefore, a new act of union, which was duly signed upon the 25th of April, 1576.[1] Those estates, consisting of the knights and nobles of Holland, with the deputies from the cities and countships of Holland and Zealand, had been duly summoned by the Prince of Orange.[2] They as fairly included all the political capacities, and furnished as copious a representation of the national will, as could be expected, for it is apparent upon every page of his history that the prince, upon all occasions, chose to refer his policy to the approval and confirmation of as large a portion of the people as any man in those days considered capable or desirous of exercising political functions.

The new union consisted of eighteen articles. It was established that deputies from all the estates should meet when summoned by the Prince of Orange or otherwise, on penalty of fine, and at the risk of measures binding upon them being passed by the rest of the congress.[3] Freshly arising causes of litigation were to be referred to the prince.[4] Free intercourse and traffic through the united provinces were guaranteed.[5]

[1] Bor, ix. 668. Kluit, Hist. Holl. Staatsreg., i. 115 et seq. Wagenaer, vii. 94.

[2] Bor, ix. 668. Wagenaer, vii. 93. Kluit, i. 115 sqq.

[3] Article 3. The document is given in full by Bor, ix. 668 sqq.

[4] Article 4. [5] Article 5.

The confederates were mutually to assist each other in preventing all injustice, wrong, or violence, even toward an enemy.[1] The authority of law and the pure administration of justice were mutually promised by the contracting states.[2] The common expenses were to be apportioned among the different provinces, "as if they were all included in the republic of a single city."[3] Nine commissioners, appointed by the prince on nomination by the estates, were to sit permanently, as his advisers, and as assessors and collectors of the taxes.[4] The tenure of the union was from six months to six months, with six weeks' notice.[5]

The framers of this compact, having thus defined the general outlines of the confederacy, declared that the government, thus constituted, should be placed under a single head. They accordingly conferred supreme authority on the prince,[6] defining his powers in eighteen articles. He was declared chief commander by land and sea. He was to appoint all officers, from generals to subalterns, and to pay them at his discretion.[7] The whole protection of the land was devolved upon him. He was to send garrisons or troops into every city and village at his pleasure, without advice or consent of the estates, magistrates of the cities, or any other persons whatsoever.[8] He was, in behalf of the king, as Count of Holland and Zealand, to cause justice to be administered by the Supreme Court.[9] In the same capacity he was to provide for vacancies in all political and judicial offices

[1] "Hoewel ook vijand."—Article 7.
[2] Article 7. [3] Article 10. [4] Article 11.
[5] Articles 17 and 18.
[6] Articles of Union, Bor, ix. 620.
[7] Articles 1 and 2. [8] Articles 3–7. [9] Article 8.

of importance,[1] choosing, *with the advice of the estates*, one officer for each vacant post out of three candidates nominated to him by that body.[2] He was to appoint and renew, at the usual times, the magistracies in the cities, according to the ancient constitutions. He was to make changes in those boards, if necessary, at unusual times, with consent of the majority of those representing the Great Council and *corpus* of the said cities.[3] He was to uphold the authority and preëminence of all civil functionaries, and to prevent governors and military officers from taking any cognizance of political or judicial affairs. With regard to religion, he was to maintain the practice of the Reformed Evangelical religion, and to *cause to surcease* the exercise of all other religions *contrary to the gospel*. He was, however, not to permit that *inquisition should be made into any man's belief or conscience*, or *that any man by cause thereof should suffer trouble, injury, or hindrance*.[4]

The league thus concluded was a confederation between a group of virtually independent little republics. Each municipality was, as it were, a little sovereign, sending envoys to a congress to vote and to sign as plenipotentiaries. The vote of each city was therefore indivisible, and it mattered little, practically, whether there were one deputy or several. The nobles represented not only their own order, but were supposed to

[1] Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 121, 122.

[2] Article 10. See Kluit's commentary on this article, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 121, 122.

[3] Article 13.

[4] Article 15: "Sonder dat syne E. sal toelaten dat men op jemands geloof op conscientie sal inquireren of dat jemand ter cause van die eenige moeyenis, injurie, of letsel angedaen sal worden," etc.

act also in behalf of the rural population. On the whole, there was a tolerably fair representation of the whole nation. The people were well and worthily represented in the government of each city, and therefore equally so in the assembly of the estates.[1] It was not till later that the corporations, by the extinction of the popular element, and by the usurpation of the right of self-election, were thoroughly stiffened into fictitious personages who never died, and who were never thoroughly alive.

At this epoch the provincial liberties, so far as they could maintain themselves against Spanish despotism, were practical and substantial. The government was a representative one,[2] in which all those who had the inclination possessed, in one mode or another, a voice. Although the various members of the confederacy were locally and practically republics or self-governed little commonwealths, the general government which they established was, in form, monarchical. The powers conferred upon Orange constituted him a sovereign *ad interim;* for while the authority of the Spanish monarch remained suspended, the prince was invested not only with the whole executive and appointing power, but even with a very large share in the legislative functions of the state.[3]

The whole system was rather practical than theoretical, without any accurate distribution of political powers. In living, energetic communities, where the blood of the body politic circulates swiftly, there is an inevitable tendency of the different organs to sympathize and commingle more closely than a priori philosophy would

[1] Compare Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 130.
[2] Ibid., i. 129, 130. [3] Ibid., i. 125.

allow. It is usually more desirable than practicable to keep the executive, legislative, and judicial departments entirely independent of each other.[1]

Certainly the Prince of Orange did not at that moment indulge in speculations concerning the nature and origin of government. The Congress of Delft had just clothed him with almost regal authority. In his hands were the powers of war and peace, joint control of the magistracies and courts of justice, absolute supremacy over the army and the fleets. It is true that these attributes had been conferred upon him *ad interim*, but it depended only upon himself to make the sovereignty personal and permanent.[2] He was so thoroughly absorbed in his work, however, that he did not even see the diadem which he put aside. It was small matter to him whether they called him stadholder or guardian, prince or king. He was the father of his country and its defender. The people, from highest to lowest, called him "Father William," and the title was enough for him. The question with him was, not what men should call him, but how he should best accomplish his task.

So little was he inspired by the sentiment of self-elevation that he was anxiously seeking for a fitting person —strong, wise, and willing enough—to exercise the sovereignty which was thrust upon himself, but which he desired to exchange against an increased power to be actively useful to his country. To expel the foreign oppressor; to strangle the Inquisition; to maintain the ancient liberties of the nation—here was labor enough

[1] Compare Guizot, Du Système Representatif, t. i.

[2] Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives et Correspondance, v. 340–342.

for his own hands. The vulgar thought of carving a throne out of the misfortunes of his country seems not to have entered his mind. Upon one point, however, the prince had been peremptory. He would have no persecution of the opposite creed. He was requested to suppress the Catholic religion in terms. As we have seen, he caused the expression to be exchanged for the words, "religion at variance with the gospel." He resolutely stood out against all meddling with men's consciences, or inquiring into their thoughts. While smiting the Spanish Inquisition into the dust, he would have no Calvinist inquisition set up in its place. Earnestly a convert to the Reformed religion, but hating and denouncing only what was corrupt in the ancient Church, he would not force men, with fire and sword, to travel to heaven upon his own road. Thought should be toll-free. Neither monk nor minister should burn, drown, or hang his fellow-creatures when argument or expostulation failed to redeem them from error. It was no small virtue, in that age, to rise to such a height. We know what Calvinists, Zwinglians, Lutherans, have done in the Netherlands, in Germany, in Switzerland, and almost a century later in New England. It is therefore with increased veneration that we regard this large and *truly Catholic* mind. His tolerance proceeded from no indifference. No man can read his private writings, or form a thorough acquaintance with his interior life, without recognizing him as a deeply religious man. He had faith unfaltering in God. He had also faith in man and love for his brethren. It was no wonder that in that age of religious bigotry he should have been assaulted on both sides. While the pope excommunicated him as a heretic, and the king set a

price upon his head as a rebel, the fanatics of the new religion denounced him as a godless man. Peter Dathenus, the unfrocked monk of Poperingen, shrieked out in his pulpit that "the Prince of Orange cared nothing either for God or for religion." [1]

The death of Requesens had offered the first opening through which the watchful prince could hope to inflict a wound in the vital part of Spanish authority in the Netherlands. The languor of Philip and the procrastinating counsel of the dull Hopper unexpectedly widened the opening. On the 24th of March letters were written by his Majesty to the States-General, to the provincial estates, and to the courts of justice, instructing them that, until further orders, they were all to obey the council of state. The king was confident that all would do their utmost to assist that body in securing the holy Catholic faith and the implicit obedience of the country to its sovereign. He would, in the meantime, occupy himself with the selection of a new governor-general, who should be of his family and blood. This uncertain and perilous condition of things was watched with painful interest in neighboring countries.

The fate of all nations was more or less involved in the development of the great religious contest now waging in the Netherlands. England and France watched each other's movements in the direction of the provinces with intense jealousy. The Protestant queen was the natural ally of the struggling reformers, but her despotic sentiments were averse to the fostering of rebellion against the Lord's anointed. The thrifty queen looked with alarm at the prospect of large subsidies

[1] Brandt, Hist. der Ref., t. i. b. xi. 607.

which would undoubtedly be demanded of her. The jealous queen could as ill brook the presence of the French in the Netherlands as that of the Spaniards whom they were to expel. She therefore embarrassed, as usual, the operations of the prince by a course of stale political coquetry. She wrote to him, on the 18th of March, soon after the news of the grand commander's death,[1] saying that she could not yet accept the offer which had been made to her, to take the provinces of Holland and Zealand under her safe-keeping, to assume, as countess, the sovereignty over them, and to protect the inhabitants against the alleged tyranny of the King of Spain. She was unwilling to do so until she had made every effort to reconcile them with that sovereign. Before the death of Requesens she had been intending to send him an envoy, proposing a truce, for the purpose of negotiation. This purpose she still retained. She should send commissioners to the council of state and to the new governor, when he should arrive. She should also send a special envoy to the King of Spain. She doubted not that the king would take her advice, when he heard her speak in such straightforward language. In the meantime, she hoped that they would negotiate with no other powers.[2]

This was not very satisfactory. The queen rejected the offers to herself, but begged that they might by no means be made to her rivals. The expressed intention of softening the heart of Philip by the use of straightforward language seemed but a sorry sarcasm. It was hardly worth while to wait long for so improbable a

[1] Bor, ix. 667.

[2] Letter of Queen Elizabeth, March 16, 1576, in Bor, ix. 667. Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 332, 333.

result. Thus much for England at that juncture. Not inimical, certainly, but over-cautious, ungenerous, teasing, and perplexing, was the policy of the maiden queen. With regard to France, events there seemed to favor the hopes of Orange. On the 14th of May the "Peace of Monsieur," the treaty by which so ample but so short-lived a triumph was achieved by the Huguenots, was signed at Paris.[1] Everything was conceded, but nothing was secured. Rights of worship, rights of office, political and civil, religious enfranchisement, were recovered, but not guaranteed.[2] It seemed scarcely possible that the king could be in earnest then, even if a Medicean Valois could ever be otherwise than treacherous. It was almost certain, therefore, that a reaction would take place; but it is easier for us, three centuries after the event, to mark the precise moment of reaction than it was for the most far-seeing contemporary to foretell how soon it would occur. In the meantime it was the prince's cue to make use of this sunshine while it lasted. Already, so soon as the union of the 25th of April had been concluded between Holland and Zealand, he had forced the estates to open negotiations with France.[3] The provinces, although desirous to confer sovereignty upon him, were indisposed to renounce their old allegiance to their king in order to place it at the disposal of a foreigner. Nevertheless, a resolution, at the reiterated demands of Orange, was passed by the estates to proceed to the change of master, and, for that purpose, to treat with the King of France, his brother, or any other foreign potentate who would

[1] De Thou, t. vii. liv. lxii. 418.

[2] Ibid., vii. 413–418. Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351.

[3] Resol. Holl., v. 64, 65. Groen v. Prinst., v. 341.

receive these provinces of Holland and Zealand under his government and protection.[1] Negotiations were accordingly opened with the Duke of Anjou, the dilettante leader of the Huguenots at that remarkable juncture. It was a pity that no better champion could be looked for among the anointed of the earth than the false, fickle, foolish Alençon, whose career, everywhere contemptible, was nowhere so flagitious as in the Netherlands. By the fourteenth article of the peace of Paris the prince was reinstated and secured in his principality of Orange and his other possessions in France.[2] The best feeling, for the time being, was manifested between the French court and the Reformation.[3]

Thus much for England and France. As for Germany, the prospects of the Netherlands were not flattering. The reforming spirit had grown languid from various causes. The self-seeking motives of many Protestant princes had disgusted the nobles. Was that the object of the bloody wars of religion, that a few potentates should be enabled to enrich themselves by confiscating the broad lands and accumulated treasures of the Church? Had the creed of Luther been embraced only for such unworthy ends? These suspicions chilled the ardor of thousands, particularly among the greater ones of the land. Moreover, the discord among the reformers themselves waxed daily, and became more and more mischievous. Neither the people nor their leaders could learn that not a new

[1] Resol. Holl., v. 64, 65. Groen v. Prinst., v. 341.

[2] Bor, ix. 684.

[3] The edict, or peace of Paris, in sixty-three articles, is published at length by Bor, ix. 683–690. Compare Groen v. Prinst., v. 349–351; De Thou, t. v. liv. vii. 413–418.

doctrine, but a wise toleration for all Christian doctrines, was wanted. Of new doctrines there was no lack. Lutherans, Calvinists, Flacianists, Majorists, Adiaphorists, Brantianists, Ubiquitists, swarmed and contended pell-mell.[1] In this there would have been small harm if the reformers had known what reformation meant. But they could not invent or imagine toleration. All claimed the privilege of persecuting. There were sagacious and honest men among the great ones of the country, but they were but few. Wise William of Hesse strove hard to effect a *concordia* among the jarring sects; Count John of Nassau, though a passionate Calvinist, did no less; while the Elector of Saxony, on the other hand, raging and roaring like a bull of Bashan, was for sacrificing the interest of millions on the altar of his personal spite. Cursed was his tribe if he forgave the prince. He had done what he could at the Diet of Ratisbon to exclude all Calvinists from a participation in the religious peace of Germany,[2] and he redoubled his efforts to prevent the extension of any benefits to the Calvinists of the Netherlands. These determinations had remained constant and intense.

On the whole, the political appearance of Germany was as menacing as that of France seemed for a time favorable to the schemes of Orange. The quarrels of the princes, and the daily widening schism between Lutherans and Calvinists, seemed to bode little good to the cause of religious freedom. The potentates were

[1] See in particular a letter of Count John of Nassau to the Prince of Orange, dated Dillenburg, May 9, 1576, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 349–358.

[2] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 229, 230.

perplexed and at variance, the nobles lukewarm and discontented. Among the people, although subdivided into hostile factions, there was more life. Here, at least, were heartiness of love and hate, enthusiastic conviction, earnestness and agitation. "The true religion," wrote Count John, "is spreading daily among the common men. Among the powerful, who think themselves highly learned, and who sit in roses, it grows, alas! little. Here and there a Nicodemus or two may be found, but things will hardly go better here than in France or the Netherlands."[1]

Thus, then, stood affairs in the neighboring countries. The prospect was black in Germany, more encouraging in France, dubious, or worse, in England. More work, more anxiety, more desperate struggles than ever, devolved upon the prince. Secretary Brunynck wrote that his illustrious chief was tolerably well in health, but so loaded with affairs, sorrows, and travails that from morning till night he had scarcely leisure to breathe.[2] Besides his multitudinous correspondence with the public bodies, whose labors he habitually directed; with the various estates of the provinces, which he was gradually molding into an organized and general resistance to the Spanish power; with public envoys and with secret agents to foreign cabinets, all of whom received their instructions from him alone; with individuals of eminence and influence, whom he was eloquently urging to abandon their hostile position to their fatherland, and to assist him in the great work which he was doing—besides these numerous avocations, he was actively and anxiously engaged, during the

[1] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 346, 347.

[2] Ibid., v. 365.

spring of 1576, with the attempt to relieve the city of Zierikzee.[1]

That important place, the capital of Schouwen and the key to half Zealand, had remained closely invested since the memorable expedition to Duiveland. The prince had passed much of his time in the neighborhood, during the month of May, in order to attend personally to the contemplated relief, and to correspond daily with the beleaguered garrison.[2] At last, on the 25th of May, a vigorous effort was made to throw in succor by sea. The brave Admiral Boisot, hero of the memorable relief of Leyden, had charge of the expedition. Mondragon had surrounded the shallow harbor with hulks and chains, and with a loose submerged dike of piles and rubbish. Against this obstacle Boisot drove his ship, the *Red Lion*, with his customary audacity, but did not succeed in cutting it through. His vessel, the largest of the fleet, became entangled; he was, at the same time, attacked from a distance by the besiegers. The tide ebbed and left his ship aground, while the other vessels had been beaten back by the enemy. Night approached, and there was no possibility of accomplishing the enterprise. His ship was hopelessly stranded. With the morning's sun his captivity was certain. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, he sprang into the sea, followed by three hundred of his companions, some of whom were fortunate enough to effect their escape. The gallant admiral swam a long time, sustained by a broken spar. Night and darkness came on before assistance could be ren-

[1] Bor, ix. 667 sqq. Meteren, v. 102, 103.

[2] Archives, etc., de la Maison d'Orange, v. 358, 359.

dered, and he perished.[1] Thus died Louis Boisot, one of the most enterprising of the early champions of Netherland freedom—one of the bravest precursors of that race of heroes, the commanders of the Holland navy. The prince deplored his loss deeply as that of a "valiant gentleman, and one well affectioned to the common cause."[2] His brother, Charles Boisot, as will be remembered, had perished by treachery at the first landing of the Spanish troops after their perilous passage from Duiveland. Thus both the brethren had laid down their lives for their country, on this its outer barrier, and in the hour of its utmost need. The fall of the beleaguered town could no longer be deferred. The Spaniards were at last to receive the prize of that romantic valor which had led them across the bottom of the sea to attack the city. Nearly nine months had, however, elapsed since that achievement, and the grand commander, by whose orders it had been undertaken, had been four months in his grave. He was permitted to see neither the long-delayed success which crowned the enterprise, nor the procession of disasters and crimes which were to mark it as a most fatal success.

On the 21st of June, 1576, Zierikzee, instructed by the Prince of Orange to accept honorable terms if offered, agreed to surrender. Mondragon, whose soldiers were in a state of suffering and ready to break out in mutiny, was but too happy to grant an honorable

[1] Bor, ix. 678. Hoofd, x. 440. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 364–368. Meteren, v. 102. The last historian erroneously gives the 12th of June instead of the 25th of May as the date of the unfortunate adventure. Cabrera, xi. 846, who states the loss of the Orangists at eight hundred and upward.

[2] Archives, etc., v. 367.

capitulation. The garrison were allowed to go out with their arms and personal baggage. The citizens were permitted to retain or resume their privileges and charters on payment of two hundred thousand guldens. Of sacking and burning there was, on this occasion, fortunately, no question; but the first half of the commutation money was to be paid in cash. There was but little money in the impoverished little town, but mint-masters were appointed by the magistrates to take their seats at once in the Hôtel de Ville. The citizens brought their spoons and silver dishes, one after another, which were melted and coined into dollars and half-dollars, until the payment was satisfactorily adjusted. Thus fell Zierikzee, to the deep regret of the prince. "Had we received the least succor in the world from any side," he wrote, "the poor city should never have fallen. I could get nothing from France or England, with all my efforts. Nevertheless, we do not lose courage, but hope that, although abandoned by all the world, the Lord God will extend his right hand over us."[1]

The enemies were not destined to go farther. From their own hand now came the blow which was to expel them from the soil which they had so long polluted. No sooner was Zierikzee captured than a mutiny broke forth among several companies of Spaniards and Walloons belonging to the army in Schouwen.[2] A large number of the most influential officers had gone to

[1] Bor, ix. 681. Hoofd, x. 440, 441. Meteren, v. 102, 103. Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 372, 373. Letter of 16th July, 1576, in Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 379–381.

[2] Bor, ix. 681, 692, sqq. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 443. Groen v. Prinst., v. 381 sqq.

Brussels to make arrangements, if possible, for the payment of the troops. In their absence there was more scope for the arguments of the leading mutineers—arguments, assuredly, not entirely destitute of justice or logical precision. If ever laborers were worthy of their hire, certainly it was the Spanish soldiery. Had they not done the work of demons for nine years long? Could Philip or Alva have found in the wide world men to execute their decrees with more unhesitating docility, with more sympathizing eagerness? What obstacle had ever given them pause in their career of duty? What element had they not braved? Had not they fought within the bowels of the earth, beneath the depths of the sea, within blazing cities, and upon fields of ice? Where was the work which had been too dark and bloody for their performance? Had they not slaughtered unarmed human beings by townfuls, at the word of command? Had they not eaten the flesh and drunk the heart's blood of their enemies? Had they not stained the house of God with wholesale massacre? What altar and what hearthstone had they not profaned? What fatigue, what danger, what crime, had ever checked them for a moment? And for all this obedience, labor, and bloodshed were they not even to be paid such wages as the commonest clown, who only tore the earth at home, received? Did Philip believe that a few thousand Spaniards were to execute his sentence of death against three millions of Netherlanders, and be cheated of their pay at last?

It was in vain that arguments and expostulations were addressed to soldiers who were suffering from want and maddened by injustice. They determined to take their cause into their own hand, as they had

often done before. By the 15th of July the mutiny was general on the isle of Schouwen.[1] Promises were freely offered, both of pay and pardon; appeals were made to their old sense of honor and loyalty; but they had had enough of promises, of honor, and of work. What they wanted now were shoes and jerkins, bread and meat, and money. Money they would have, and that at once. The King of Spain was their debtor. The Netherlands belonged to the King of Spain. They would therefore levy on the Netherlands for payment of their debt. Certainly this was a logical deduction. They knew by experience that this process had heretofore excited more indignation in the minds of the Netherland people than in that of their master. Moreover, at this juncture, they cared little for their sovereign's displeasure, and not at all for that of the Netherlanders. By the middle of July, then, the mutineers, now entirely beyond control, held their officers imprisoned within their quarters at Zierikzee. They even surrounded the house of Mondragon, who had so often led them to victory, calling upon him with threats and taunts to furnish them with money.[2] The veteran, roused to fury by their insubordination and their taunts, sprang from his house into the midst of the throng. Baring his breast before them, he fiercely invited and dared their utmost violence. Of his life-blood, he told them bitterly, he was no niggard, and it was at their disposal. His wealth, had he possessed any, would have been equally theirs.[3] Shamed into temporary respect, but

[1] Hoofd, x. 443 sqq. Bor, ix. 692. Meteren, vi. 106. Mendoza, xv. 298 sqq. Cabrera, xi. 848 sqq.

[2] Hoofd, x. 443, 444.

[3] Ibid., x. 444. Compare Cabrera, xi. 848.

not turned from their purpose by the choler of their chief, they left him to himself. Soon afterward, having swept Schouwen Island bare of everything which could be consumed, the mutineers swarmed out of Zealand into Brabant, devouring as they went.[1]

It was their purpose to hover for a time in the neighborhood of the capital, and either to force the council of state to pay them their long arrears, or else to seize and sack the richest city upon which they could lay their hands. The compact, disciplined mass rolled hither and thither, with uncertainty of purpose, but with the same military precision of movement which had always characterized these remarkable mutinies. It gathered strength daily. The citizens of Brussels contemplated with dismay the eccentric and threatening apparition. They knew that rapine, murder, and all the worst evils which man can inflict on his brethren were pent within it and would soon descend. Yet, even with all their past experience, did they not foresee the depth of woe which was really impending. The mutineers had discarded such of their officers as they could not compel to obedience, and had, as usual, chosen their eletto. Many straggling companies joined them as they swept to and fro. They came to Herenthals, where they were met by Count Mansfeld, who was deputed by the council of state to treat with them, to appeal to them, to pardon them, to offer them everything but money. It may be supposed that the success of the commander-in-chief was no better than that of Mondragon and his subalterns. They laughed him to scorn when he reminded them how their conduct was tarnishing the glory which they had acquired by nine years of heroism.

[1] Bor, ix. 692. Cabrera, xi. 848 sqq. Mendoza, xv. 300.

They answered, with their former cynicism, that glory could be put neither into pocket nor stomach. They had no use for it; they had more than enough of it. Give them money, or give them a city;[1] these were their last terms.

Sorrowfully and bodingly Mansfeld withdrew to consult again with the state council. The mutineers then made a demonstration upon Mechlin, but that city, having fortunately strengthened its garrison, was allowed to escape. They then hovered for a time outside the walls of Brussels. At Grimberghen, where they paused for a short period, they held a parley with Captain Montesdoca, whom they received with fair words and specious pretenses. He returned to Brussels with the favorable tidings, and the mutineers swarmed off to Assche. Thither Montesdoca was again despatched, with the expectation that he would be able to bring them to terms; but they drove him off with jeers and threats, finding that he brought neither money nor the mortgage of a populous city. The next day, after a feint or two in a different direction, they made a sudden swoop upon Alost, in Flanders. Here they had at last made their choice, and the town was carried by storm. All the inhabitants who opposed them were butchered, and the mutiny, at last established in a capital, was able to treat with the state council upon equal terms. They were now between two and three thousand strong, disciplined, veteran troops, posted in a strong and wealthy city. One hundred parishes belonged to the jurisdiction of Alost, all of which were immediately laid under contribution.[2]

[1] Bor, ix. 692. Meteren, vi. 106. Hoofd, x. 444. Mendoza, xv. 300.

[2] Bor, ix. 693. Meteren, vi. 106. Bentivoglio, ix. 173. Hoofd, x. 445.

The excitement was now intense in Brussels. Anxiety and alarm had given place to rage, and the whole population rose in arms to defend the capital, which was felt to be in imminent danger. This spontaneous courage of the burghers prevented the catastrophe which was reserved for a sister city. Meantime the indignation and horror excited by the mutiny were so universal that the council of state could not withstand the pressure. Even the women and children demanded daily in the streets that the rebel soldiers should be declared outlaws. On the 26th of July, accordingly, the King of Spain was made to pronounce his Spaniards traitors and murderers. All men were enjoined to slay one or all of them, wherever they should be found; to refuse them bread, water, and fire; and to assemble at sound of bell, in every city, whenever the magistrates should order an assault upon them.[1] A still more stringent edict was issued on the 2d of August,[2] and so eagerly had these decrees been expected that they were published throughout Flanders and Brabant almost as soon as issued. Hitherto the leading officers of the Spanish army had kept aloof from the insurgents and frowned upon their proceedings. The Spanish member of the state council, Jerome de Roda, had joined without opposition in the edict. As, however, the mutiny gathered strength on the outside, the indignation waxed daily within the capital. The citizens of Brussels, one and all, stood to their arms. Not a man could enter or leave without their permission. The Spaniards who were in the town, whether soldiers or merchants, were regarded with suspicion and abhorrence. The leading

[1] See the edict, in Bor, ix. 693.

[2] Hoofd, x. 445.

Spanish officers, Romero, Montesdoca, Verdugo, and others, who had attempted to quell the mutiny, had been driven off with threats and curses, their soldiers defying them and brandishing their swords in their very faces. On the other hand, they were looked upon with ill will by the Netherlanders. The most prominent Spanish personages in Brussels were kept in a state of half-imprisonment.[1] Romero, Roda, Verdugo, were believed to favor at heart the cause of their rebellious troops, and the burghers of Brabant had come to consider all the king's army in a state of rebellion. Believing the state council powerless to protect them from the impending storm, they regarded that body with little respect, keeping it, as it were, in durance, while the Spaniards were afraid to walk the streets of Brussels for fear of being murdered. A retainer of Roda, who had ventured to defend the character and conduct of his master before a number of excited citizens, was slain on the spot.[2]

In Antwerp, Champagny, brother of Granvelle, and governor of the city, was disposed to cultivate friendly relations with the Prince of Orange. Champagny hated the Spaniards, and the hatred seemed to establish enough of sympathy between himself and the liberal party to authorize confidence in him. The prince dealt with him, but regarded him warily.[3] Fifteen companies of German troops, under Colonel Altaemst, were suspected of a strong inclination to join the mutiny.

[1] Bor, ix. 692, 693. Cabrera, xi. 849. Hoofd, x. 445.

[2] Bor, ix. 693. Meteren, vi. 106.

[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 487, 488. Cabrera, xi. 863: "Pero el Champaigne estaba convenido con los Estados y con le Principe de Orange su grande amigo."

They were withdrawn from Antwerp, and in their room came Count Oberstein, with his regiment, who swore to admit no suspicious person inside the gates, and in all things to obey the orders of Champagny.[1] In the citadel, however, matters were very threatening. Sancho d'Avila, the governor, although he had not openly joined the revolt, treated the edict of outlawry against the rebellious soldiery with derision. He refused to publish a decree which he proclaimed infamous, and which had been extorted, in his opinion, from an impotent and trembling council.[2] Even Champagny had not desired or dared to publish the edict within the city. The reasons alleged were his fears of irritating and alarming the foreign merchants, whose position was so critical and friendship so important at that moment.[3] On the other hand, it was loudly and joyfully published in most other towns of Flanders and Brabant. In Brussels there were two parties, one holding the decree too audacious for his Majesty to pardon, the other clamoring for its instantaneous fulfilment. By far the larger and more influential portion of the population favored the measure, and wished the sentence of outlawry and extermination to be extended at once against all Spaniards and other foreigners in the service of the king. It seemed imprudent to wait until all the regiments had formally accepted the mutiny and concentrated themselves into a single body.[4]

At this juncture, on the last day of July, the Marquis of Havré, brother to the Duke of Aerschot, arrived out

[1] Bor, ix. 694. Hoofd, x. 447.
[2] Mendoza, xv. 301. Cabrera, xi. 849.
[3] Bor, ix. 694.
[4] Ibid., ix. 694 sqq. Hoofd, x. 447 sqq.

of Spain.[1] He was charged by the king with conciliatory but unmeaning phrases to the estates. The occasion was not a happy one. There never was a time when direct and vigorous action had been more necessary. It was probably the king's desire then, as much as it ever had been his desire at all, to make up the quarrel with his provinces. He had been wearied with the policy which Alva had enforced, and for which he endeavored at that period to make the duke appear responsible. The barren clemency which the grand commander had been instructed to effect had deceived but few persons and had produced but small results. The king was, perhaps, really inclined at this juncture to exercise clemency; that is to say, he was willing to pardon his people for having contended for their rights, provided they were now willing to resign them forever. So the Catholic religion and his own authority were exclusively and inviolably secured, he was willing to receive his disobedient provinces into favor. To accomplish this end, however, he had still no more fortunate conception than to take the advice of Hopper. A soothing procrastination was the anodyne selected for the bitter pangs of the body politic—a vague expression of royal benignity the styptic to be applied to its mortal wounds. An interval of hesitation was to bridge over the chasm between the provinces and their distant metropolis. "The Marquis of Havré has been sent," said the king, "that he may expressly witness to you of our good intentions, and of our desire, with the grace of God, to bring about a pacification."[2] Alas! it was well known whence those pavements of good intentions

[1] Bor, ix. 704.

[2] See the letter, in Bor, ix. 704.

had been taken, and whither they would lead. They were not the material for a substantial road to reconciliation. "His Majesty," said the marquis, on delivering his report to the state council, "has long been pondering over all things necessary to the peace of the land. His Majesty, like a very gracious and bountiful prince, has ever been disposed, in times past, to treat these his subjects by the best and sweetest means."[1] There being, however, room for an opinion that so bountiful a prince might have discovered sweeter means, by all this pondering, than to burn and gibbet his subjects by thousands, it was thought proper to insinuate that his orders had been hitherto misunderstood. Alva and Requesens had been unfaithful agents who did not know their business, but it was to be set right in future. "As the good will and meaning of his Majesty has by no means been followed," continued the envoy, "his Majesty has determined to send Councilor Hopper, keeper of the privy seal, and myself, hitherward, to execute the resolutions of his Majesty."[2] Two such personages as poor, plodding, confused, time-serving Hopper, and flighty, talkative[3] Havré, whom even Requesens despised, and whom Don John, while shortly afterward *recommending him for a state councilor*, characterized to Philip as "a very great scoundrel,"[4] would hardly be able, even if royally empowered, to undo the work of two preceding administrations. Moreover, Councilor

[1] Report of Marquis of Havré, in Bor, ix. 704.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Loquillo y insubstancial."—Letter of Requesens to Philip, cited by Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 130, n. 1.

[4] "Muy grandissimo vellacho."—Letter of Don John to Philip, cited by Gachard, ubi sup.

Hopper, on further thoughts, was not despatched at all to the Netherlands.

The provinces were, however, assured by the king's letters to the Brabant estates, to the state council, and other public bodies, as well as by the report of the marquis, that efficacious remedies were preparing in Madrid. The people were only to wait patiently till they should arrive.[1] The public had heard before of these nostrums, made up by the royal prescriptions in Spain, and were not likely to accept them as a panacea for their present complicated disorders. Never, in truth, had conventional commonplace been applied more unseasonably. Here was a general military mutiny flaming in the very center of the land. Here had the intense hatred of race, which for years had been gnawing at the heart of the country, at last broken out into most malignant manifestation. Here was nearly the whole native population of every province, from grand seignior to plebeian, from Catholic prelate to Anabaptist artisan, exasperated alike by the excesses of six thousand foreign brigands, and united by a common hatred into a band of brethren. Here was a state council too feeble to exercise the authority which it had arrogated, trembling between the wrath of its sovereign, the menacing cries of the Brussels burghers, and the wild threats of the rebellious army, and held virtually captive in the capital which it was supposed to govern.

Certainly the confirmation of the council in its authority for an indefinite, even if for a brief, period was a most unlucky step at this juncture. There were two parties in the provinces, but one was far the most powerful upon the great point of the Spanish soldiery. A

[1] Report of Marq. Havré, etc., Bor, ix. 705.

vast majority were in favor of a declaration of outlawry against the whole army, and it was thought desirable to improve the opportunity by getting rid of them altogether. If the people could rise *en masse*, now that the royal government was in abeyance, and, as it were, in the nation's hands, the incubus might be cast off forever. If any of the Spanish officers had been sincere in their efforts to arrest the mutiny, the sincerity was not believed. If any of the foreign regiments of the king appeared to hesitate at joining the Alost crew, the hesitation was felt to be temporary. Meantime the important German regiments of Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller, with their colonels and other officers, had openly joined the rebellion,[1] while there was no doubt of the sentiments of Sancho d'Avila and the troops under his command.[2] Thus there were two great rallying-places for the sedition, and the most important fortress of the country, the key which unlocked the richest city in the world, was in the hands of the mutineers. The commercial capital of Europe, filled to the brim with accumulated treasures and with the merchandise of every clime, lay at the feet of this desperate band of brigands. The horrible result was but too soon to be made manifest.

Meantime, in Brussels, the few Spaniards trembled for their lives. The few officers shut up there were in imminent danger. "As the devil does not cease to do his work," wrote Colonel Verdugo,[3] "he has put it into the

[1] Bor, ix. 711, 712. Hoofd, x. 448.

[2] Meteren, vi. 107. Mendoza, xv. 303 sqq. Cabrera, xi. 849 sqq.

[3] This letter of Verdugo to his lieutenant, De la Margella, is published by Bor, ix. 702, and by Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, v. 387–389.

heads of the Brabanters to rebel, *taking for a pretext* the mutiny of the Spaniards. The Brussels men have handled their weapons so well *against those who were placed there to protect them* that they have begun to kill the Spaniards, threatening likewise the council of state. Such is their insolence that they care no more for these great lords than for so many varlets." The writer, who had taken refuge, together with Jerome de Roda and other Spaniards or "Hispaniolized" persons, in Antwerp citadel, proceeded to sketch the preparations which were going on in Brussels, and the counter-measures which were making progress in Antwerp. "The states," he wrote, "are enrolling troops, saying 't is to put down the mutiny; but I assure you 't is to attack the army indiscriminately. To prevent such a villainous undertaking, *troops of all nations are assembling here*, in order to march straight upon Brussels, there to enforce everything which my lords of the state council shall ordain." Events were obviously hastening to a crisis; an explosion, before long, was inevitable. "I wish I had my horses here," continued the colonel, "and must beg you to send them. I see a black cloud hanging over our heads. I fear that the Brabantines will play the beasts so much that they will have all the soldiery at their throats."[2]

Jerome de Roda had been fortunate enough to make his escape out of Brussels,[2] and now claimed to be sole governor of the Netherlands, as the only remaining representative of the state council. His colleagues were in durance at the capital. Their authority was derided. Although not yet actually imprisoned, they

[1] Letter of Verdugo.

[2] Bor, ix. 705. Hoofd, x. 449.

were in reality bound hand and foot, and compelled to take their orders either from the Brabant estates or from the burghers of Brussels. It was not an illogical proceeding, therefore, that Roda, under the shadow of the Antwerp citadel, should set up his own person as all that remained of the outraged majesty of Spain. Till the new governor, Don John, should arrive, whose appointment the king had already communicated to the government, and who might be expected in the Netherlands before the close of the autumn, the solitary councilor claimed to embody the whole council.[1] He caused a new seal to be struck,—a proceeding very unreasonably charged as forgery by the provincials,—and forthwith began to thunder forth proclamations and counter-proclamations in the king's name and under the royal seal.[2] It is difficult to see any technical crime or mistake in such a course. As a Spaniard, and a representative of his Majesty, he could hardly be expected to take any other view of his duty. At any rate, being called upon to choose between rebellious Netherlanders and mutinous Spaniards, he was not long in making up his mind.

By the beginning of September the mutiny was general. All the Spanish army, from general to pioneer, were united. The most important German troops had taken sides with them. Sancho d'Avila held the citadel of Antwerp, vowing vengeance, and holding open communication with the soldiers at Alost.[3] The council of state remonstrated with him for his disloyalty. He replied by referring to his long years of service, and

[1] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, ix. 712. Hoofd, x. 449.

[3] Mendoza, xv. 301 sqq. Cabrera, xi. 864 sqq.

by reproving them for affecting an authority which their imprisonment rendered ridiculous.[1] The Spaniards were securely established. The various citadels which had been built by Charles and Philip to curb the country now effectually did their work. With the castles of Antwerp, Valenciennes, Ghent, Utrecht, Culemburg, Vianen, Alost, in the hands of six thousand veteran Spaniards, the country seemed chained in every limb. The foreigner's foot was on its neck. Brussels was almost the only considerable town out of Holland and Zealand which was even temporarily safe. The important city of Maestricht was held by a Spanish garrison, while other capital towns and stations were in the power of the Walloon and German mutineers.[2] The depredations committed in the villages, the open country, and the cities were incessant, the Spaniards treating every Netherlander as their foe. Gentleman and peasant, Protestant and Catholic, priest and layman, all were plundered, maltreated, outraged. The indignation became daily more general and more intense.[3] There were frequent skirmishes between the soldiery and promiscuous bands of peasants, citizens, and students—conflicts in which the Spaniards were invariably victorious. What could such half-armed and wholly untrained partizans effect against the bravest and most experienced troops in the whole world? Such results only increased the general exasperation, while they impressed upon the whole people the necessity of some great and general effort to throw off the incubus.

[1] Mendoza, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, ix. 715. Mendoza, xv. 303.

[3] Meteren, vi. 107. Hoofd, x. 450–453.

CHAPTER V

Religious and political sympathies and antipathies in the seventeen provinces—Unanimous hatred for the foreign soldiery—Use made by the prince of the mutiny—His correspondence—Necessity of union enforced—A congress from nearly all the provinces meets at Ghent—Skirmishes between the foreign troops and partizan bands—Slaughter at Tisnacq—Suspicions entertained of the state council—Arrest of the state council—Siege of Ghent citadel—Assistance sent by Orange—Maestricht lost and regained—Wealthy and perilous condition of Antwerp—Preparations of the mutineers under the secret superintendence of Avila—Stupidity of Oberstein—Duplicity of Don Sancho—Reinforcements of Walloons, under Havré, Egmont, and others, sent to Antwerp—Governor Champagny's preparations for the expected assault of the mutineers—Insubordination, incapacity, and negligence of all but him—Concentration of all the mutineers from different points in the citadel—The attack, the panic, the flight, the massacre, the fire, the sack, and other details of the "Spanish Fury"—Statistics of murder and robbery—Letter of Orange to the States-General—Surrender of Ghent citadel—Conclusion of the "Ghent Pacification"—The treaty characterized—Forms of ratification—Fall of Zierikzee and recovery of Zealand.

Meantime the Prince of Orange sat at Middelburg,[1] watching the storm. The position of Holland and Zealand with regard to the other fifteen provinces was distinctly characterized. Upon certain points there was an absolute sympathy, while upon others there was a

[1] Bor, ix. 694 sqq.

grave and almost fatal difference. It was the task of the prince to deepen the sympathy, to extinguish the difference.

In Holland and Zealand there was a warm and nearly universal adhesion to the Reformed religion, a passionate attachment to the ancient political liberties. The prince, although an earnest Calvinist himself, did all in his power to check the growing spirit of intolerance toward the old religion, and omitted no opportunity of strengthening the attachment which the people justly felt for their liberal institutions.

On the other hand, in most of the other provinces the Catholic religion had been regaining its ascendancy. Even in 1574 the estates assembled at Brussels declared to Requesens "that they would rather die the death than see any change in their religion."[1] That feeling had rather increased than diminished. Although there was a strong party attached to the new faith, there was perhaps a larger, certainly a more influential, body which regarded the ancient Church with absolute fidelity. Owing partly to the persecution which had, in the course of years, banished so many thousands of families from the soil; partly to the coercion, which was more stringent in the immediate presence of the crown's representative; partly to the stronger infusion of the Celtic element, which from the earliest ages had always been so keenly alive to the more sensuous and splendid manifestations of the devotional principle—owing to these and many other causes, the old religion, despite of all the outrages which had been committed in its name,

[1] "Dat se liever willen sterven de dood, dan te sien eenige veranderinge in de Religie," etc.—Remonstrance, etc., in Bor, viii. 518[b].

still numbered a host of zealous adherents in the fifteen provinces. Attempts against its sanctity were regarded with jealous eyes. It was believed, and with reason, that there was a disposition on the part of the reformers to destroy it root and branch. It was suspected that the same enginery of persecution would be employed in its extirpation, should the opposite party gain the supremacy, which the papists had so long employed against the converts to the new religion.

As to political convictions, the fifteen provinces differed much less from their two sisters. There was a strong attachment to their old constitutions, a general inclination to make use of the present crisis to effect their restoration. At the same time, it had not come to be the general conviction, as in Holland and Zealand, that the maintenance of those liberties was incompatible with the continuance of Philip's authority. There was, moreover, a strong aristocratic faction which was by no means disposed to take a liberal view of government in general, and regarded with apprehension the simultaneous advance of heretical notions both in church and state. Still there were, on the whole, the elements of a controlling constitutional party throughout the fifteen provinces. The great bond of sympathy, however, between all the seventeen was their common hatred to the foreign soldiery. Upon this deeply embedded, immovable fulcrum of an ancient national hatred, the sudden mutiny of the whole Spanish army served as a lever of incalculable power. The prince seized it as from the hand of God. Thus armed, he proposed to himself the task of upturning the mass of oppression under which the old liberties of the country had so long been crushed. To effect this object, adroitness was as requisite as cour-

age. Expulsion of the foreign soldiery; union of the seventeen provinces; a representative constitution, according to the old charters, by the States-General, under an hereditary chief; a large religious toleration; suppression of all inquisition into men's consciences—these were the great objects to which the prince now devoted himself with renewed energy.

To bring about a general organization and a general union, much delicacy of handling was necessary. The sentiment of extreme Catholicism and monarchism was not to be suddenly scared into opposition. The prince, therefore, in all his addresses and documents, was careful to disclaim any intention of disturbing the established religion, or of making any rash political changes. "Let no man think," said he to the authorities of Brabant, "that, against the will of the estates, we desire to bring about any change in religion. Let no one suspect us capable of prejudicing the rights of any man. We have long since taken up arms to maintain a legal and constitutional freedom, founded upon law. God forbid that we should now attempt to introduce novelties by which the face of liberty should be defiled."[1]

In a brief and very spirited letter to Count Lalain, a Catholic and a loyalist, but a friend of his country and fervent hater of foreign oppression, he thus appealed to his sense of chivalry and justice. "Although the honorable house from which you spring," he said, "and the virtue and courage of your ancestors have always impressed me with the conviction that you would follow in their footsteps, yet am I glad to have received proofs that my anticipations were correct. I cannot help, therefore, entreating you to maintain the same high heart, and to

[1] Letter to estates of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 695.

accomplish that which you have so worthily begun. Be not deluded by false masks, mumming faces, and borrowed titles, which people assume for their own profit, persuading others that the king's service consists in the destruction of his subjects."[1]

While thus careful to offend no man's religious convictions, to startle no man's loyalty, he made skilful use of the general indignation felt at the atrocities of the mutinous army. This chord he struck boldly, powerfully, passionately, for he felt sure of the depth and strength of its vibrations. In his address to the estates of Gelderland[2] he used vigorous language, inflaming and directing to a practical purpose the just wrath which was felt in that as in every other province. "I write to warn you," he said, "to seize this present opportunity. Shake from your necks the yoke of the godless Spanish tyranny; join yourselves at once to the lovers of the fatherland, to the defenders of freedom. According to the example of your own ancestors and ours, redeem for the country its ancient laws, traditions, and privileges. Permit no longer, to your shame and ours, a band of Spanish landlopers and other foreigners, together with three or four self-seeking enemies of their own land, to keep their feet upon our necks. Let them no longer, in the very wantonness of tyranny, drive us about like a herd of cattle, like a gang of well-tamed slaves."

Thus, day after day, in almost countless addresses to public bodies and private individuals, he made use of the crisis to pile fresh fuel upon the flames. At the same time, while thus fanning the general indignation,

[1] The letter to Lalain is published by Bor, ix. 696.

[2] Address to the estates of Gelderland, apud Bor, ix. 702.

he had the adroitness to point out that the people had already committed themselves. He represented to them that the edict by which they had denounced his Majesty's veterans as outlaws, and had devoted them to the indiscriminate destruction which such brigands deserved, was likely to prove an unpardonable crime in the eyes of majesty. In short, they had entered the torrent. If they would avoid being dashed over the precipice, they must struggle manfully with the mad waves of civil war into which they had plunged. "I beg you, with all affection," he said to the estates of Brabant,[1] "to consider the danger in which you have placed yourselves. You have to deal with the proudest and most overbearing race in the world. For these qualities they are hated by all other nations. They are even hateful to themselves. 'T is a race which seeks to domineer wheresoever it comes. It particularly declares its intention to crush and to tyrannize you, my masters, and all the land. They have conquered you already, as they boast, for the crime of lese-majesty has placed you at their mercy. I tell you that your last act, by which you have declared this army to be rebels, is decisive. You have armed and excited the whole people against them, even to the peasants and the peasants' children, and the insults and injuries thus received, however richly deserved and dearly avenged, are all set down to your account. Therefore 't is necessary for you to decide now whether to be utterly ruined, yourselves and your children, or to continue firmly the work which you have begun boldly, and rather to die a hundred thousand deaths than to make a treaty with them which can only end in your ruin. Be assured that the measure

[1] In Bor, ix. 694–696.

dealt to you will be ignominy as well as destruction. Let not your leaders expect the honorable scaffolds of Counts Egmont and Horn. The whipping-post and then the gibbet will be their certain fate."[1]

Having by this and similar language, upon various occasions, sought to impress upon his countrymen the gravity of the position, he led them to seek the remedy in audacity and in union. He familiarized them with his theory that the legal, historical government of the provinces belonged to the States-General—to a congress of nobles, clergy, and commons, appointed from each of the seventeen provinces.[2] He maintained, with reason, that the government of the Netherlands was a representative constitutional government, under the hereditary authority of the king.[3] To recover this constitution, to lift up these downtrodden rights, he set before them most vividly the necessity of union. "'T is impossible," he said, "that a chariot should move evenly having its wheels unequally proportioned, and so must a confederation be broken to pieces if there be not an equal obligation on all to tend to a common purpose."[4] Union, close, fraternal, such as became provinces of a common origin and with similar laws, could alone save them from their fate—union against a common tyrant to save a common fatherland; union by which differences of opinion should be tolerated, in order that a million of hearts should beat for a common purpose, a

[1] "Aen de galge of kake," etc.—Address to the estates of Brabant, etc., Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Missive of Prince of Orange to States-General, in Bor, x. 747–749.

[3] Missive, etc., Bor, ubi sup.

[4] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.

million hands work out, invincibly, a common salvation. "'T is hardly necessary," he said,[1] "to use many words in recommendation of union. Disunion has been the cause of all our woes. There is no remedy, no hope, save in the bonds of friendship. Let all particular disagreements be left to the decision of the States-General, in order that with one heart and one will we may seek the disenthralment of the fatherland from the tyranny of strangers."

The first step to a thorough union among all the provinces was the arrangement of a closer connection between the now isolated states of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and their fifteen sisters on the other. The prince professed the readiness of those states, which he might be said to represent in his single person, to draw as closely as possible the bonds of fellowship. It was almost superfluous for him to promise his own ready coöperation. "Nothing remains to us," said he, "but to discard all jealousy and distrust. Let us, with a firm resolution and a common accord, liberate these lands from the stranger. Hand to hand let us accomplish a just and general peace. As for myself, I present to you, with very good affection, my person and all which I possess, assuring you that I shall regard all my labors and pains, in times which are past, well bestowed if God now grant me grace to see the desired end. That this end will be reached if you hold fast your resolution and take to heart the means which God presents to you, I feel to be absolutely certain."[2]

Such were the tenor and the motives of the documents which he scattered broadcast at this crisis. They were

[1] Address to estates of Brabant, apud Bor, ix. 694–696.

[2] Ibid.

addressed to the estates of nearly every province. Those bodies were urgently implored to appoint deputies to a general congress, at which a close and formal union between Holland and Zealand with the other provinces might be effected. That important measure secured, a general effort might, at the same time, be made to expel the Spaniard from the soil. This done, the remaining matters could be disposed of by the assembly of the States-General. His eloquence and energy were not without effect. In the course of the autumn, deputies were appointed from the greater number of the provinces to confer with the representatives of Holland and Zealand in a general congress.[1] The place appointed for the deliberations was the city of Ghent. Here, by the middle of October, a large number of delegates were already assembled.[2]

Events were rapidly rolling together from every quarter, and accumulating to a crisis. A congress—a rebellious congress, as the king might deem it—was assembling at Ghent; the Spanish army, proscribed, lawless, and terrible, was strengthening itself daily for some dark and mysterious achievement; Don John of Austria, the king's natural brother, was expected from Spain to assume the government, which the state council was too timid to wield and too loyal to resign; while, meantime, the whole population of the Netherlands, with hardly an exception, was disposed to see the great question of the foreign soldiery settled before the chaos then existing should be superseded by a more definite authority. Everywhere, men of all ranks and occupations—the artisan in the city, the peasant in the

[1] Bor, ix. 703, 718, 719.

[2] Ibid., ix. 719 sqq. Meteren, vi. 111.

fields—were deserting their daily occupations to furbish helmets, handle muskets, and learn the trade of war.[1] Skirmishes, sometimes severe and bloody, were of almost daily occurrence. In these the Spaniards were invariably successful, for whatever may be said of their cruelty and licentiousness, it cannot be disputed that their prowess was worthy of their renown. Romantic valor, unflinching fortitude, consummate skill, characterized them always. What could half-armed artisans achieve in the open plain against such accomplished foes? At Tisnacq, between Louvain and Tirlemont, a battle was attempted by a large miscellaneous mass of students, peasantry, and burghers, led by country squires.[2] It soon changed to a carnage, in which the victims were all on one side. A small number of veterans, headed by Vargas, Mendoza, Tassis, and other chivalrous commanders, routed the undisciplined thousands at a single charge. The rude militia threw away their arms, and fled panic-stricken in all directions, at the first sight of their terrible foe. Two Spaniards lost their lives, and two thousand Netherlanders.[3] It was natural that these consummate warriors should despise such easily slaughtered victims. A single stroke of the iron flail, and the chaff was scattered to the four winds; a single sweep of the disciplined scythe, and countless acres were in an instant mown. Nevertheless, although

[1] Strada.

[2] Bor, ix. 715, 716. Hoofd, x. 450. Mendoza, xv. 305–308.

[3] Hoofd, x. 450. "Bet dan twee duizent man, wil man dat er het leeven liet," etc. "Dit geluk hadden de Spangaerds zonder booven twee man te verliezen," etc. This is Dutch authority. Mendoza, one of the chief commanders in the affair, says no Spaniard was killed, and that but one was wounded slightly in the foot, but he does not give the number of the states' troops,

beaten constantly, the Netherlanders were not conquered. Holland and Zealand had read the foe a lesson which he had not forgotten, and although on the open fields and against the less vigorous population of the more central provinces his triumphs had been easier, yet it was obvious that the spirit of resistance to foreign oppression was growing daily stronger, notwithstanding daily defeats.

Meantime, while these desultory but deadly combats were in daily progress, the council of state was looked upon with suspicion by the mass of the population. That body, in which resided provisionally the powers of government, was believed to be desirous of establishing relations with the mutinous army. It was suspected of insidiously provoking the excesses which it seemed to denounce. It was supposed to be secretly intriguing with those whom its own edicts had outlawed. Its sympathies were considered Spanish. It was openly boasted by the Spanish army that, before long, they would descend from their fastnesses upon Brussels and give the city to the sword. A shuddering sense of coming evil pervaded the population, but no man could say where the blow would first be struck. It was natural that the capital should be thought exposed to imminent danger. At the same time, while every man who had hands was disposed to bear arms to defend the city, the council

students, and burghers slain (Mendoza, xv. 308). Cabrera (xi. 856) states the number at two thousand. That bitter Walloon, Renom de France, who saw the states' force pass through Louvain on their way to the encounter, exults, as usual, over the discomfiture of his own countrymen. "The Spaniards cut them all to pieces," he observes, "teaching these pedants and school-boys that war was a game in which they had no skill."—Histoire des Causes des Révoltes, etc., MS., iii. c. xii.

seemed paralyzed. The capital was insufficiently garrisoned, yet troops were not enrolling for its protection. The state councilors obviously omitted to provide for defense, and it was supposed that they were secretly assisting the attack. It was thought important, therefore, to disarm, or at least to control, this body, which was impotent for protection and seemed powerful only for mischief. It was possible to make it as contemptible as it was believed to be malicious.

An unexpected stroke was therefore suddenly leveled against the council in full session. On the 5th of September,[1] the Seigneur de Héze, a young gentleman of a bold but unstable character, then entertaining close but secret relations with the Prince of Orange, appeared before the doors of the palace. He was attended by about five hundred troops, under the immediate command of the Seigneur de Glimes, bailiff of Walloon Brabant. He demanded admittance, in the name of the Brabant estates, to the presence of the state council, and was refused. The doors were closed and bolted. Without further ceremony the soldiers produced iron bars brought with them for the purpose, forced all the gates from the hinges, entered the hall of session, and, at a word from their commander, laid hands upon the councilors and made every one prisoner.[2] The Duke of Aerschot, president of the council, who was then in

[1] Bor (ix. 712) and Meteren (vi.197) fix the date of this important transaction at the 14th September. A letter of William of Orange to Count John, of 9th September, states that it occurred on the 5th September (Archives de la Maison d'Orange, etc., v. 408 and note 1). Tassis gives the same date (iii. 207, 208).

[2] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 106, note 1. Bor, ubi sup. Hoofd, x. 448. Meteren, vi. 107. J. B. de Tassis, Comm. de Tum. Belg., l. iii. 207, 208.

close alliance with the prince, was not present at the meeting, but lay, forewarned, at home, confined to his couch by a sickness assumed for the occasion. Viglius, who rarely participated in the deliberations of the board, being already afflicted with the chronic malady under which he was ere long to succumb, also escaped the fate of his fellow-senators.[1] The others were carried into confinement. Berlaymont and Mansfeld were im-

[1] J. B. de Tassis, Comm. de Tum. Belg., l. iii. 207, 208. There is, however, considerable doubt upon this point. Viglius was ill and confined to his bed at the time of the grand commander's death, in March. He ceased to write letters to Hopper in April. The arrest of the state council took place in September, and Viglius died on the 8th of May of the following year (1577). It seems highly probable, therefore, that Tassis is correct in his statement that Viglius was kept at home by the illness "quæ erat ei continua." The historians, however,—Meteren (vi. 107), Bor (ix. 712), Bentivoglio (lib. ix. 176), Strada (viii. 414), Hoofd (x. 448), De Thou (t. vii. lib. lxiv. 534),—all mention the name of President Viglius among those of the councilors arrested. The Prince of Orange (Archives, etc., v. 408) also mentions him as having been arrested and imprisoned with the rest. De Thou (ubi sup.) gives an account of a visit which he paid to him in the following spring, at which time the aged president seems to have been under arrest, although "il n'étoit pas gardé fort étroitement." Some writers mention him as among those who were detained, while others of the arrested were released (Meteren, Hoofd, Bor, etc.); others, as Cabrera (who is, however, no authority in such matters), mention him as one of those who were immediately set at liberty, in order that the council might have an appearance of power (Don Felipe II., xi. 853). On the whole, it seems most probable that he was arrested after the seizure of the council, but that he was kept confined in a nominal durance, which the infirmities of illness and age rendered quite superfluous. It is almost unquestionable that De Thou visited him at his own house in Brussels, and not at any state prison. Wagenaer (vii. 106) says that Viglius was released in October, and quotes Langueti Ep., lib. i. (ii.)

prisoned in the Broodhuis,[1] where the last mortal hours of Egmont and Horn had been passed. Others were kept strictly guarded in their own houses. After a few weeks most of them were liberated. Councilor del Ryo was, however, retained in confinement, and sent to Holland, where he was subjected to a severe examination by the Prince of Orange touching his past career, particularly concerning the doings of the famous Blood-Council.[2] The others were set free, and even permitted to resume their functions, but their dignity was gone, their authority annihilated. Thenceforth the states of Brabant and the community of Brussels were to govern for an interval, for it was in their name that the daring blow against the council had been struck. All individuals and bodies, however, although not displeased with the result, clamorously disclaimed responsibility for the deed. Men were appalled at the audacity of the transaction, and dreaded the vengeance of the king. The Abbot van Perch, one of the secret instigators of the act, actually died of anxiety for its possible consequences.[3] There was a mystery concerning the affair. They in whose name it had been accomplished denied having given any authority to the perpetrators. Men asked each other what unseen agency had been at work, what secret spring had been adroitly touched. There is but little doubt, however, that the veiled but skilful hand which directed the

Ep. 93, p. 289. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 404 sqq., and Hoynk van Papendrecht, Not. ad Vit. Viglii, Analect. Belg., 192, 193, and Not. ad Comm., J. B. de Tassis, iii. 208.

[1] Van der Vynckt, ii. 188.

[2] Archives et Correspondance, v. 406. Extracts from the confessions of Del Ryo have been given in this history.

[3] Hoofd, x. 448. Ev. Reid. Ann., lib. ii. 20.

blow was the same which had so long been guiding the destiny of the Netherlands.[1]

It had been settled that the congress was to hold its sessions in Ghent, although the citadel commanding that city was held by the Spaniards. The garrison was not very strong, and Mondragon, its commander, was absent in Zealand;[2] but the wife of the veteran ably supplied his place, and stimulated the slender body of troops to hold out with heroism, under the orders of his lieutenant, Avilos Maldonado.[3] The mutineers, after having accomplished their victory at Tisnacq, had been earnestly solicited to come to the relief of this citadel. They had refused, and returned to Alost.[4] Meantime the siege was warmly pressed by the states. There being, however, a deficiency of troops, application for assistance was formally made to the Prince of Orange. Count Roeulx, governor of Flanders, commissioned the Seigneur d'Haussy, brother of Count Bossu, who, to obtain the liberation of that long-imprisoned and distinguished nobleman, was about visiting the prince in Zealand, to make a request for an auxiliary force.[5] It was, however, stipulated that care should be taken lest any prejudice should be done to the Roman Catholic religion or the authority of the king. The prince readily acceded to the request, and agreed to comply with the conditions under which only it could be accepted.[6] He promised to send twenty-eight companies. In his

[1] Wagenaer, vii. 105. Langueti Epist., lib. i. (ii.) Ep. 87, p. 230. Declaration of the Brussels deputies in 1584, Bor, xix. 20 (477). Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 404–407.

[2] Bor, ix. 726, 727.

[3] Ibid., ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470. Compare Meteren, vi. 108.

[4] Hoofd, xi. 450, 451. Bor, ix. 716.

[5] Bor, ix. 716. [6] Ibid.

letter announcing this arrangement, he gave notice that his troops would receive strict orders to do no injury to person or property, Catholic or Protestant, ecclesiastic or lay, and to offer no obstruction to the Roman religion or the royal dignity.[1] He added, however, that it was not to be taken amiss if his soldiers were permitted to exercise their own religious rites and to sing their Protestant hymns within their own quarters.[2] He, moreover, as security for the expense and trouble, demanded the city of Sluis.[3] The first detachment of troops, under command of Colonel van der Tympel, was, however, hardly on its way before an alarm was felt among the Catholic party at this practical alliance with the rebel prince. An envoy, named Ottingen, was despatched to Zealand, bearing a letter from the estates of Hainault, Brabant, and Flanders, countermanding the request for troops, and remonstrating categorically upon the subject of religion and loyalty.[4] Orange deemed such tergiversation paltry, but controlled his anger. He answered the letter in liberal terms, for he was determined that by no fault of his should the great cause be endangered. He reassured the estates as to the probable behavior of his troops. Moreover, they had been already admitted into the city while the correspondence was proceeding. The matter of the psalm-singing was finally arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and it was agreed that Nieuport, instead of Sluis, should be given to the prince as security.[5]

[1] See the letter in Bor, ix. 716, 717. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 420, 421.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange, in Bor, ix. 716, 717.

[3] Ibid., ix. 717.

[4] Ibid., ix. 717, 718.

[5] Bor, ubi sup. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., 420, 421; Meteren, vi. 108.

The siege of the citadel was now pressed vigorously, and the deliberations of the congress were opened under the incessant roar of cannon. While the attack was thus earnestly maintained upon the important castle of Ghent, a courageous effort was made by the citizens of Maestricht to wrest their city from the hands of the Spaniards. The German garrison having been gained by the burghers, the combined force rose upon the Spanish troops and drove them from the city.[1] Montesdoca, the commander, was arrested and imprisoned, but the triumph was only temporary. Don Francis d'Ayala, Montesdoca's lieutenant, made a stand, with a few companies, in Wyk, a village on the opposite side of the Meuse, and connected with the city by a massive bridge of stone.[2] From this point he sent information to other commanders in the neighborhood. Don Ferdinand de Toledo soon arrived with several hundred troops from Dalem. The Spaniards, eager to wipe out the disgrace to their arms, loudly demanded to be led back to the city. The head of the bridge, however, over which they must pass was defended by a strong battery, and the citizens were seen clustering in great numbers to defend their firesides against a foe whom they had once expelled. To advance across the bridge seemed certain destruction to the little force. Even Spanish bravery recoiled at so desperate an undertaking, but unscrupulous ferocity supplied an expedient where courage was at fault. There were few fighting men present among the population of Wyk, but there were many females. Each soldier was commanded to seize a woman, and, placing her before his own body,

[1] Strada, viii. 416. Hoofd, xi. 454.

[2] Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup.

to advance across the bridge.[1] The column, thus buckled, to the shame of Spanish chivalry, by female bosoms, moved in good order toward the battery. The soldiers leveled their muskets with steady aim over the shoulders or under the arms of the women whom they thus held before them.[2] On the other hand, the citizens dared not discharge their cannon at their own townswomen, among whose numbers many recognized mothers, sisters, or wives.[3] The battery was soon taken, while at the same time Alonzo Vargas, who had effected his entrance from the land side by burning down the Brussels Gate, now entered the city at the head of a band of cavalry. Maestricht was recovered, and an indiscriminate slaughter instantly avenged its temporary loss. The plundering, stabbing, drowning, burning, ravishing, were so dreadful that, in the words of a contemporary historian, "the burghers who had escaped the fight had reason to think themselves less fortunate than those who had died with arms in their hands."[4]

This was the lot of Maestricht on the 20th of October. It was instinctively felt to be the precursor of fresh disasters. Vague, incoherent, but widely disseminated rumors had long pointed to Antwerp and its dangerous situation. The Spaniards, foiled in their views upon Brussels, had recently avowed an intention of avenging themselves in the commercial capital. They had waited long enough and accumulated strength enough. Such a trifling city as Alost could no longer content their cupidity, but in Antwerp there was gold enough for the

[1] Strada, viii. 416. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Bor, ix. 725. Compare Strada, Hoofd, ubi sup.; Meteren, vi. 109.

gathering. There was reason for the fears of the inhabitants, for the greedy longing of their enemy. Probably no city in Christendom could at that day vie with Antwerp in wealth and splendor. Its merchants lived in regal pomp and luxury. In its numerous, massive warehouses were the treasures of every clime. Still serving as the main entrepôt of the world's traffic, the Brabantine capital was the center of that commercial system which was soon to be superseded by a larger international life. In the midst of the miseries which had so long been raining upon the Netherlands, the stately and egotistical city seemed to have taken stronger root and to flourish more freshly than ever. It was not wonderful that its palaces and its magazines, glittering with splendor and bursting with treasure, should arouse the avidity of a reckless and famishing soldiery. Had not a handful of warriors of their own race rifled the golden Indies? Had not their fathers, few in number, strong in courage and discipline, reveled in the plunder of a new world? Here were the Indies in a single city.[1] Here were gold and silver, pearls and diamonds, ready and portable; the precious fruit dropping, ripened, from the bough. Was it to be tolerated that base, pacific burghers should monopolize the treasure by which a band of heroes might be enriched?

A sense of coming evil diffused itself through the atmosphere. The air seemed lurid with the impending storm, for the situation was one of peculiar horror. The wealthiest city in Christendom lay at the mercy of the strongest fastness in the world, a castle which had been built to curb, not to protect, the town. It was now inhabited by a band of brigands, outlawed by gov-

[1] " . . . queste Indie d'una cittá."—Bentivoglio, ix. 181.

ernment, strong in discipline, furious from penury, reckless by habit, desperate in circumstance—a crew which feared not God, nor man, nor devil. The palpitating quarry lay expecting hourly the swoop of its trained and pitiless enemy, for the rebellious soldiers were now in a thorough state of discipline. Sancho d'Avila, castellan of the citadel, was recognized as the chief of the whole mutiny, the army and the mutiny being now one. The band intrenched at Alost were upon the best possible understanding with their brethren in the citadel, and accepted without hesitation the arrangements of their superior. On the side of the Schelde opposite Antwerp, a fortification had been thrown up by Don Sancho's orders, and held by Julien Romero. Lier, Breda, as well as Alost, were likewise ready to throw their reinforcements into the citadel at a moment's warning. At the signal of their chief, the united bands might sweep from their impregnable castle with a single impulse.[1]

The city cried aloud for help, for it had become obvious that an attack might be hourly expected. Meantime an attempt made by Don Sancho d'Avila to tamper with the German troops stationed within the walls was more than partially successful. The forces were commanded by Colonel van Ende and Count Oberstein. Van Ende, a crafty traitor to his country, desired no better than to join the mutiny on so promising an occasion, and his soldiers shared his sentiments. Oberstein, a brave but blundering German, was drawn into the net of treachery[2] by the adroitness of the Spaniard and the effrontery of his comrade. On the night

[1] Meteren, vi. 107. Bor, ix. 727 sqq. Mendoza, xv. 303 sqq.
[2] Bor, ix. 727 sqq.

of the 29th of October, half bewildered and half drunk, he signed a treaty with Sancho d'Avila[1] and the three colonels—Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller. By this unlucky document, which was of course subscribed also by Van Ende, it was agreed that the Antwerp burghers should be forthwith disarmed; that their weapons should be sent into the citadel; that Oberstein should hold the city at the disposition of Sancho d'Avila; that he should refuse admittance to all troops which might be sent into the city, excepting by command of Don Sancho; and that he should decline compliance with any orders which he might receive from individuals calling themselves the council of state, the States-General, or the estates of Brabant. This treaty was signed, moreover, by Don Jerome de Roda, then established in the citadel, and claiming to represent exclusively his Majesty's government.[2]

Hardly had this arrangement been concluded than the count saw the trap into which he had fallen. Without intending to do so, he had laid the city at the mercy of its foe, but the only remedy which suggested itself to his mind was an internal resolution not to keep his promises. The burghers were suffered to retain their arms, while, on the other hand, Don Sancho lost no time in despatching messages to Alost, to Lier, to Breda, and even to Maestricht, that as large a force as possible might be[3] assembled for the purpose of breaking immediately the treaty of peace which he had just con-

[1] Bor, ix. 727 sqq. Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.

[2] See the articles in Bor, ix. 728. Compare Meteren, vi. 109, 110; Hoofd, xi. 455, 456.

[3] Mendoza, xv. 303. Cabrera, xi. 862, 863, sqq. Strada, viii. 417.

cluded. Never was a solemn document regarded with such perfectly bad faith by all its signers as the accord of the 29th of October.

Three days afterward a large force of Walloons and Germans was despatched from Brussels to the assistance of Antwerp. The command of these troops was intrusted to the Marquis of Havré, whose brother, the Duke of Aerschot, had been recently appointed chief superintendent of military affairs by the deputies assembled at Ghent.[1] The miscellaneous duties comprehended under this rather vague denomination did not permit the duke to take charge of the expedition in person, and his younger brother, a still more incompetent and unsubstantial character, was accordingly appointed to the post. A number of young men, of high rank but of lamentably low capacity, were associated with him. Foremost among them was Philip, Count of Egmont, a youth who had inherited few of his celebrated father's qualities, save personal courage and a love of personal display. In character and general talents he was beneath mediocrity. Besides these were the reckless but unstable De Héze, who had executed the *coup d'état* against the state council, De Berselen, De Capres, D'Oyngies, and others, all vaguely desirous of achieving distinction in those turbulent times, but few of them having any political or religious convictions, and none of them possessing experience or influence enough to render them useful at the impending crisis.[2]

On Friday morning, the 2d of November,[3] the troops

[1] Bor, ix. 719.

[2] Ibid., ix. 728, 729. Cabrera, xi. 863. Mendoza, xv. 313. Meteren, vi. 109.

[3] Bor, ix. 728. Meteren, vi. 109. Hoofd, xi. 457. And not the

appeared under the walls of Antwerp. They consisted of twenty-three companies of infantry and fourteen of cavalry, amounting to five thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. They were nearly all Walloons, soldiers who had already seen much active service, but unfortunately of a race warlike and fiery indeed, but upon whose steadiness not much more dependence could be placed at that day than in the age of Civilis. Champagny, brother of Granvelle, was governor of the city. He was a sincere Catholic, but a still more sincere hater of the Spaniards. He saw in the mutiny a means of accomplishing their expulsion, and had already offered to the Prince of Orange his eager coöperation toward this result. In other matters there could be but small sympathy between William the Silent and the cardinal's brother; but a common hatred united them, for a time at least, in a common purpose.

When the troops first made their appearance before the walls, Champagny was unwilling to grant them admittance. The addle-brained Oberstein had confessed to him the enormous blunder which he had committed in his midnight treaty, and at the same time ingenuously confessed his intention of sending it to the winds.[1] The enemy had extorted from his dullness or his drunkenness a promise which his mature and sober reason could not consider binding. It is needless to say that Champagny rebuked him for signing, and applauded him for breaking, the treaty. At the same time its ill effects were already seen in the dissensions which existed among the German troops. Where all had been tam-

3d of October, as stated by Mendoza, xv. 313, and by Cabrera, xi. 863, following Mendoza.

[1] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457.

pered with, and where the commanders had set the example of infidelity, it would have been strange if all had held firm. On the whole, however, Oberstein thought he could answer for his own troops. Upon Van Ende's division, although the crafty colonel dissembled his real intentions, very little reliance was placed.[1] Thus there was distraction within the walls. Among those whom the burghers had been told to consider their defenders there were probably many who were ready to join with their mortal foes at a moment's warning. Under these circumstances, Champagny hesitated about admitting these fresh troops from Brussels. He feared lest the Germans, who knew themselves doubted, might consider themselves doomed. He trembled lest an irrepressible outbreak should occur within the walls, rendering the immediate destruction of the city by the Spaniards from without inevitable. Moreover, he thought it more desirable that this auxiliary force should be disposed at different points outside, in order to intercept the passage of the numerous bodies of Spaniards and other mutineers, who from various quarters would soon be on their way to the citadel. Havré, however, was so peremptory, and the burghers were so importunate, that Champagny was obliged to recede from his opposition before twenty-four hours had elapsed. Unwilling to take the responsibility of a further refusal, he admitted the troops through the Burgerhout Gate, on Saturday, the 3d of November, at ten o'clock in the morning.[2]

The Marquis of Havré, as commander-in-chief, called

[1] Bor, ix. 729 sqq. Hoofd, xi. 457 sqq. Compare Strada, viii. 117; Mendoza, xv. 313; Cabrera, xi. 863, et al.

[2] Bor, ix. 729. Hoofd, xi. 457. Meteren, vi. 110.

a council of war. It assembled at Count Oberstein's quarters, and consulted at first concerning a bundle of intercepted letters which Havré had brought with him. These constituted a correspondence between Sancho d'Avila and the heads of the mutiny at Alost and many other places. The letters were all dated subsequently to Don Sancho's treaty with Oberstein, and contained arrangements for an immediate concentration of the whole available Spanish force at the citadel.[1]

The treachery was so manifest that Oberstein felt all self-reproach for his own breach of faith to be superfluous. It was, however, evident that the attack was to be immediately expected. What was to be done? All the officers counseled the immediate erection of a bulwark on the side of the city exposed to the castle, but there were no miners nor engineers. Champagny, however, recommended a skilful and experienced engineer to superintend the work in the city, and pledged himself that burghers enough would volunteer as miners. In less than an hour ten or twelve thousand persons, including multitudes of women of all ranks, were at work upon the lines marked out by the engineer. A ditch and breastwork extending from the gate of the Beguins to the street of the Abbey St. Michael were soon in rapid progress. Meantime the newly arrived troops, with military insolence, claimed the privilege of quartering themselves in the best houses which they could find. They already began to insult and annoy the citizens whom they had been sent to defend; nor were they destined to atone, by their subsequent conduct in the face of the enemy, for the brutality with which they treated their friends. Champagny, however, was ill

[1] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.

disposed to brook their licentiousness. They had been sent to protect the city and the homes of Antwerp from invasion. They were not to establish themselves at every fireside on their first arrival. There was work enough for them out of doors, and they were to do that work at once. He ordered them to prepare for a bivouac in the streets, and flew from house to house, sword in hand, driving forth the intruders at imminent peril of his life. Meantime a number of Italian and Spanish merchants fled from the city, and took refuge in the castle. The Walloon soldiers were for immediately plundering their houses, as if plunder had been the object for which they had been sent to Antwerp. It was several hours before Champagny, with all his energy, was able to quell these disturbances.[1]

In the course of the day, Oberstein received a letter from Don Sancho d'Avila, calling solemnly upon him to fulfil his treaty of the 29th of October.[2] The German colonels from the citadel had, on the previous afternoon, held a personal interview with Oberstein beneath the walls, which had nearly ended in blows, and they had been obliged to save themselves by flight from the anger of the count's soldiers, enraged at the deceit by which their leader had been so nearly entrapped.[3] This summons of ridiculous solemnity to keep a treaty which had already been torn to shreds by both parties, Oberstein answered with defiance and con-

[1] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 458. Meteren, vi. 110. Cabrera, xi. 864. Strada, viii. 417. A remarkable pamphlet, published by Champagny in 1578, entitled "Recueil d'Arétophile" (Lyon, Guérin, 1578), is the best authority for many striking details of this memorable affair.

[2] Bor, ix. 729.

[3] Hoofd, xi. 457, 458.

tempt. The reply was an immediate cannonade from the batteries of the citadel, which made the position of those erecting the ramparts excessively dangerous. The wall was strengthened with bales of merchandise, casks of earth, upturned wagons, and similar bulky objects, hastily piled together. In some places it was sixteen feet high; in others less than six. Night fell before the fortification was nearly completed. Unfortunately, it was bright moonlight. The cannon from the fortress continued to play upon the half-finished works. The Walloons, and at last the citizens, feared to lift their heads above their frail rampart. The senators whom Champagny had deputed to superintend the progress of the enterprise, finding the men so ill disposed, deserted their posts. They promised themselves that, in the darkest hour of the following night, the work should be thoroughly completed.[1] Alas! all hours of the coming night were destined to be dark enough, but in them was to be done no manner of work for defense. On Champagny alone seemed devolved all the labor and all the responsibility. He did his duty well, but he was but one man. Alone, with a heart full of anxiety, he wandered up and down all the night.[2] With his own hands, assisted only by a few citizens and his own servants, he planted all the cannon with which they were provided in the "Fencing Court," at a point where the battery might tell upon the castle. Unfortunately, the troops from Brussels had brought no artillery with them, and the means of defense against the strongest fortress in Europe were meager indeed. The rampart had been left very weak at many vital points. A single

[1] Bor, ix. 729 sqq. Meteren, vi. 110. Hoofd, xi. 458–460.

[2] Recueil d'Arétophile.

upturned wagon was placed across the entrance to the important street of the Beguins. This negligence was to cost the city dear. At daybreak there was a council held in Oberstein's quarters. Nearly all Champagny's directions had been neglected. He had desired that strong detachments should be posted during the night at various places of security on the outskirts of the town, for the troops which were expected to arrive in small bodies at the citadel from various parts might have thus been cut off before reaching their destination. Not even scouts had been stationed in sufficient numbers to obtain information of what was occurring outside. A thick mist hung over the city that eventful morning. Through its almost impenetrable veil, bodies of men had been seen moving into the castle, and the tramp of cavalry had been distinctly heard, and the troops of Romero, Vargas, Oliveira, and Valdez had already arrived from Lier, Breda, Maestricht, and from the forts on the Schelde.[1]

The whole available force in the city was mustered without delay. Havré had claimed for his post the defense of the lines opposite the citadel, the place of responsibility and honor. Here the whole body of Walloons were stationed, together with a few companies of Germans.[2] The ramparts, as stated, were far from impregnable, but it was hoped that this living rampart of six thousand men, standing on their own soil, and in front of the firesides and altars of their own countrymen, would prove a sufficient bulwark even against Spanish fury. Unhappily, the living barrier proved

[1] Meteren, vi. 110. Recueil d'Arétophile. Hoofd, xi. 460. Bor, ix. 730. Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 458, 459. Recueil d'Arétophile.

more frail than the feeble breastwork which the hands of burghers and women had constructed. Six thousand men were disposed along the side of the city opposite the fortress. The bulk of the German troops was stationed at different points on the more central streets and squares. The cavalry was posted on the opposite side of the city, along the Horse Market, and fronting the Newtown. The stars were still in the sky when Champagny got on horseback and rode through the streets, calling on the burghers to arm and assemble at different points. The principal places of rendezvous were the Cattle Market and the Exchange. He rode along the lines of the Walloon regiments, conversing with the officers, Egmont, De Héze, and others, and encouraging the men, and went again to the Fencing Court, where he pointed the cannon with his own hand, and ordered their first discharge at the fortress. Thence he rode to the end of the Beguin street, where he dismounted and walked out upon the edge of the esplanade which stretched between the city and the castle. On this battle-ground a combat was even then occurring between a band of burghers and a reconnoitering party from the citadel. Champagny saw with satisfaction that the Antwerpers were victorious. They were skirmishing well with their disciplined foe, whom they at last beat back to the citadel. His experienced eye saw, however, that the retreat was only the signal for a general onslaught which was soon to follow, and he returned into the city to give the last directions.[1]

At ten o'clock a moving wood was descried, approaching the citadel from the southwest. The whole body of

[1] Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110[b]. Hoofd, xi. 458, 460, 461. Brantôme, Hommes Illust., ii. 201 (Sancho d'Avila).

the mutineers from Alost, wearing green branches in their helmets,[1] had arrived under command of their eletto, Navarrete. Nearly three thousand in number, they rushed into the castle, having accomplished their march of twenty-four miles since three o'clock in the morning.[2] They were received with open arms. Sancho d'Avila ordered food and refreshments to be laid before them, but they refused everything but a draught of wine. They would dine in paradise, they said, or sup in Antwerp.[3] Finding his allies in such spirit, Don Sancho would not balk their humor. Since early morning his own veterans had been eagerly awaiting his signal, "straining upon the start." The troops of Romero, Vargas, Valdez, were no less impatient. At about an hour before noon nearly every living man in the citadel was mustered for the attack, hardly men enough being left behind to guard the gates. Five thousand veteran foot-soldiers, besides six hundred cavalry, armed to the teeth, sallied from the portals of Alva's citadel.[4] In the counterscarp they fell upon their knees, to invoke, according to custom, the blessing

[1] Meteren, vi. 113.

[2] Mendoza, xv. 314, 315.

[3] Ibid., xv. 315: "Respondieron el estar resueltos de comer en el Parayso ó cenar en la villa de Anvers." Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 461. Cabrera, xi. 864, et al.

[4] Hoofd gives the numbers as two thousand from Alost, five hundred under Romero, five hundred under Valdez, one thousand under the German colonels, and one thousand cavalry under Vargas, in all five thousand (xi. 461). Mendoza states the whole attacking force at two thousand two hundred Spanish infantry, eight hundred Germans, and five hundred cavalry, in all three thousand five hundred (xv. 315). Cabrera, following Mendoza, as usual, estimates the number at a little more than three thousand (xi. 864).

of God [1] upon the devil's work which they were about to commit. The eletto bore a standard, one side of which was emblazoned with the crucified Saviour, and the other with the Virgin Mary.[2] The image of Him who said, "Love your enemies," and the gentle face of the Madonna, were to smile from heaven upon deeds which might cause a shudder in the depths of hell. Their brief orisons concluded, they swept forward to the city. Three thousand Spaniards, under their eletto, were to enter by the street of St. Michael; the Germans, and the remainder of the Spanish foot, commanded by Romero, through that of St. George. Champagny saw them coming, and spoke a last word of encouragement to the Walloons. The next moment the compact mass struck the barrier, as the thunderbolt descends from the cloud. There was scarcely a struggle. The Walloons, not waiting to look their enemy in the face, abandoned the posts which they had themselves claimed. The Spaniards crashed through the bulwark as though it had been a wall of glass. The eletto was first to mount the rampart; the next instant he was shot dead, while his followers, undismayed, sprang over his body and poured into the streets. The fatal gaps, due to timidity and carelessness, let in the destructive tide. Champagny, seeing that the enemies had all crossed the barrier, leaped over a garden wall, passed through a house into a narrow lane, and thence to the nearest station of the German troops. Hastily collect-

[1] Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi. 461.

[2] "Con la figura de Jesu Cristo cruzificado en la una faz, i en la otra la de su Madre Santissima manifestando iban a vengar la magestad divina ofendida de la eregia depravada."—Cabrera, xi. 864. Mendoza, xv. 315. Hoofd, xi. 431.

ing a small force, he led them in person to the rescue. The Germans fought well, died well, but they could not reanimate the courage of the Walloons, and all were now in full retreat, pursued by the ferocious Spaniards.[1] In vain Champagny stormed among them; in vain he strove to rally their broken ranks. With his own hand he seized a banner from a retreating ensign,[2] and called upon the nearest soldiers to make a stand against the foe. It was to bid the flying clouds pause before the tempest. Torn, broken, aimless, the scattered troops whirled through the streets before the pursuing wrath. Champagny, not yet despairing, galloped hither and thither, calling upon the burghers everywhere to rise in defense of their homes, nor did he call in vain. They came forth from every place of rendezvous, from every alley, from every house. They fought as men fight to defend their hearths and altars, but what could individual devotion avail against the compact, disciplined, resistless mass of their foes? The order of defense was broken; there was no system, no concert, no rallying-point, no authority. So soon as it was known that the Spaniards had crossed the rampart, that its six thousand defenders were in full retreat, it was inevitable that a panic should seize the city.[3]

Their entrance once effected, the Spanish force had separated, according to previous arrangement, into two divisions, one half charging up the long street of St. Michael, the other forcing its way through the street of

[1] Recueil d'Arétophile. Meteren, vi. 110c. Mendoza, xv. 316. Hoofd, xi. 461. Bor, ix. 731.

[2] Meteren, vi. 110c. Hoofd, xi. 461.

[3] Hoofd, xi. 461.

St. Joris.[1] "Santiago, Santiago! España, España! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á saco!" ("St. James! Spain! blood, flesh, fire, sack!")—such were the hideous cries which rang through every quarter of the city as the savage horde advanced.[2] Van Ende, with his German troops, had been stationed by the Marquis of Havré to defend the St. Joris Gate, but no sooner did the Spaniards under Vargas present themselves than he deserted to them instantly with his whole force.[3] United with the Spanish cavalry, these traitorous defenders of Antwerp dashed in pursuit of those who had only been faint-hearted. Thus the burghers saw themselves attacked by many of their friends, deserted by more. Whom were they to trust? Nevertheless, Oberstein's Germans were brave and faithful, resisting to the last, and dying every man in his harness.[4] The tide of battle flowed hither and thither, through every street and narrow lane. It poured along the magnificent Place de Meer, where there was an obstinate contest. In front of the famous Exchange, where, in peaceful hours, five thousand merchants[5] met daily to arrange the commercial affairs of Christendom, there was a determined rally, a savage slaughter. The citizens and faithful Germans, in this broader space, made a stand against their pursuers. The tessellated marble pavement, the graceful, cloister-like arcades, ran red with blood. The ill-armed burghers faced their enemies clad in complete panoply,

[1] Hoofd, xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 315.
[2] Brantôme, Hommes Illustres, etc., ii. 203. Mendoza, xv. 315.
[3] Hoofd, xi. 461. Mendoza, xv. 316.
[4] Bor, ix. 730. Hoofd, xi. 465.
[5] Guicciardini, Belg. Descript.

but they could only die for their homes. The massacre at this point was enormous, the resistance at last overcome.[1]

Meantime the Spanish cavalry had cleft its way through the city. On the side farthest removed from the castle, along the Horse Market, opposite the Newtown, the states' dragoons and the light horse of Beveren had been posted, and the flying masses of pursuers and pursued swept at last through this outer circle. Champagny was already there. He essayed, as his last hope, to rally the cavalry for a final stand, but the effort was fruitless. Already seized by the panic, they had attempted to rush from the city through the gate of Eeker. It was locked. They then turned and fled toward the Red Gate, where they were met face to face by Don Pedro Tassis, who charged upon them with his dragoons. Retreat seemed hopeless. A horseman in complete armor, with lance in rest, was seen to leap from the parapet of the outer wall into the moat below, whence, still on horseback, he escaped with life. Few were so fortunate. The confused mob of fugitives and conquerors, Spaniards, Walloons, Germans, burghers, struggling, shouting, striking, cursing, dying, swayed hither and thither like a stormy sea. Along the spacious Horse Market the fugitives fled onward toward the quays. Many fell beneath the swords of the Spaniards, numbers were trodden to death by the hoofs of horses, still greater multitudes were hunted into the Schelde. Champagny, who had thought it possible, even at the last moment, to make a stand in the Newtown and to fortify the palace of the Hansa, saw himself

[1] Hoofd, xi. 460–465. Bor, ix. 731. Mendoza, xv. 315. Meteren, vi. 110.

deserted. With great daring and presence of mind, he effected his escape to the fleet of the Prince of Orange in the river.[1] The Marquis of Havré, of whom no deeds of valor on that eventful day have been recorded, was equally successful. The unlucky Oberstein, attempting to leap into a boat, missed his footing, and, oppressed by the weight of his armor, was drowned.[2]

Meantime, while the short November day was fast declining, the combat still raged in the interior of the city. Various currents of conflict, forcing their separate way through many streets, had at last mingled in the Grande Place. Around this irregular, not very spacious square stood the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the tall, many-storied, fantastically gabled, richly decorated palaces of the gilds. Here a long struggle took place. It was terminated for a time by the cavalry of Vargas, who, arriving through the street of St. Joris, accompanied by the traitor Van Ende, charged decisively into the mêlée. The masses were broken, but multitudes of armed men found refuge in the buildings, and every house became a fortress. From every window and balcony a hot fire was poured into the square, as, pent in a corner, the burghers stood at last at bay. It was difficult to carry the houses by storm, but they were soon set on fire. A large number of sutlers and other varlets had accompanied the Spaniards from the citadel, bringing torches and kindling materials for the express purpose of firing the town. With great dexterity these means were now applied, and in a brief interval the city hall and other edifices on the square were in flames.

[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Rec. d'Arétophile. Mendoza, xv. 336. Cabrera, xi. 865.

[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316.

The conflagration spread with rapidity, house after house, street after street, taking fire. Nearly a thousand buildings, in the most splendid and wealthy quarter of the city, were soon in a blaze, and multitudes of human beings were burned with them.[1] In the city hall many were consumed, while others leaped from the windows to renew the combat below. The many tortuous streets which led down a slight descent from the rear of the town house to the quays were all one vast conflagration. On the other side, the magnificent cathedral, separated from the Grande Place by a single row of buildings, was lighted up, but not attacked by the flames. The tall spire cast its gigantic shadow across the last desperate conflict. In the street called the Canal au Sucre, immediately behind the town house, there was a fierce struggle, a horrible massacre. A crowd of burghers, grave magistrates, and such of the German soldiers as remained alive, still confronted the ferocious Spaniards. There, amid the flaming desolation, Goswyn Verreyck, the heroic margrave of the city, fought with the energy of hatred and despair. The burgomaster Van der Meere lay dead at his feet; senators, soldiers, citizens, fell fast around him, and he sank at last upon a heap of slain. With him effectual resistance ended. The remaining combatants were butchered, or were slowly forced downward to perish in the Schelde.[2] Women, children, old men, were killed in countless

[1] Hoofd, xi. 462. Mendoza, xv. 316. Strada, viii. 419. According to Meteren (vi. 110), the whole town was on fire, and five hundred houses entirely consumed. According to the contemporary manuscript of De Weert, who was a citizen of Antwerp, one thousand houses were burned to the ground (Chronike oft Journal, MS., p. 83).

[2] Mendoza, xv. 316. Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 463.

numbers, and still, through all this havoc, directly over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded, every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes.

Never was there a more monstrous massacre, even in the blood-stained history of the Netherlands. It was estimated that, in the course of this and the two following days, not less than eight thousand human beings were murdered.[1] The Spaniards seemed to cast off even the vizor of humanity. Hell seemed emptied of its fiends. Night fell upon the scene before the soldiers were masters of the city; but worse horrors began after the contest was ended. This army of brigands had come thither with a definite, practical purpose, for it was not blood-thirst, nor lust, nor revenge, which had

[1] This is the estimate of Mendoza, viz., two thousand five hundred slain with the sword, and double that number burned and drowned (xv. 317). Cabrera puts the figures at seven thousand and upward (xi. 865[b]). Bor and Hoofd give the same number of dead bodies actually found in the streets, viz., two thousand five hundred, and estimating the drowned at as many more, leave the number of the burned to conjecture. Meteren (vi. 110), who on all occasions seeks to diminish the number of his countrymen slain in battle or massacre, while he magnifies the loss of his opponents, admits that from four to five thousand were slain; adding, however, that but fifteen hundred bodies were found, which were all buried together in two great pits. He thus deducts exactly one thousand from the number of counted corpses as given by every other authority, Spanish or Flemish. Strada (viii. 422) gives three thousand as the number of those slain with the sword. Compare De Thou, t. vii. liv. lxii. 383–390. The letter of Jerome de Roda to the king, written from the citadel of Antwerp upon the 6th November, when the carnage was hardly over, estimates the number of the slain at eight thousand, and one thousand horses. This authority, coming from

impelled them, but it was avarice, greediness for gold For gold they had waded through all this blood and fire. Never had men more simplicity of purpose, more directness in its execution. They had conquered their India at last; its golden mines lay all before them, and every sword should open a shaft. Riot and rape might be deferred; even murder, though congenial to their taste, was only subsidiary to their business. They had come to take possession of the city's wealth, and they set themselves faithfully to accomplish their task. For gold, infants were dashed out of existence in their mothers' arms; for gold, parents were tortured in their children's presence; for gold, brides were scourged to death before their husbands' eyes.[1] Wherever treasure was suspected, every expedient which ingenuity, sharpened by greediness, could suggest, was employed to extort it from its possessors. The fire, spreading more extensively and more rapidly than had been desired through the wealthiest quarter of the city, had unfortunately devoured a vast amount of property. Six millions,[2] at least, had thus been swallowed—a destruction by which no one had profited. There was, however, much left. The strong boxes of the merchants, the gold, silver, and precious jewelry, the velvets, satins, brocades, laces, and similar well-concentrated and por-

the very hour and spot, and from a man so deeply implicated, may be considered conclusive. (See the letter of Roda, in Bor, ix. 737, 738).

[1] Bor, ix. 731 sqq. Hoofd, xi. 462 sqq.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 462. Bor's estimate is three millions (ix. 731). The property consumed, says Meteren, was equal in value to that which was obtained in the plundering afterward by the soldiery. This he estimates at more than four millions in cash, not counting jewelry and other merchandise (vi. 110).

table plunder, were rapidly appropriated. So far the course was plain and easy, but in private houses it was more difficult. The cash, plate, and other valuables of individuals were not so easily discovered. Torture was, therefore, at once employed to discover the hidden treasures. After all had been given, if the sum seemed too little, the proprietors were brutally punished for their poverty or their supposed dissimulation.[1] A gentlewoman named Fabry,[2] with her aged mother and other females of the family, had taken refuge in the cellar of her mansion. As the day was drawing to a close, a band of plunderers entered, who, after ransacking the house, descended to the cellarage. Finding the door barred, they forced it open with gunpowder. The mother, who was nearest the entrance, fell dead on the threshold. Stepping across her mangled body, the brigands sprang upon her daughter, loudly demanding the property which they believed to be concealed. They likewise insisted on being informed where the master of the house had taken refuge. Protestations of ignorance as to hidden treasure or the whereabouts of her husband, who, for aught she knew, was lying dead in the streets, were of no avail. To make her more communicative, they hanged her on a beam in the cellar, and after a few moments cut her down before life was extinct. Still receiving no satisfactory reply, where a satisfactory reply was impossible, they hanged her again. Again, after another brief interval, they gave her a second release, and a fresh interrogatory. This barbarity they repeated several times, till they were satisfied that there was nothing to be gained by it, while, on the other

[1] Hoofd, xi. 463.

[2] Ibid. The lady was grandmother of the historian's wife.

hand, they were losing much valuable time. Hoping to be more successful elsewhere, they left her hanging for the last time, and trooped off to fresher fields. Strange to relate, the person thus horribly tortured survived. A servant in her family, married to a Spanish soldier, providentially entered the house in time to rescue her perishing mistress. She was restored to existence, but never to reason. Her brain was hopelessly crazed, and she passed the remainder of her life wandering about her house, or feebly digging in her garden for the buried treasure which she had been thus fiercely solicited to reveal.[1]

A wedding-feast was rudely interrupted. Two young persons, neighbors of opulent families, had been long betrothed, and the marriage-day had been fixed for Sunday, the fatal 4th of November. The guests were assembled, the ceremony concluded, the nuptial banquet in progress, when the horrible outcries in the streets proclaimed that the Spaniards had broken loose. Hour after hour of trembling expectation succeeded. At last a thundering at the gate proclaimed the arrival of a band of brigands. Preceded by their captain, a large number of soldiers forced their way into the house, ransacking every chamber, no opposition being offered by the family and friends, too few and powerless to cope with this band of well-armed ruffians. Plate, chests, wardrobes, desks, caskets of jewelry, were freely offered, eagerly accepted, but not found sufficient, and to make the luckless wretches furnish more than they possessed, the usual brutalities were employed. The soldiers began by striking the bridegroom dead. The bride fell shrieking into her mother's arms, whence she

[1] Hoofd, xi. 463, 464.

THE SPANISH FURY IN ANTWERP, NOVEMBER 4, 1576

Painting by K. Ooms.

was torn by the murderers, who immediately put the mother to death, and an indiscriminate massacre then followed the fruitless attempts to obtain by threats and torture treasure which did not exist. The bride, who was of remarkable beauty, was carried off to the citadel.[1] Maddened by this last outrage, the father, who was the only man of the party left alive, rushed upon the Spaniards. Wresting a sword from one of the crew, the old man dealt with it so fiercely that he stretched more than one enemy dead at his feet; but it is needless to add that he was soon despatched. Meantime, while the party were concluding the plunder of the mansion, the bride was left in a lonely apartment of the fortress. Without wasting time in fruitless lamentation, she resolved to quit the life which a few hours had made so desolate. She had almost succeeded in hanging herself with a massive gold chain which she wore, when her captor entered the apartment. Inflamed, not with lust, but with avarice, excited, not by her charms, but by her jewelry, he rescued her from her perilous position. He then took possession of her chain and the other trinkets with which her wedding-dress was adorned, and caused her to be entirely stripped of her clothing. She was then scourged with rods till her beautiful body was bathed in blood, and at last, alone, naked, nearly mad, was sent back into the city. Here the forlorn creature wandered up and down through the blazing streets, among the heaps of dead and dying, till she was at last put out of her misery by a gang of soldiers.[2]

Such are a few isolated instances, accidentally preserved in their details, of the general horrors inflicted

[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 464.
[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 465.

on this occasion. Others innumerable have sunk into oblivion. On the morning of the 5th of November, Antwerp presented a ghastly sight. The magnificent marble town house, celebrated as a "world's wonder,"[1] even in that age and country, in which so much splendor was lavished on municipal palaces, stood a blackened ruin—all but the walls destroyed, while its archives, accounts, and other valuable contents had perished. The more splendid portion of the city had been consumed, at least five hundred palaces, mostly of marble or hammered stone, being a smoldering mass of destruction.[2] The dead bodies of those fallen in the massacre were on every side, in greatest profusion around the Place de Meer, among the Gothic pillars of the Exchange, and in the streets near the town house. The German soldiers lay in their armor, some with their heads burned from their bodies, some with legs and arms consumed by the flames through which they had fought.[3] The Margrave Goswyn Verreyck, the burgomaster Van der Meere, the magistrates Lancelot van Urselen, Nicholas van Boekholt, and other leading citizens, lay among piles of less distinguished slain.[4] They remained unburied until the overseers of the poor, on whom the living had then more importunate claims than the dead, were compelled by Roda to bury them out of the pauper fund.[5] The murderers were too thrifty to be at funeral charges for their victims. The ceremony was not hastily performed,

[1] "Het welk man mocht tellen onder de wonderen der wereld." Address of the estates of Brabant to the States-General, in Bor, ix. 734.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 110ᵃ.

[3] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465.

[4] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 463.

[5] Hoofd, xi. 466.

for the number of corpses had not been completed. Two days longer the havoc lasted in the city. Of all the crimes which men can commit, whether from deliberate calculation or in the frenzy of passion, hardly one was omitted, for riot, gaming, rape, which had been postponed to the more stringent claims of robbery and murder, were now rapidly added to the sum of atrocities.[1] History has recorded the account indelibly on her brazen tablets; it can be adjusted only at the judgment-seat above.

Of all the deeds of darkness yet compassed in the Netherlands, this was the worst. It was called the Spanish Fury,[2] by which dread name it has been known for ages. The city which had been a world of wealth and splendor was changed to a charnel-house, and from that hour its commercial prosperity was blasted. Other causes had silently girdled the yet green and flourishing tree, but the Spanish Fury was the fire which consumed it to ashes. Three thousand dead bodies were discovered in the streets, as many more were estimated to have perished in the Schelde, and nearly an equal number were burned or destroyed in other ways. Eight thousand persons undoubtedly were put to death. Six millions of property were destroyed by the fire, and at least as much more was obtained by the Spaniards.[3] In

[1] Remonstrance of the estates of Brabant to the States-General, Bor, ix. 733, 734.

[2] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 111. Wagenaer, vii. 115, et mult. al.

[3] The estimate of Meteren is that four millions in hard cash alone were obtained by the soldiery, exclusive of precious stones, other articles of jewelry, laces, brocades, embroidery, and similar property of a portable and convertible character (Meteren, vi. 111ª). The estimates of Hoofd and Bor do not materially dif-

this enormous robbery no class of people was respected. Foreign merchants, living under the express sanction and protection of the Spanish monarch, were plundered with as little reserve as Flemings. Ecclesiastics of the Roman Church were compelled to disgorge their wealth as freely as Calvinists. The rich were made to contribute all their abundance, and the poor what could be wrung from their poverty. Neither paupers nor criminals were safe. Captain Caspar Ortis made a brilliant speculation by taking possession of the Steen, or city prison, whence he ransomed all the inmates who could find means to pay for their liberty. Robbers, murderers, even Anabaptists, were thus again let loose.[1] Rarely has so small a band obtained in three days' robbery so large an amount of wealth. Four or five millions divided among five thousand soldiers made up for long arrearages, and the Spaniards had reason to congratulate themselves upon having thus taken the duty of payment into their own hands. It is true that the wages of iniquity were somewhat unequally distributed, somewhat foolishly squandered. A private trooper was known to lose ten thousand crowns in one day in a gambling transaction at the Bourse;[2] for the soldiers, being thus handsomely in funds, became desirous of aping the despised and plundered merchants, and resorted daily to the Exchange, like men accustomed to affairs. The dearly purchased gold was thus lightly squandered by many, while others, more prudent, melted

fer. In single houses as much as three hundred thousand guldens were found—over ninety thousand in the dwelling of a widow (Meteren, ubi sup.).

[1] Bor, ix. 732. Hoofd, xi. 465. Meteren, vi. 111.

[2] Hoofd, xi. 466. Bor, ix. 732. Meteren, vi. 111.

their portion into sword-hilts, into scabbards, even into whole suits of armor, darkened, by precaution, to appear made entirely of iron. The brocades, laces, and jewelry of Antwerp merchants were converted into coats of mail for their destroyers. The goldsmiths, however, thus obtained an opportunity to outwit their plunderers, and mingled in the golden armor which they were forced to furnish much more alloy than their employers knew. A portion of the captured booty was thus surreptitiously redeemed.[1]

In this Spanish Fury many more were massacred in Antwerp than in the St. Bartholomew at Paris.[2] Almost as many living human beings were dashed out of existence now as there had been statues destroyed in the memorable image-breaking of Antwerp, ten years before, an event which had sent such a thrill of horror through the heart of Catholic Christendom. Yet the Netherlanders and the Protestants of Europe may be forgiven if they regarded this massacre of their brethren with as much execration as had been bestowed upon that fury against stocks and stones. At least, the image-breakers had been actuated by an idea, and their hands were polluted neither with blood nor rapine. Perhaps the Spaniards had been governed equally by religious fanaticism. Might not they believe they were meriting well of their Mother Church while they were thus disencumbering infidels of their wealth and earth of its infidels? Had not the pope and his cardinals gone to church in

[1] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii. 421.

[2] Nearly three times as many, if the estimate of De Thou as to the number of Huguenots slain, three thousand, be correct (De Thou, t. vi. liv. liii. 443). Many contemporary writers have, however, placed the number of the Paris victims as high as ten thousand.

solemn procession, to render thanks unto God for the massacre of Paris?[1] Had not cannon thundered and beacons blazed to commemorate that auspicious event? Why should not the Antwerp executioners claim equal commendation? Even if in their delirium they had confounded friend with foe, Catholic with Calvinist, and church property with lay, could they not point to an equal number of dead bodies, and to an incredibly superior amount of plunder?

Marvelously few Spaniards were slain in these eventful days. Two hundred killed is the largest number stated.[2] The discrepancy seems monstrous, but it is hardly more than often existed between the losses inflicted and sustained by the Spaniards in such combats. Their prowess was equal to their ferocity, and this was

[1] De Thou, vi. 442.

[2] Bor's estimate is two hundred Spaniards killed and four hundred wounded (ix. 731). Hoofd (xi. 463) gives the same. Mendoza allows only fourteen Spaniards to have been killed, and rather more than twenty wounded. Meteren, as usual, considering the honor of his countrymen at stake, finds a grim consolation in adding a few to the number of the enemies slain, and gives a total of three hundred Spaniards killed (vi. 110). Strada (viii. 422) gives the two extremes, so that it is almost certain that the number was not less than fourteen nor more than two hundred. These statistics are certainly curious, for it would seem almost impossible that a force numbering between thirty-five hundred and five thousand men (there is this amount of discrepancy in the different estimates) should capture and plunder with so little loss to themselves a city of two hundred thousand souls, defended by an army of at least twelve thousand, besides a large proportion of burghers bearing weapons. No wonder that the chivalrous Brantôme was in an ecstasy of delight at the achievement (Hom. Illust., etc., ii. 204), and that the Netherlanders, seeing the prowess and the cruelty of their foes, should come to doubt whether they were men or devils. This disproportion between the number of Spaniards and states'

enough to make them seem endowed with preterhuman powers. When it is remembered, also, that the burghers were insufficiently armed, that many of their defenders turned against them, that many thousands fled in the first moments of the encounter, and when the effect of a sudden and awful panic is duly considered, the discrepancy between the number of killed on the two sides will not seem so astonishing.

A few officers of distinction were taken alive and carried to the castle. Among these were the Seigneur de Capres and young Count Egmont. The Councilor Jerome de Roda was lounging on a chair in an open gallery when these two gentlemen were brought before him, and Capres was base enough to make a low obeisance to the man who claimed to represent the whole

soldiers slain was the same in all the great encounters, particularly in those of the period which now occupies us. In the six months between the end of August, 1576, and the signing of the Perpetual Edict on the 17th of February, 1577, the Spaniards killed twenty thousand, by the admission of the Netherlanders themselves, and acknowledged less than six slain on their own side! (Mendoza, xvi. 335. Compare Cabrera, xi. 866; Meteren, vi. 120.) So much for the blood expended annually or monthly by the Netherlanders in defense of liberty and religion. As for the money consumed, the usual estimate of the expense of the states' army was from eight hundred thousand to one million guldens monthly (Meteren, viii. 138[d], 144). The same historian calculates the expense of Philip's army at forty-two millions of crowns for the nine years from 1567 to 1576, which would give nearly four hundred thousand dollars monthly, half of which, he says, came from Spain. The Netherlanders, therefore, furnished the other half, so that two hundred thousand dollars, equal to five hundred thousand guldens, monthly were to be added to the million required for their own war department. Here, then, was a tax of one and a half millions monthly, or eighteen millions yearly, simply for the keeping of the two armies on foot to destroy the Netherlanders and

government of his Majesty.[1] The worthy successor of Vargas replied to his captive's greeting by a "kick in his stomach," adding, with a brutality which his prototype might have envied, "*Ah, puto traidor* [whoreson traitor], let me have no salutations from such as you."[2] Young Egmont, who had been captured, fighting bravely at the head of coward troops, by Julien Romero, who nine years before had stood on his father's scaffold, regarded this brutal scene with haughty indignation. This behavior had more effect upon Roda than the suppleness of Capres. "I am sorry for your misfortune, Count," said the councilor, without, however, rising from his chair; "such is the lot of those who take arms against their king."[3] This was the unfortunate com-

consume their substance. The frightful loss by confiscations, plunderings, brandschatzings, and the sacking of cities and villages innumerable, was all in addition, of course, but that enormous amount defies calculation. The regular expense in money which they were to meet, if they could, for the mere pay and provision of the armies, was as above, and equal to at least sixty millions yearly to-day, making the common allowance for the difference in the value of money. This was certainly sufficient for a population of three millions. Their frequent promise to maintain their liberty with "their goods and their blood" was no idle boast, three thousand men and one and a half million florins being consumed monthly.

[1] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 110. " . . . pour certaines bonnes considérations j'ay prins mon logis en ce chasteau, qu'est la maison royalle de sa Maj^te^, pour d'icy pourveoir et ordonner toutes les choses de son service, jusques les seigneurs du conseil soyent remis en leur entière liberté," etc.—Letter of Jerome de Roda to the authorities of Antwerp, September 8, 1576. III. Register der Dolianten van Brabant, A° 1576, f. 203, MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Bor, ix. 731. Hoofd, xi. 462. Meteren, vi. 110.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Strada, viii. 418.

mencement of Philip Egmont's career, which was destined to be inglorious, vacillating, base, and on more than one occasion unlucky.

A shiver ran through the country as the news of the horrible crime was spread, but it was a shiver of indignation, not of fear. Already the negotiations at Ghent between the representatives of the prince and of Holland and Zealand and the deputies of the other provinces were in a favorable train, and the effect of this event upon their counsels was rather quickening than appalling. A letter from Jerome de Roda to the king was intercepted, giving an account of the transaction. In that document the senator gave the warmest praise to Sancho d'Avila, Julien Romero, Alonzo de Vargas, Francis Verdugo, as well as to the German colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, Polwiller, and others who had most exerted themselves in the massacre. "I wish your Majesty much good of this victory," concluded the councilor; "'t is a very great one, and the damage to the city is enormous."[1] This cynical view was not calculated to produce a soothing effect on the exasperated minds of the people. On the other hand, the estates of Brabant addressed an eloquent appeal to the States-General, reciting their wrongs, and urging immediate action. "'T is notorious," said the remonstrants, "that Antwerp was but yesterday the first and principal ornament of all Europe; the refuge of all the nations of the world; the source and supply of countless treasure; the nurse of all arts and industry; the protectress of the Roman Catholic religion; the guardian of science and virtue; and, above all these preëminences, more than faithful and obedient to her sovereign prince and lord. The

[1] Letter of Roda, apud Bor, ix. 737, 738.

city is now changed to a gloomy cavern, filled with robbers and murderers, enemies of God, the king, and all good subjects."[1] They then proceeded to recite the story of the massacre, "whereof the memory shall be abominable so long as the world stands,"[2] and concluded with an urgent appeal for redress. They particularly suggested that an edict should forthwith be passed, forbidding the alienation of property and the exportation of goods in any form from Antwerp, together with concession of the right to the proprietors of reclaiming their stolen property summarily, whenever and wheresoever it might be found. In accordance with these instructions, an edict was passed, but somewhat tardily, in the hope of relieving some few of the evil consequences by which the Antwerp Fury had been attended.[3]

At about the same time the Prince of Orange addressed a remarkable letter[4] to the States-General, then assembled at Ghent, urging them to hasten the conclusion of the treaty. The news of the massacre, which furnished an additional and most vivid illustration of the truth of his letter, had not then reached him at Middelburg, but the earnestness of his views, taken in connection with this last dark deed, exerted a powerful and indelible effect. The letter was a masterpiece, because it was necessary, in his position, to inflame without alarming; to stimulate the feelings which were in unison, without shocking those which, if aroused, might prove discordant. Without, therefore, alluding in terms

[1] Remonstrance of the estates of Brabant, in Bor, ix. 733.

[2] "Waer van de memorie is en sal abominabel wesen so lang als de wereld staet," etc.—Ibid.

[3] Bor, ix. 736, 737.

[4] The letter is published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 140–154.

to the religious question, he dwelt upon the necessity of union, firmness, and wariness. If so much had been done by Holland and Zealand, how much more might be hoped when all the provinces were united? "The principal flower of the Spanish army has fallen," he said, "without having been able to conquer one of those provinces from those whom they call, in mockery, poor beggars; yet what is that handful of cities compared to all the provinces which might join us in the quarrel?"[1] He warned the states of the necessity of showing a strong and united front, the king having been ever led to consider the movement in the Netherlands a mere conspiracy of individuals. "The king told me himself, in 1559," said Orange, "that if the estates had no pillars to lean upon, they would not talk so loud." It was therefore necessary to show that prelates, abbots, monks, seigniors, gentlemen, burghers, and peasants, the whole people in short, now cried with one voice and desired with one will. To such a demonstration the king would not dare oppose himself. By thus preserving a firm and united front, sinking all minor differences, they would, moreover, inspire their friends and foreign princes with confidence. The princes of Germany, the lords and gentlemen of France, the Queen of England, although sympathizing with the misfortunes of the Netherlanders, had been unable effectually to help them, so long as their disunion prevented them from helping themselves, so long as even their appeal to arms seemed merely "a levy of bucklers, an emotion of the populace, which, like a wave of the sea, rises, and sinks again as soon as risen."[2]

While thus exciting to union and firmness, he also

[1] Gachard, Corresp., etc., iii. 147, 148. [2] Ibid., iii. 152.

took great pains to instil the necessity of wariness. They were dealing with an artful foe. Intercepted letters had already proved that the old dissimulation was still to be employed; that while Don John of Austria was on his way, the Netherlanders were to be lulled into confidence by glozing speeches. Roda was provided by the king with a secret program of instructions for the new governor's guidance, and Don Sancho d'Avila, for his countenance to the mutineers of Alost, had been applauded to the echo in Spain.[1] Was not this applause a frequent indication of the policy to be adopted by Don John, and a thousand times more significative one than the unmeaning phrases of barren benignity with which public documents might be crammed? "The old tricks are again brought into service," said the prince; "therefore 't is necessary to ascertain your veritable friends, to tear off the painted masks from those who, under pretense of not daring to displease the king, are seeking to swim between two waters. 'T is necessary to have a touchstone, to sign a declaration in such wise that you may know whom to trust and whom to suspect."

The massacre at Antwerp and the eloquence of the prince produced a most quickening effect upon the congress at Ghent. Their deliberations had proceeded with decorum and earnestness in the midst of the cannonading against the citadel, and the fortress fell on the same day which saw the conclusion of the treaty.[2]

[1] Gachard, Corresp., etc., iii. 129.

[2] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470. The final and decisive assault was made upon the 8th; the articles of surrender were arranged and the castle was evacuated upon the 11th of November (Meteren, vi. 113. Mendoza, xvi. 326. Archives, etc., v. 525).

This important instrument, by which the sacrifices and exertions of the prince were, for a brief season at least, rewarded, contained twenty-five articles.[1] The Prince of Orange, with the estates of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and the provinces signing or thereafter to sign the treaty on the other, agreed that there should be a mutual forgiving and forgetting as regarded the past. They vowed a close and faithful friendship for the future. They plighted a mutual promise to expel the Spaniards from the Netherlands without delay. As soon as this great deed should be done, there was to be a convocation of the States-General, on the basis of that assembly before which the abdication of the emperor had taken place. By this congress the affairs of religion in Holland and Zealand should be regulated, as well as the surrender of fortresses and other places belonging to his Majesty. There was to be full liberty of communication and traffic between the citizens of the one side and the other. It should not be legal, however, for those of Holland and Zealand to attempt anything outside their own territory against the Roman Catholic religion, nor for cause thereof to injure or irritate any one, by deed or word. All the placards and edicts on the subject of heresy, together with the criminal ordinances made by the Duke of Alva, were suspended until the States-General should otherwise ordain. The prince was to remain lieutenant, admiral, and general for his Majesty in Holland, Zealand, and the associated places, till otherwise provided by the States-General, after the departure of the Spaniards. The cities and places included in the

[1] See them in Bor, ix. 738–741; Hoofd, xi. 467, 470; Mendoza, xvi. 320–326; Meteren, vi. 112 sqq., et al.

prince's commission, but not yet acknowledging his authority, should receive satisfaction from him, as to the point of religion and other matters, before subscribing to the union. All prisoners, and particularly the Comte de Bossu, should be released without ransom. All estates and other property not already alienated should be restored, all confiscations since 1566 being declared null and void. The Countess Palatine, widow of Brederode, and Comte de Buren, son of the Prince of Orange, were expressly named in this provision. Prelates and ecclesiastical persons having property in Holland and Zealand should be reinstated, if possible; but in case of alienation, which was likely to be generally the case, there should be reasonable compensation. It was to be decided by the States-General whether the provinces should discharge the debts incurred by the Prince of Orange in his two campaigns. Provinces and cities should not have the benefit of this union until they had signed the treaty, but they should be permitted to sign it when they chose.[1]

This memorable document was subscribed at Ghent, on the 8th of November, by Sainte-Aldegonde, with eight other commissioners appointed by the Prince of Orange and the estates of Holland, on the one side, and by Elbertus Leoninus and other deputies appointed by Brabant, Flanders, Artois, Hainault, Valenciennes, Lille, Douai, Orchies, Namur, Tournay, Utrecht, and Mechlin on the other side.[2]

The arrangement was a masterpiece of diplomacy on the part of the prince, for it was as effectual a provision for the safety of the Reformed religion as could be ex-

[1] See particularly Articles 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, and 25.

[2] Bor, ix. 741.

pected under the circumstances. It was much, considering the change which had been wrought of late years in the fifteen provinces, that they should consent to any treaty with their two heretic sisters. It was much more that the Pacification should recognize the new religion as the established creed of Holland and Zealand, while at the same time the infamous edicts of Charles were formally abolished. In the fifteen Catholic provinces there was to be no prohibition of private Reformed worship, and it might be naturally expected that with time and the arrival of the banished religionists a firmer stand would be taken in favor of the Reformation. Meantime the new religion was formally established in two provinces, and tolerated, in secret, in the other fifteen; the Inquisition was forever abolished, and the whole strength of the nation enlisted to expel the foreign soldiery from the soil. This was the work of William the Silent,[1] and the great prince thus saw the labor of years crowned with at least a momentary success. His satisfaction was very great when it was announced to him, many days before the exchange of the signatures, that the treaty had been concluded. He was desirous that the Pacification should be referred for approval, not to the municipal magistrates only, but to the people itself.[2] In all great emergencies the man

[1] There is no mention in the Resolutions of Holland, from the 25th of April to the 8th of November, 1576, of any drafts for a treaty, or of any preparations for, or deliberations concerning, such a document. The inference of Kluit (i. 146, 147) is that the prince, with his council and nine commissioners, managed the whole negotiation, such was the confidence reposed in him by the two provinces.

[2] Two commissioners were, in fact, despatched to each city of Holland to lay the treaty before the respective governments and obtain their signatures (Kluit, Holl. Staatsreg., i. 148).

who, in his whole character, least resembled a demagogue, either of antiquity or of modern times, was eager for a fresh expression of the popular will. On this occasion, however, the demand for approbation was superfluous. The whole country thought with his thoughts and spoke with his words, and the Pacification, as soon as published, was received with a shout of joy.[1] Proclaimed in the market-place of every city and village, it was ratified, not by votes, but by hymns of thanksgiving, by triumphal music, by thundering of cannon, and by the blaze of beacons, throughout the Netherlands. Another event added to the satisfaction of the hour. The country so recently, and by deeds of such remarkable audacity, conquered by the Spaniards in the north, was recovered almost simultaneously with the conclusion of the Ghent treaty. It was a natural consequence of the great mutiny. The troops having entirely deserted Mondragon, it became necessary for that officer to abandon Zierikzee, the city which had been won with so much valor. In the beginning of November, the capital, and with it the whole island of Schouwen, together with the rest of Zealand excepting Tholen, was recovered by Count Hohenlo, lieutenant-general of the Prince of Orange, and acting according to his instructions.[2]

Thus, on this particular point of time, many great events had been crowded. At the very same moment

[1] Bor, ix. 740. Wagenaer, vii. 117. "... avecq une si grande joie et contentement du peuple, de toutes les provinces en général et en particulier, qu'il n'est mémoire d'homme qui puisse se souvenir d'une pareille. Un chascun se peult souvenir des promesses mutuelles d'amitié qui y sont compris," etc.—Apologie du P. d'Orange, p. 95.

[2] Bor, ix. 727. Hoofd, xi. 470.

Zealand had been redeemed, Antwerp ruined, and the league of all the Netherlands against the Spaniards concluded. It now became known that another and most important event had occurred at the same instant. On the day before the Antwerp massacre, four days before the publication of the Ghent treaty, a foreign cavalier, attended by a Moorish slave and by six men-at-arms, rode into the streets of Luxemburg.[1] The cavalier was Don Ottavio Gonzaga, brother of the Prince of Melfi. The Moorish slave was Don John of Austria, the son of the emperor, the conqueror of Granada, the hero of Lepanto.[2] The new governor-general had traversed Spain and France in disguise with great celerity, and in the romantic manner which belonged to his character. He stood at last on the threshold of the Netherlands, but with all his speed he had arrived a few days too late.

[1] Bor, ix. 742. Hoofd, xi. 472.
[2] Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

PART V

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA

1576–1578

CHAPTER I

Birth and parentage of Don John—Barbara Blomberg—Early education and recognition by Philip—Brilliant military career—Campaign against the Moors—Battle of Lepanto—Extravagant ambition—Secret and rapid journey of the new governor to the Netherlands—Contrast between Don John and William of Orange—Secret instructions of Philip and private purposes of the governor—Cautious policy and correspondence of the prince—Preliminary negotiations with Don John at Luxemburg characterized—Union of Brussels—Resumption of negotiations with the governor at Huy—The discussions analyzed and characterized—Influence of the new emperor Rudolph II. and of his envoys—Treaty of Marche-en-Famene, or the Perpetual Edict, signed—Remarks upon that transaction—Views and efforts of Orange in opposition to the treaty—His letter, in name of Holland and Zealand, to the States-General—Anxiety of the royal government to gain over the prince—Secret mission of Leoninus—His instructions from Don John—Fruitless attempts to corrupt the prince—Secret correspondence between Don John and Orange—Don John at Louvain—His efforts to ingratiate himself with the Netherlanders—His incipient popularity—Departure of the Spanish troops—Duke of Aerschot appointed governor of Antwerp citadel—His insincere character.

Don John of Austria was now in his thirty-second year, having been born in Ratisbon on the 24th of February, 1545.[1] His father was Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Dominator of Asia, Africa, and America; his mother was Barbara Blomberg, wash-

[1] Strada, x. 506.

erwoman, of Ratisbon. Introduced to the emperor, originally, that she might alleviate his melancholy by her singing,[1] she soon exhausted all that was harmonious in her nature, for never was a more uncomfortable, unmanageable personage than Barbara in her after life. Married to one Pyramus Kegell, who was made a military commissary in the Netherlands, she was left a widow in the beginning of Alva's administration. Placed under the especial superintendence of the duke, she became the torment of that warrior's life. The terrible governor, who could almost crush the heart out of a nation of three millions, was unable to curb this single termagant. Philip had expressly forbidden her to marry again, but Alva informed him that she was surrounded by suitors. Philip had insisted that she should go into a convent, but Alva, who with great difficulty had established her quietly in Ghent, assured his master that she would break loose again at the bare suggestion of a convent. Philip wished her to go to Spain, sending her word that Don John was mortified by the life his mother was leading; but she informed the governor that she would be cut to pieces before she would go to Spain. She had no objection to see her son, but she knew too well how women were treated in that country. The duke complained most pathetically to his Majesty of the life they all led with the ex-mistress of the emperor. Never, he frequently observed, had woman so terrible a head.[2] She was obstinate, reckless, abominably extravagant. She had been provided in Ghent with a handsome establishment,—with a duenna, six other women, a majordomo, two pages,

[1] Strada, x. 506. Compare Brantôme, ii. 149.

[2] Correspondance de Philippe II., 884, 912, 960, 969, 984, 987, 1025, 1054.

one chaplain, an almoner, and four men-servants,—and this seemed a sufficiently liberal scheme of life for the widow of a commissary. Moreover, a very ample allowance had been made for the education of her only legitimate son, Conrad, the other having perished by an accident on the day of his father's death. While Don John of Austria was gathering laurels in Granada, his half-brother, Pyramus junior, had been ingloriously drowned in a cistern at Ghent.

Barbara's expenses were exorbitant; her way of life scandalous. To send her money, said Alva, was to throw it into the sea. In two days she would have spent in dissipation and feasting any sums which the king might choose to supply. The duke, who feared nothing else in the world, stood in mortal awe of the widow Kegell. "A terrible animal indeed is an unbridled woman," wrote Secretary Cayas, from Madrid, at the close of Alva's administration; for, notwithstanding every effort to entice, to intimidate, and to kidnap her from the Netherlands, there she remained, through all vicissitudes, even till the arrival of Don John. By his persuasions or commands she was at last induced to accept an exile for the remainder of her days in Spain, but revenged herself by asserting that he was quite mistaken in supposing himself the emperor's child—a point, certainly, upon which her authority might be thought conclusive. Thus there was a double mystery about Don John. He might be the issue of august parentage on one side; he was, possibly, sprung of most ignoble blood. Base-born at best, he was not sure whether to look for the author of his being in the halls of the Cæsars or the booths of Ratisbon mechanics.[1]

[1] Corresp. de Philippe II., 1025. "Lo tiene banqueteado. . . . Quan terribile animal es una muger des énfrenada."—Ibid.,

Whatever might be the heart of the mystery, it is certain that it was allowed to inwrap all the early life of Don John. The emperor, who certainly never doubted his responsibility for the infant's existence, had him conveyed instantly to Spain, where he was delivered to Louis Quixada, of the imperial household, by whom he was brought up in great retirement at Villagarcia. Magdalen Ulloa, wife of Quixada, watched over his infancy with maternal and magnanimous care, for her husband's extreme solicitude for the infant's welfare had convinced her that he was its father. On one occasion, when their house was in flames, Quixada rescued the infant before he saved his wife, "although Magdalen knew herself to be dearer to him than the apple of his eye." From that time forth she altered her opinion, and believed the mysterious child to be of lofty origin. The boy grew up full of beauty, grace, and agility, the leader of all his companions in every hardy sport. Through the country round there were none who could throw the javelin, break a lance, or ride at the ring like little Juan Quixada. In taming unmanageable horses he was celebrated for his audacity and skill. These accomplishments, however, were likely to prove of but slender advantage in the ecclesiastical pro-

ii. 1255. Meteren, vi. 119d. Compare Van der Hammen y Leon, Don Juan de Austria: Historia (Madrid, 1627), vi. 294. Strada. Brantôme. Compare V. d. Vynckt, ii. 218: "Wie Zijne ware moeder geweest zii, is een raadsal gebleeven, dat nooit volkomen opgelost is," etc. Cabrera, xii. 1009. An absurd rumor had existed that Barbara Blomberg had only been employed to personate Don John's mother. She died at an estate called Arronjo de Molinos, four leagues from Madrid, some years after the death of Don John (Cabrera, xii. 1009). The following squib, taken from a MS. collection of pasquils of the day, shows what was a very general

fession, to which he had been destined by his imperial father. The death of Charles occurred before clerical studies had been commenced, and Philip, to whom the secret had been confided at the close of the emperor's life, prolonged the delay thus interposed.[1] Juan had already reached his fourteenth year when one day his supposed father Quixada invited him to ride toward Valladolid to see the royal hunt. Two horses stood at the door—a splendidly caparisoned charger and a common hackney. The boy naturally mounted the humbler steed, and they set forth for the mountains of Toro; but on hearing the bugles of the approaching huntsmen, Quixada suddenly halted, and bade his youthful companion exchange horses with himself. When this had been done, he seized the hand of the wondering boy, and kissing it respectfully, exclaimed: "Your Highness will be informed as to the meaning of my conduct by his Majesty, who is even now approaching." They had

opinion in the Netherlands concerning the parentage of Don John and the position of Barbara Blomberg. The verses are not without ingenuity.

"ECHO

". . . sed at Austriacum nostrum redeamus—eamus
Hunc Cesaris filium esse satis est notum—nothum
Multi tamen de ejus patre dubitavere—*vere*
Cujus ergo filium eum dicunt Itali—*Itali*
Verum mater satis est nota in nostrâ republicâ—*publica*
Imo hactenus egit in Brabantiâ ter voere—hoere
Crimen est ne frui amplexu unius Cesaris tam generosi—osi
Pluribus ergo usa in vitâ est—ita est
Seu post Cesaris congressum non vere ante—ante
Tace garrula ne tale quippiam loquare—quare?
Nescis quâ pœna afficiendum dixerit Belgium insigne—igne," etc.

Vers Satiriques contra Dom Jean d'Autriche, MS., Bibl. de Bourg., 17,524.

[1] Strada, x. 506, 507. Cabrera, xi. 874.

proceeded but a short distance before they encountered the royal hunting-party, when both Quixada and young Juan dismounted and bent the knee to their monarch. Philip, commanding the boy to rise, asked him if he knew his father's name. Juan replied, with a sigh, that he had at that moment lost the only father whom he had known, for Quixada had just disowned him. "You have the same father as myself," cried the king; "the Emperor Charles was the august parent of us both." Then tenderly embracing him, he commanded him to remount his horse, and all returned together to Valladolid, Philip observing, with a sentimentality that seems highly apocryphal, that he had never brought home such precious game from any hunt before.[1]

This theatrical recognition of imperial descent was one among the many romantic incidents of Don John's picturesque career, for his life was never destined to know the commonplace. He now commenced his education, in company with his two nephews, the Duchess Margaret's son, and Don Carlos, Prince Royal of Spain. They were all of the same age, but the superiority of Don John was soon recognized. It was not difficult to surpass the limping, malicious Carlos, either in physical graces or intellectual accomplishments; but the graceful, urbane, and chivalrous Alexander, destined afterward to such wide celebrity, was a more formidable rival, yet even the professed panegyrist of the Farnese

[1] "Nunquam se jucundiorem venando prædam quam eo die retulisse domum."—Strada, x. 508. It must be borne in mind that the legends of Don John's boyhood have passed through the busy and inventive brain of Father Strada. Placed in a severe crucible, much of the romantic filigree would perhaps disappear, but the substance of his narrative is genuine. Compare V. d. Vynckt, ii. 219.

family exalts the son of Barbara Blomberg over the grandson of Margaret van Geest.[1]

Still destined for the clerical profession, Don John, at the age of eighteen, to avoid compliance with Philip's commands, made his escape to Barcelona. It was his intention to join the Maltese expedition. Recalled peremptorily by Philip, he was for a short time in disgrace, but afterward made his peace with the monarch by denouncing some of the mischievous schemes of Don Carlos. Between the prince royal and the imperial bastard there had always been a deep animosity, the Infante having on one occasion saluted him with the most vigorous and offensive appellation which his illegitimate birth could suggest. "Base-born or not," returned Don John, "at any rate I had a better father than yours."[2] The words were probably reported to Philip and doubtless rankled in his breast, but nothing appeared on the surface, and the youth rose rapidly in favor. In his twenty-third year he was appointed to the command of the famous campaign against the insurgent Moors of Granada. Here he reaped his first laurels and acquired great military celebrity. It is difficult to be dazzled by such glory. He commenced his operations by the expulsion of nearly all the Moorish inhabitants of Granada, bedridden men, women, and children together, and the cruelty inflicted, the sufferings patiently endured in that memorable deportation, were enormous. But few of the many thousand exiles survived the horrid march, those who were so unfortu-

[1] Strada, x. 509.

[2] "Hijo de puta." The anecdote is related by Van der Vynckt (ii. 220) on the authority of Amelot de la Houssaie. "Yo soy hijo de mejor padre."—Ibid.

nate as to do so being sold into slavery by their captors.[1] Still a few Moors held out in their mountain fastnesses, and two years long the rebellion of this handful made head against the power of Spain.[2] Had their envoys to the Porte succeeded in their negotiation, the throne of Philip might have trembled; but Selim hated the Republic of Venice as much as he loved the wine of Cyprus. While the Moors were gasping out their last breath in Granada and Ronda, the Turks had wrested the island of Venus from the grasp of the haughty republic. Famagusta had fallen; thousands of Venetians had been butchered with a ferocity which even Christians could not have surpassed; the famous General Bragadino had been flayed, stuffed, and sent hanging on the yard-arm of a frigate to Constantinople, as a present to the Commander of the Faithful; and the mortgage of Catherine Cornaro, to the exclusion of her husband's bastards, had been thus definitely canceled. With such practical enjoyments, Selim was indifferent to the splendid but shadowy vision of the Occidental califate; yet the revolt of the Moors was only terminated, after the departure of Don John, by the Duke of Arcos.

The war which the Sultan had avoided in the West came to seek him in the East. To lift the crucifix against the crescent, at the head of the powerful but quarrelsome alliance between Venice, Spain, and Rome, Don John arrived at Naples.[3] He brought with him more than a hundred ships and twenty-three thousand

[1] Strada, 509. De Thou, t. vi. liv. vi. 72 sqq.

[2] De Thou, t. vi. liv. xlviii. 212–215 (liv. xlix.). Compare Cabrera, liv. vii. 20, 21, sqq.

[3] Cabrera, ix. 675[a]. De Thou, vi. 226.

men, as the Spanish contingent. Three months long the hostile fleets had been cruising in the same waters without an encounter; three more were wasted in barren manœuvers. Neither Mussulman nor Christian had much inclination for the conflict, the Turk fearing the consequences of a defeat, by which gains already secured might be forfeited; the allies being appalled at the possibility of their own triumph. Nevertheless, the Ottomans manœuvered themselves at last into the Gulf of Lepanto, the Christians manœuvered themselves toward its mouth as the foe was coming forth again. The conflict thus rendered inevitable, both Turk and Christian became equally eager for the fray, equally confident of victory. Six hundred vessels of war met face to face. Rarely in history had so gorgeous a scene of martial array been witnessed. An October sun gilded the thousand beauties of an Ionian landscape. Athens and Corinth were behind the combatants; the mountains of Alexander's Macedon rose in the distance; the rock of Sappho and the heights of Actium were before their eyes. Since the day when the world had been lost and won beneath that famous promontory, no such combat as the one now approaching had been fought upon the waves. The chivalrous young commander despatched energetic messages to his fellow-chieftains, and now that it was no longer possible to elude the encounter, the martial ardor of the allies was kindled. The Venetian high admiral replied with words of enthusiasm. Colonna, lieutenant of the league, answered his chief in the language of St. Peter: "Though I die, yet will I not deny thee."[1]

[1] De Thou, t. vi. liv. l. 226 et seq. Cabrera, ix. cap. 24, 25. Brantôme, ii. 119 et seq. See the statements of Al-Hamet, after the battle, to the conqueror (Navarrete, Documentos Ineditos,

The fleet was arranged in three divisions. The Ottomans, not drawn up in crescent form, as usual, had the same triple disposition. Barbarigo and the other Venetians commanded on the left, John Andrew Doria on the right, while Don John himself and Colonna were in the center. Crucifix in hand, the high-admiral rowed from ship to ship, exhorting generals and soldiers to show themselves worthy of a cause which he had persuaded himself was holy.[1] Fired by his eloquence and by the sight of the enemy, his hearers answered with eager shouts, while Don John returned to his ship, knelt upon the quarter-deck, and offered a prayer. He then ordered the trumpets to sound the assault, commanded his sailing-master to lay him alongside the Turkish admiral, and the battle began. The Venetians, who were first attacked, destroyed ship after ship of their assailants after a close and obstinate contest; but Barbarigo fell dead ere the sunset, with an arrow through his brain. Meantime the action, immediately after the first onset, had become general. From noon till evening the battle raged, with a carnage rarely recorded in history. Don John's own ship lay yard-arm and yard-arm with the Turkish admiral, and exposed to the fire of seven large vessels besides. It was a day when personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded, and the imperial bastard showed the metal he was made of. The Turkish admiral's ship was destroyed, his head exposed

iii. 249–251). Total number of Christian ships, three hundred and thirty-six; of Turkish, two hundred and eighty-three (Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Ineditos, iii. 255, 256). "Etiamsi oporteat me mori, non te negabo."—Brantôme, Hommes Illust., ii. 122.

[1] Relacion cierta y verdadera, Documentos Ineditos, iii. 243. Compare De Thou, vi. 239–243; Brantôme, ii. 124.

from Don John's deck upon a pike, and the trophy became the signal for a general panic and a complete victory. By sunset the battle had been won.[1]

Of nearly three hundred Turkish galleys, but fifty made their escape. From twenty-five to thirty thousand Turks were slain, and perhaps ten thousand Christians. The galley-slaves on both sides fought well, and the only beneficial result of the victory was the liberation of several thousand Christian captives. It is true that their liberty was purchased with the lives of a nearly equal number of Christian soldiers, and by the reduction to slavery of almost as many thousand Mussulmans,[2] duly distributed among the Christian victors. Many causes contributed to this splendid triumph. The

[1] Relacion cierta y verdadera, 244. Cabrera, ix. cap. 25. De Thou, vi. 242 sqq. Brantôme, ii. 126 sqq.

[2] Cabrera says that thirty thousand Turks were slain, ten thousand made prisoners, ten thousand Christians killed, and fifteen thousand Christian prisoners liberated (ix. 693). De Thou's estimate is twenty-five thousand Turks killed, three thousand prisoners, and ten thousand Christians killed (vi. 247). Brantôme states the number of Turks killed at thirty thousand, *without counting* those who were drowned or who died afterward of their wounds; six thousand prisoners, twelve thousand Christian prisoners liberated, and ten thousand Christians killed. Hoofd (vi. 214) gives the figures at twenty-five thousand Turks and ten thousand Christians slain. Bor (v. 354ª, t. i.) makes a minute estimate, on the authority of Pietro Contareno, stating the number of Christians killed at seven thousand six hundred and fifty, that of Turks at twenty-five thousand one hundred and fifty, Turkish prisoners at three thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and Christians liberated at twelve thousand; giving the number of Turkish ships destroyed at eighty, captured fifty. According to the Relacion cierta y verdadera (which was drawn up a few days after the action), the number of Turks slain was "thirty thousand and upward, besides many prisoners"; that of Christians killed was seven

Turkish ships, inferior in number, were also worse manned than those of their adversaries, and their men were worse armed. Every bullet of the Christians told on muslin turbans and embroidered tunics, while the arrows of the Moslems fell harmless on the casques and corselets of their foes. The Turks, too, had committed the fatal error of fighting upon a lee shore. Having no sea-room, and being repelled in their first onset, many galleys were driven upon the rocks, to be destroyed with all their crews.[1]

But whatever the cause of the victory, its consequence was to spread the name and fame of Don John of Austria throughout the world. Alva wrote with enthusiasm to congratulate him, pronouncing the victory the most brilliant one ever achieved by Christians, and Don John

thousand, of Christian slaves liberated twelve thousand, of Ottoman ships taken or destroyed two hundred and thirty (Documentos Ineditos, iii. 249). Philip sent an express order forbidding the ransoming of even the captive officers (Carta de F. II. à D. I. de Zuñiga, Documentos Ineditos, iii. 236). The Turkish slaves were divided among the victors in the proportion of one half to Philip and one half to the pope and Venice. The other booty was distributed on the same principle. Out of the pope's share Don John received, as a present, one hundred and seventy-four slaves (Documentos Ineditos, iii. 229). Alexander of Parma received thirty slaves; Requesens thirty. To each general of infantry were assigned six slaves; to each colonel four; to each ship's captain one. The number of "slaves in chains" (*esclavos de cadena*) allotted to Philip was thirty-six hundred (Documentos Ineditos, iii. 257). Seven thousand two hundred Turkish slaves, therefore, at least, were divided among Christians. This number of wretches, who were not fortunate enough to die with their twenty-five thousand comrades, must be set off against the twelve thousand Christian slaves liberated, in the general settlement of the account with humanity.

[1] De Thou, vi. 245, 246, 247.

the greatest general since the death of Julius Cæsar. At the same time, with a sarcastic fling at the erection of the Escorial, he advised Philip to improve this new success in some more practical way than by building a house for the Lord and a sepulcher for the dead. "If," said the duke, "the conquests of Spain be extended in consequence of this triumph, then, indeed, will the cherubim and seraphim sing glory to God."[1] A courier, despatched post-haste to Spain, bore the glorious news, together with the sacred standard of the prophet, the holy of holies, inscribed with the name of Allah twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times, always kept in Mecca during peace, and never since the conquest of Constantinople lost in battle before. The king was at vespers in the Escorial. Entering the sacred precincts, breathless, travel-stained, excited, the messenger found Philip impassible as marble to the wondrous news. Not a muscle of the royal visage was moved, not a syllable escaped the royal lips, save a brief order to the clergy to continue the interrupted vespers. When the service had been methodically concluded, the king made known the intelligence and requested a Te Deum.[2]

The youthful commander-in-chief obtained more than his full meed of glory. No doubt he had fought with brilliant courage, yet in so close and murderous a conflict the valor of no single individual could decide the day, and the result was due to the combined determination of all. Had Don John remained at Naples, the

[1] Parabien del Duque de Alba, Documentos Ineditos, iii. 270–287.

[2] Relacion por Luis del Marmol, Documentos Ineditos, iii. 270–273.

issue might have easily been the same. Barbarigo, who sealed the victory with his blood; Colonna, who celebrated a solemn triumph on his return to Rome; Parma, Doria, Giustiniani, Venieri, might each as well have claimed a monopoly of the glory, had not the pope, at Philip's entreaty, conferred the baton of command upon Don John.[1] The meager result of the contest is as notorious as the victory. While Constantinople was quivering with apprehension, the rival generals were already wrangling with animosity. Had the Christian fleet advanced, every soul would have fled from the capital; but Providence had ordained otherwise, and Don John sailed westwardly with his ships. He made a descent on the Barbary coast, captured Tunis, destroyed Bizerta, and brought King Amidas and his two sons prisoners to Italy. Ordered by Philip to dismantle the fortifications of Tunis, he replied by repairing them thoroughly and by placing a strong garrison within the citadel. Intoxicated with his glory, the young adventurer already demanded a crown, and the pope was disposed to proclaim him King of Tunis, for the Queen of the Libyan Sea was to be the capital of his empire, the new Carthage which he already dreamed.

Philip thought it time to interfere, for he felt that his own crown might be insecure, with such a restless and ambitious spirit indulging in possible and impossible chimeras. He removed John de Soto, who had been Don John's chief councilor and emissary to the

[1] De Thou, vi. 243. Compare Cabrera, ix. 689[b]; Brantôme, ii. 133. Even Don John's favorite monkey distinguished itself in the action. The creature is reported to have picked up a shell which had fallen upon a holy shrine close at its master's feet, and to have thrown it overboard (Van der Hammen y Leon, iii. 180).

pope, and substituted in his place the celebrated and ill-starred Escovedo.[1] The new secretary, however, entered as heartily but secretly into all these romantic schemes.[2] Disappointed of the empire which he had contemplated on the edge of the African desert, the champion of the cross turned to the cold islands of the northern seas. There sighed in captivity the beauteous Mary of Scotland, victim of the heretic Elizabeth. His susceptibility to the charms of beauty—a characteristic as celebrated as his courage—was excited, his chivalry aroused. What holier triumph for the conqueror of the Saracens than the subjugation of these northern infidels? He would dethrone the proud Elizabeth; he would liberate and espouse the Queen of Scots, and together they would reign over the two united realms. All that the pope could do with bulls and blessings, letters of excommunication and patents of investiture, he did with his whole heart. Don John was at liberty to be King of England and Scotland as soon as he liked;[3] all that was left to do was to conquer the kingdoms.

Meantime, while these schemes were flitting through

[1] De Thou, Brantôme, Cabrera, in locis citatis. Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Van der Vynckt, ii. 221. Bor, xi. 840, 841. Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones (Geneva, 1644), p. 297.

[2] Bor, xi. 840, 841. Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 112. Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, pp. 298, 299.

[3] Strada, x. 511. Bor, xi. 840, 841. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 221. De Thou, vii. 549. "Y dixo le el nuncio que havia tenido un despacho de Roma, en que le avisa haver llegado alta otro, del Señor Don Juan en cifra sobre lo de Inglaterra pidiendo á su sanctidad favor para alto de persona (y aun con la investidura del Reyno en la persona de Don Juan como se entendió despues), bullas, breves, dinero, y que assy se le havia embiado persona con todo ello."—Memorial de Antonio Perez, Obras y Relaciones, p. 303.

his brain, and were yet kept comparatively secret by the pope, Escovedo, and himself, the news reached him in Italy that he had been appointed governor-general of the Netherlands.[1] Nothing could be more opportune. In the provinces were ten thousand veteran Spaniards, ripe for adventure, hardened by years of warfare, greedy for gold, audacious almost beyond humanity, the very instruments for his scheme. The times were critical in the Netherlands, it was true; yet he would soon pacify those paltry troubles, and then sweep forward to his prize. Yet events were rushing forward with such feverish rapidity that he might be too late for his adventure. Many days were lost in the necessary journey from Italy into Spain to receive the final instructions of the king. The news from the provinces grew more and more threatening. With the impetuosity and romance of his temperament, he selected his confidential friend Ottavio Gonzaga, six men-at-arms, and an adroit and well-experienced Swiss courier who knew every road of France.[2] It was no light adventure for the Catholic governor-general of the Netherlands to traverse the kingdom at that particular juncture. Staining his bright locks and fair face to the complexion of a Moor, he started on his journey, attired as the servant of Gonzaga. Arriving at Paris, after a rapid journey, he descended at a hostelry opposite the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Don Diego de Cuñiga. After nightfall he had a secret interview with that functionary, and learning, among other matters, that there was to be a great ball that night at the Louvre, he determined to go thither in disguise. There, notwithstand-

[1] Strada, x. 510. De Thou, vii. 391.

[2] Brantôme, ii. 137. Strada, ix. 423. Cabrera, xi. 874.

ing his hurry, he had time to see and to become desperately enamoured of "that wonder of beauty," the fair and frail Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre. Her subsequent visit to her young adorer at Namur, to be recorded in a future page of this history, was destined to mark the last turning-point in his picturesque career. On his way to the Netherlands he held a rapid interview with the Duke of Guise, to arrange his schemes for the liberation and espousal of that noble's kinswoman, the Scottish queen; and on the 3d of November he arrived at Luxemburg.[1]

There stood the young conqueror of Lepanto, his brain full of schemes, his heart full of hopes, on the threshold of the Netherlands, at the entrance to what he believed the most brilliant chapter of his life—schemes, hopes, and visions doomed speedily to fade before the cold reality with which he was to be confronted. Throwing off his disguise after reaching Luxemburg, the youthful paladin stood confessed. His appearance was as romantic as his origin and his exploits. Every contemporary chronicler, French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Roman, has dwelt upon his personal beauty and the singular fascination of his manner.[2] Symmetrical features, blue eyes of great vivacity, and a profusion of bright curling hair, were combined with a person not much above middle height, but perfectly well proportioned. Owing to a natural peculiarity of his head, the hair fell backward from the temples, and he had acquired the habit of pushing it

[1] Cabrera, xi. 874. Strada, ix. 423. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 222. Bor, ix. 742. Brantôme, ii. 137, 138. Hoofd, xi. 472.

[2] Meteren, vi. 119. Bentivoglio, etc., 218. Brantôme, ii. 150. Strada, x. 509. J. B. Tassis, iv. 326.

from his brows. The custom became a fashion among the host of courtiers who were but too happy to glass themselves in so brilliant a mirror. As Charles V., on his journey to Italy to assume the iron crown, had caused his hair to be clipped close, as a remedy for the headaches with which, at that momentous epoch, he was tormented, bringing thereby close-shaven polls into extreme fashion, so a mass of hair pushed backward from the temples, in the style to which the name of John of Austria was appropriated, became the prevailing mode wherever the favorite son of the emperor appeared.[1]

Such was the last crusader whom the annals of chivalry were to know—the man who had humbled the crescent as it had not been humbled since the days of the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Plantagenets; yet, after all, what was this brilliant adventurer when weighed against the tranquil Christian champion whom he was to meet face to face? The contrast was striking between the real and the romantic hero. Don John had pursued and achieved glory through victories with which the world was ringing; William was slowly compassing a country's emancipation through a series of defeats. He molded a commonwealth and united hearts with as much contempt for danger as Don John had exhibited in scenes of slave-driving and carnage. Amid fields of blood and through webs of tortuous intrigue, the brave and subtle son of the emperor pursued only his own objects. Tawdry schemes of personal ambition, conquests for his own benefit, impossible crowns for his own wearing, were the motives which impelled him, and the prizes which he sought. His ex-

[1] Strada, x. 513, 514.

istence was feverish, fitful, and passionate. "Tranquil amid the raging billows," according to his favorite device, the father of his country waved aside the diadem which for him had neither charms nor meaning. Their characters were as contrasted as their persons. The curled darling of chivalry seemed a youth at thirty-one. Spare of figure, plain in apparel, benignant but haggard of countenance, with temples bared by anxiety as much as by his helmet, earnest, almost devout, in manner, in his own words, "Calvus et Calvinista,"[1] William of Orange was an old man at forty-three.

Perhaps there was as much good faith on the part of Don John, when he arrived in Luxemburg, as could be expected of a man coming directly from the cabinet of Philip. The king had secretly instructed him to conciliate the provinces, but to concede nothing,[2] for the governor was only a new incarnation of the insane paradox that benignity and the system of Charles V. were one. He was directed to restore the government to its state during the imperial epoch.[3] Seventeen provinces, in two of which the population were all dissenters, in all of which the principle of mutual toleration had just been accepted by Catholics and Protestants, were now to be brought back to the condition according to which all Protestants were beheaded, burned, or buried alive.

[1] Gachard, Corresp. Guillaume le Tacit., iii. pref. lxiii. and note. Compare Strada, ix. 44. "Aerschoti Duci . . . nudato capite subridens, Vides inquit hoc calvitum, scito me non magis capite quam corde calvum esse."—Strada, ix. 434, 435.

[2] Instruccion Secreta qu'el Rey D. Felipe II., diò al Son. D. J. de Austria, escrivio la de mano propria, Bibl. de Bourgogne, MS., No. xvii. 385.

[3] "Que se vuelvan las cosas al govierno y pie antiguo del tiempo del emperador," etc.—Ibid.

So that the Inquisition, the absolute authority of the monarch, and the exclusive worship of the Roman Church were preserved intact, the king professed himself desirous of "extinguishing the fires of rebellion, and of saving the people from the last desperation." With these slight exceptions, Philip was willing to be very benignant. "More than this," said he, "cannot and ought not be conceded."[1] To these brief but pregnant instructions was added a morsel of advice, personal in its nature, but very characteristic of the writer. Don John was recommended to take great care of his soul, and also to be very cautious in the management of his amours.[2]

Thus counseled and secretly directed, the new captain-general had been dismissed to the unhappy Netherlands. The position, however, was necessarily false. The man who was renowned for martial exploits and notoriously devoured by ambition could hardly inspire deep confidence in the pacific dispositions of the government. The crusader of Granada and Lepanto, the champion of the ancient Church, was not likely to please the rugged Zealanders who had let themselves be hacked to pieces rather than say one Paternoster, and who had worn crescents in their caps at Leyden to prove their deeper hostility to the pope than to the Turk. The imperial bastard would derive but slight consideration from his paternal blood in a country

[1] ". . . Salvando la Religion y mi obediencia, quanto se puede llegando las cosas a estos terminos presupuestos que conviene atajar este fuego y no dexar llegar aquella gente a la ultima desperacion. Y con ello se cierre todo que se deve conceder," etc. —Instruccion Secreta, MS.

[2] ". . . Lo de la quenta con su alma. . . . Andar con tiento en los amores," etc.—Ibid.

where illegitimate birth was more unfavorably regarded than in most other countries, and where a Brabantine edict, recently issued in name of the king, deprived all political or civil functionaries not born in wedlock of their offices.[1] Yet he had received instructions, at his departure, to bring about a pacification, if possible, always maintaining, however, the absolute authority of the crown and the exclusive exercise of the Catholic religion. How the two great points of his instructions were to be made entirely palatable was left to time and chance. There was a vague notion that with the new governor's fame, fascinating manners, and imperial parentage he might accomplish a result which neither fraud nor force—not the arts of Granvelle, nor the atrocity of Alva, nor the licentiousness of a bucaneering soldiery—had been able to effect. As for Don John himself, he came with no definite plans for the Netherlanders, but with very daring projects of his own, and to pursue these misty visions was his main business on arriving in the provinces. In the meantime he was disposed to settle the Netherland difficulty in some showy, offhand fashion, which should cost him but little trouble, and occasion no detriment to the cause of papacy or absolutism. Unfortunately for these rapid arrangements, William of Orange was in Zealand, and the Pacification had just been signed at Ghent.

It was, naturally, with very little satisfaction that the prince beheld the arrival of Don John. His sagacious combinations would henceforth be impeded, if not wholly frustrated. This he foresaw. He knew that there could be no intention of making any ar-

[1] Bor, ix. 673. The edict was dated 26th of March, 1576.

rangement in which Holland and Zealand could be included. He was confident that any recognition of the Reformed religion was as much out of the question now as ever. He doubted not that there were many Catholic magnates, wavering politicians, aspirants for royal favor, who would soon be ready to desert the cause which had so recently been made a general cause, and who would soon be undermining the work of their own hands. The Pacification of Ghent would never be maintained in letter and spirit by the vicegerent of Philip, for, however its sense might be commented upon or perverted, the treaty, while it recognized Catholicism as the state religion, conceded, to a certain extent, liberty of conscience. An immense stride had been taken by abolishing the edicts and prohibiting persecution. If that step were now retraced, the new religion was doomed, and the liberties of Holland and Zealand destroyed. "If they make an arrangement with Don John, it will be for us of the religion to run," wrote the prince to his brother, "for their intention is to suffer no person of that faith to have a fixed domicile in the Netherlands."[1] It was therefore with a calm determination to counteract and crush the policy of the youthful governor that William the Silent awaited his antagonist. Were Don John admitted to confidence, the peace of Holland and Zealand was gone. Therefore it was necessary to combat him both openly and secretly —by loud remonstrance and by invisible stratagem. What chance had the impetuous and impatient young hero in such an encounter with the foremost statesman of the age? He had arrived with all the self-confidence of a conqueror; he did not know that he was to be

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 544.

played upon like a pipe, to be caught in meshes spread by his own hands, to struggle blindly, to rage impotently, to die ingloriously.

The prince had lost no time in admonishing the States-General as to the course which should now be pursued. He was of opinion that upon their conduct at this crisis depended the future destinies of the Netherlands. "If we understand how to make proper use of the new governor's arrival," said he, "it may prove very advantageous to us; if not, it will be the commencement of our total ruin."[1] The spirit of all his communications was to infuse the distrust which he honestly felt, and which he certainly took no pains to disguise; to impress upon his countrymen the importance of improving the present emergency by the enlargement, instead of the threatened contraction, of their liberties; and to enforce with all his energy the necessity of a firm union. He assured the estates that Don John had been sent in this simple manner to the country because the king and cabinet had begun to despair of carrying their point by force. At the same time he warned them that force would doubtless be replaced by fraud. He expressed his conviction that so soon as Don John should attain the ascendancy which he had been sent to secure the gentleness which now smiled upon the surface would give place to the deadlier purposes which lurked below. He went so far as distinctly to recommend the seizure of Don John's person. By so doing, much bloodshed might be saved; for such was the king's respect for the emperor's son that their demands would be granted rather than that his liberty should be permanently endangered.[2] In a very striking and elaborate letter

[1] Archives et Correspondance, v. 495. [2] Ibid., v. 496.

which he addressed from Middelburg to the States-General, he insisted on the expediency of seizing the present opportunity in order to secure and to expand their liberties, and urged them to assert broadly the principle that the true historical polity of the Netherlands was a representative, constitutional government. Don John, on arriving at Luxemburg, had demanded hostages for his own security, a measure which could not but strike the calmest spectator as an infraction of all provincial rights. "He asks you to disarm," continued William of Orange, "he invites you to furnish hostages; but the time has been when the lord of the land came unarmed and uncovered before the States-General, and swore to support the constitutions before his own sovereignty could be recognized."

He reiterated his suspicions as to the honest intentions of the government, and sought, as forcibly as possible, to infuse an equal distrust into the minds of those he addressed. "Antwerp," said he, "once the powerful and blooming, now the most forlorn and desolate city of Christendom, suffered because she dared to exclude the king's troops. You may be sure that you are all to have a place at the same banquet. We may forget the past, but princes never forget when the means of vengeance are placed within their hands. Nature teaches them to arrive at their end by fraud when violence will not avail them. Like little children, they whistle to the birds they would catch. Promises and pretenses they will furnish in plenty."[1]

He urged them on no account to begin any negotiation with the governor, except on the basis of the im-

[1] Letter to the States-General, 30th of November, 1576, in Bor, x. 747, 748, 749.

mediate departure of the soldiery. "Make no agreement with him, unless the Spanish and other foreign troops have been sent away beforehand; beware, meantime, of disbanding your own, for that were to put the knife into his hands to cut your own throats withal."[1] He then proceeded to sketch the outlines of a negotiation such as he could recommend. The plan was certainly sufficiently bold, and it could hardly cause astonishment if it were not immediately accepted by Don John as the basis of an arrangement. "Remember *this is not play*," said the prince, "and that you have to choose between the two, either total ruin or manly self-defense. Don John must command the immediate departure of the Spaniards. All our privileges must be revised, and an oath to maintain them required. New councils of state and finance must be appointed by the estates. The general assembly ought to have power to come together twice or thrice yearly, and, indeed, as often as they choose. The States-General must administer and regulate all affairs. The citadels must be demolished everywhere. No troops ought to be enlisted, nor garrisons established, without the consent of the estates."[2]

In all the documents, whether public memorials or private letters, which came at this period from the hand of the prince, he assumed, as a matter of course, that in any arrangement with the new governor the Pacification of Ghent was to be maintained. This, too, was the determination of almost every man in the country. Don John, soon after his arrival at Luxemburg, had despatched messengers to the States-General, informing

[1] "Het ware hem het mes in de hand. gegeven daer mede hy u den hals soude afsnyden," etc.—Letter to States-General, etc., in Bor, x. 748.

[2] Ibid.

them of his arrival. It was not before the close of the month of November that the negotiations seriously began. Provost Fonck, on the part of the governor, then informed them of Don John's intention to enter Namur, attended by fifty mounted troopers.[1] Permission, however, was resolutely refused, and the burghers of Namur were forbidden to render oaths of fidelity until the governor should have complied with the preliminary demands of the estates.[2] To enunciate these demands categorically, a deputation of the States-General came to Luxemburg.[3] These gentlemen were received with courtesy by Don John, but their own demeanor was not conciliatory. A dislike to the Spanish government, a disloyalty to the monarch with whose brother and representative they were dealing, pierced through all their language. On the other hand, the ardent temper of Don John was never slow to take offense. One of the deputies proposed to the governor, with great coolness, that he should assume the government in his own name and renounce the authority of Philip. Were he willing to do so, the patriotic gentleman pledged himself that the provinces would at once acknowledge him as sovereign and sustain his government. Don John, enraged at the insult to his own loyalty which the proposition implied, drew his dagger and rushed toward the offender. The deputy would probably have paid for his audacity with his life had there not been bystanders enough to prevent the catastrophe. This scene was an unsatisfactory prelude to the opening negotiations.[4]

[1] Bor, x. 761. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., x. 762.

[4] Strada, x. 512. The anecdote is, however, related differently by other historians, according to some of whom the intima-

On the 6th of December the deputies presented to the governor at Luxemburg a paper containing their demands, drawn up in eight articles, and their concessions, in ten.[1] The states insisted on the immediate removal of the troops, with the understanding that they were never to return, but without prohibition of their departure by sea; they demanded the immediate release of all prisoners; they insisted on the maintenance of the Ghent treaty, *there being nothing therein* which did not tend to the *furtherance* of the *Catholic* religion; they claimed an act of amnesty; they required the convocation of the States-General, on the basis of that assembly before which took place the abdication of Charles V.; they demanded an oath, on the part of Don John, to maintain all the charters and customs of the country.

Should these conditions be complied with, the deputies consented, on the part of the estates, that he should be acknowledged as governor, and that the Catholic religion and the authority of his Majesty should be maintained. They agreed that all foreign leagues should be renounced, their own foreign soldiery disbanded, and a

tion was made indirectly on the part of the Prince of Orange, through Elbertus Leoninus, to Don John, that if he chose to assume the sovereignty himself he might rely on the support of the Protestants and patriot party. According to the same authorities, Don John neither accepted nor rejected the offer. See Ev. Reid. Ann., ii. 27; Wagenaer, vii. 237. Compare V. d. Vynckt, who relates the circumstance much in the same manner as Strada (V. d. Vynckt, ii. 227, 228); also Tassis (iii. 241), who states that the governor was so angry with the deputy "ut punire audaciam propriis manibus vix abstinuerit." Compare Elbertus Leoninus in J. P. van Cappelle, Bijdragen tot de Gesch. der Ned., 47–49. The story of Reidani is entirely improbable, and is consistent with the character of neither of the principal personages implicated.

[1] See the articles in Bor, x. 762, 763.

guard of honor, native Netherlanders, such as his Majesty was contented with at his "blithe entrance," provided. A truce of fifteen days, for negotiations, was furthermore proposed.[1]

Don John made answers to these propositions by adding a brief comment, as apostil,[2] upon each of the eighteen articles in succession. He would send away the troops, but, at the same time, the states must disband their own. He declined engaging himself not to recall his foreign soldiery, should necessity require their service. With regard to the Ghent Pacification, he professed himself ready for a general peace negotiation, on condition that the supremacy of the Catholic Church and the authority of his Majesty were properly secured. He would settle upon some act of amnesty after due consultation with the state council. He was willing that the states should be convoked in general assembly, provided sufficient security were given him that nothing should be there transacted prejudicial to the Catholic religion and the king's sovereignty. As for their privileges, he would govern as had been done *in the time of his imperial father.* He expressed his satisfaction with most of the promises offered by the estates, particularly with their expression in favor of the Church and of his Majesty's authority, the two all-important points to secure which he had come thither unattended, at the peril of his life; but he received their offer of a body-guard, by which his hirelings were to be superseded, with very little gratitude. He was on the point, he said, of advancing as far as Marche-en-Famene, and should take with him as strong a guard as he considered neces-

[1] See the articles in Bor, x. 762, 763.

[2] Ibid.

sary, and composed of such troops as he had at hand.[1] Nothing decisive came of this first interview. The parties had taken the measures of their mutual claims, and after a few days' fencing with apostils, replies, and rejoinders, they separated, their acrimony rather inflamed than appeased.

The departure of the troops and the Ghent treaty were the vital points in the negotiations. The estates had originally been content that the troops should go by sea. Their suspicions were, however, excited by the pertinacity with which Don John held to this mode of removal. Although they did not suspect the mysterious invasion of England, a project which was the real reason why the governor objected to their departure by land,[2] yet they soon became aware that he had been secretly tampering with the troops at every point. The effect of these secret negotiations with the leading officers of the army was a general expression of their unwillingness, on account of the lateness of the season, the difficult and dangerous condition of the roads and mountain-passes, the plague in Italy, and other pretexts, to undertake so long a journey by land.[3] On the other hand, the states, seeing the anxiety and the duplicity of Don John upon this particular point, came to the resolution to thwart him at all hazards, and insisted on the land journey. Too long a time, too much money, too many ships would be necessary, they said, to forward so large a force by sea, and in the meantime it would be necessary to permit them to live for another indefinite period at the charge of the estates.[4]

[1] Bor, x. 762, 763.
[2] Ibid., x. 765. Hoofd, xi. 479. Compare Strada, ix. 429.
[3] Bor, x. 765, 766.
[4] Ibid., x. 766. Hoofd, xi. 479, 480.

With regard to the Ghent Pacification, the estates, in the course of December, procured an express opinion from the eleven professors of theology and doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain that the treaty contained nothing which conflicted with the supremacy of the Catholic religion.[1] The various bishops, deacons, abbots, and pastors of the Netherlands made a similar decision.[2] An elaborate paper, drawn up by the state council at the request of the States-General, declared that there was nothing in the Pacification derogatory to the supreme authority of his Majesty.[3] Thus fortified with opinions which, it must be confessed, were rather dogmatically than argumentatively drawn up, and which it would have been difficult very logically to defend, the states looked forward confidently to the eventual acceptance by Don John of the terms proposed. In the meantime, while there was still an indefinite pause in the negotiations, a remarkable measure came to aid the efficacy of the Ghent Pacification.

Early in January, 1577, the celebrated "Union of Brussels" was formed.[4] This important agreement was originally signed by eight leading personages, the Abbot of St. Gertrude, the Counts Lalain and Bossu, and the Seigneur de Champagny being among the number. Its tenor was to engage its signers to compass the immediate expulsion of the Spaniards and the execution of the Ghent Pacification, to maintain the Catholic religion and the king's authority, and to defend the fatherland and all its constitutions. Its motive was

[1] See the document in Bor, x. 766.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., x. 768, opinion of the state council.

[4] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Dewez, Hist. Gen. de la Belg., vi. 58, 59. Gr. v. Prinsterer, v. 589 sqq. Bor, x. 769.

to generalize the position assumed by the Ghent treaty. The new act was to be signed, not by a few special deputies alone, like a diplomatic convention, but by all the leading individuals of all the provinces, in order to exhibit to Don John such an array of united strength that he would find himself forced to submit to the demands of the estates.[1] The tenor, motive, and effect were all as had been proposed and foreseen. The agreement to expel the Spaniards, under the Catholic and loyal manifestations indicated, passed from hand to hand through all the provinces. It soon received the signature and support of all the respectability, wealth, and intelligence of the whole country. Nobles, ecclesiastics, citizens, hastened to give to it their adhesion. The States-General had sent it, by solemn resolution, to every province, in order that every man might be forced to range himself either upon the side of the fatherland or of despotism. Two copies of the signatures procured in each province were ordered, of which one was to be deposited in its archives, and the other forwarded to Brussels. In a short time every province, with the single exception of Luxemburg, had loaded the document with signatures. This was a great step in advance. The Ghent Pacification, which was in the nature of a treaty between the prince and the estates of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and a certain number of provinces on the other, had only been signed by the envoys of the contracting parties. Though received with deserved and universal acclamation, it had not the authority of a popular document. This, however, was the character studiously impressed upon the Brussels Union. The people, subdivided according to

[1] Bor, x. 769, 770, and Meteren, vi. 116, 117.

the various grades of their social hierarchy, had been solemnly summoned to council, and had deliberately recorded their conviction. No restraint had been put upon their freedom of action, and there was hardly a difference of opinion as to the necessity of the measure.[1]

A rapid revolution in Friesland, Groningen, and the dependencies had recently restored that important country to the national party. The Portuguese De Billy had been deprived of his authority as king's stadholder, and Count Hoogstraaten's brother, Baron de Ville, afterward as Count Renneberg infamous for his treason to the cause of liberty, had been appointed by the estates in his room.[2] In all this district the Union of Brussels was eagerly signed by men of every degree. Holland and Zealand, no less than the Catholic provinces of the south, willingly accepted the compromise which was thus laid down, and which was thought to be not only an additional security for the past, not only a pillar more for the maintenance of the Ghent Pacification, but also a sure precursor of a closer union in the future. The Union of Brussels became, in fact, the stepping-stone to the "Union of Utrecht," itself the foundation-stone of a republic destined to endure more than two centuries. On the other hand, this early union held the seed of its own destruction within itself. It was not surprising, however, that a strong declaration in favor of the Catholic religion should be contained in a document intended for circulation through all the provinces. The object was to unite as large a force

[1] De Jonghe, De Unie van Brussel. Hoofd, xi. 479, 480. Meteren, vi. 116. Dewez, Hist. Gen. de la Belgique, vi. c. ix. 56–68. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 589 sqq.

[2] Bor, x. 750–752. Hoofd, xi. 473–475.

and to make as striking a demonstration before the eyes of the governor-general as was practicable under the circumstances. The immediate purpose was answered, temporary union was formed, but it was impossible that a permanent crystallization should take place where so strong a dissolvent as the Catholic clause had been admitted. In the sequel, therefore, the union fell asunder precisely at this fatal flaw. The next union [1] was that which definitely separated the provinces into Protestant and Catholic, into self-governing republics and the dependencies of a distant despotism. The immediate effect, however, of the Brussels Union was to rally all lovers of the fatherland and haters of a foreign tyranny upon one vital point—the expulsion of the stranger from the land. The foot of the Spanish soldier should no longer profane their soil. All men were forced to pronounce themselves boldly and unequivocally, in order that the patriots might stand shoulder to shoulder, and the traitors be held up to infamy. This measure was in strict accordance with the advice given more than once by the Prince of Orange, and was almost in literal fulfilment of the Compromise, which he had sketched before the arrival of Don John.[2]

The deliberations were soon resumed with the new governor, the scene being shifted from Luxemburg to Huy.[3] Hither came a fresh deputation from the States-

[1] The "new or closer Union of Brussels," however admirable as a manifestation and important as an example, cannot, from its very brief duration, be considered as anything but an unsuccessful attempt at union.

[2] Avis du Prince d'Orange, etc., Archives, etc., v. 437 sqq.

[3] Bor, x. 771.

General, many signers of the Brussels Union among them, and were received by Don John with stately courtesy. They had, however, come determined to carry matters with a high and firm hand, being no longer disposed to brook his imperious demeanor, nor to tolerate his dilatory policy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the courtesy soon changed to bitterness, and that attack and recrimination usurped the place of the dignified but empty formalities which had characterized the interviews at Luxemburg.[1]

The envoys, particularly Sweveghem and Champagny, made no concealment of their sentiments toward the Spanish soldiery and the Spanish nation, and used a freedom of tone and language which the petulant soldier had not been accustomed to hear. He complained, at the outset, that the Netherlanders seemed new-born—that instead of bending the knee, they seemed disposed to grasp the scepter. Insolence had taken the place of pliancy, and the former slave now applied the chain and whip to his master. With such exacerbation of temper at the commencement of negotiations, their progress was of necessity stormy and slow.[2]

The envoys now addressed three concise questions to the governor: Was he satisfied that the Ghent Pacification contained nothing conflicting with the Roman religion and the king's authority? If so, was he willing to approve that treaty in all its articles? Was he ready to dismiss his troops at once, and by land, the sea-voyage being liable to too many objections?[3]

[1] Bor, x. 772, 773. Tassis, iii. 246.

[2] " . . . Austriacum non lenibus nec modestis modis sed loris ac fustibus ut servum ad suam voluntatem adigere," etc.—Tassis, iii. 246.

[3] Bor, x. 773.

Don John answered these three questions—which, in reality, were but three forms of a single question—upon the same day, the 24th of January. His reply was as complex as the demand had been simple. It consisted of a proposal in six articles, and a requisition in twenty-one, making in all twenty-seven articles. Substantially he proposed to dismiss the foreign troops, to effect a general pacification of the Netherlands, to govern on the basis of the administration in his imperial father's reign, to arrange affairs in and with regard to the assembly-general as the king should judge to be fitting, to forgive and forget past offenses, and to release all prisoners. On the other hand, he required the estates to pay the troops before their departure, and to provide ships enough to transport them, as the Spaniards did not choose to go by land, and as the deputies at Luxemburg had consented to their removal by sea. Furthermore, he demanded that the states should dismiss their own troops. He required ecclesiastical authority to prove the Ghent Pacification not prejudicial to the Catholic religion; legal authority that it was not detrimental to his Majesty's supremacy; and an oath from the States-General to uphold both points inviolably, and to provide for their maintenance in Holland and Zealand. He claimed the right to employ about his person soldiers and civil functionaries of any nation he might choose, and he exacted from the states a promise to prevent the Prince of Orange from removing his son, Count van Buren, forcibly or fraudulently, from his domicile in Spain.[1]

The deputies were naturally indignant at this elaborate trifling. They had, in reality, asked him but one

[1] Articles in Bor, x. 772, 773.

question, and that a simple one—Would he maintain the treaty of Ghent? Here were twenty-seven articles in reply, and yet no answer to that question. They sat up all night, preparing a violent protocol, by which the governor's claims were to be utterly demolished. Early in the morning they waited upon his Highness, presented the document, and at the same time asked him plainly, by word of mouth, did he or did he not intend to uphold the treaty. Thus pressed into a corner in presence of the deputies, the members of the state council who were in attendance from Brussels, and the envoys whom the emperor had recently sent to assist at these deliberations, the governor answered no. He would not and could not maintain the treaty, because the Spanish troops were in that instrument denounced as rebels, because he would not consent to the release of Count van Buren, and on account of various other reasons not then specified.[1] Hereupon ensued a fierce debate, and all day long the altercation lasted, without a result being reached. At ten o'clock in the evening, the deputies, having previously retired for a brief interval, returned with a protest[2] that they were not to be held responsible for the termination of the proceedings, and that they washed their hands of the bloodshed which might follow the rupture. Upon reading this document, Don John fell into a blazing passion. He vehemently denounced the deputies as traitors. He swore that men who came to him thus prepared with ready-made protests in their pockets were rebels from the commencement and had never intended any agreement with him. His language and gestures expressed

[1] Bor, x. 772, 774.

[2] See the protest in Bor, x. 774, 775.

unbounded fury. He was weary of their ways, he said. They had better look to themselves, for the king would never leave their rebellion unpunished. He was ready to draw the sword at once,—not his own, but his Majesty's,—and they might be sure that the war which they were thus provoking should be the fiercest ever waged.[1] More abusive language in this strain was uttered, but it was not heard with lamblike submission. The day had gone by when the deputies of the States-General were wont to quail before the wrath of vicarious royalty. The fiery words of Don John were not oil to troubled water, but a match to a mine. The passions of the deputies exploded in their turn, and from hot words they had nearly come to hard blows. One of the deputies replied with so much boldness and vehemence that the governor, seizing a heavy silver bell which stood on the table, was about to hurl it at the offender's head, when an energetic and providential interference on the part of the imperial envoys prevented the unseemly catastrophe.[2]

The day thus unprofitably spent had now come to its close, and the deputies left the presence of Don John with tempers as inflamed as his own. They were therefore somewhat surprised at being awakened in their beds, after midnight, by a certain Father Trigoso, who came to them with a conciliatory message from the governor. While they were still rubbing their eyes with sleep and astonishment, the Duke of Aerschot, the Bishop of Liège, and several councilors of state entered the room. These personages brought the news that Don John had at last consented to maintain the Pacification of Ghent, as would appear by a note written in

[1] Bor, x. 775. [2] Tassis, iii. 246.

his own hand, which was then delivered. The billet was eagerly read, but unfortunately did not fulfil the anticipations which had been excited. "I agree," said Don John, "to approve the peace made between the states and the Prince of Orange, on condition that nothing therein may seem detrimental to the authority of his Majesty and the supremacy of the Catholic religion, and also with reservation of the points mentioned in my last communication."[1]

Men who had gone to bed in a high state of indignation were not likely to wake in much better humor when suddenly aroused, in their first nap, to listen to such a message as this. It seemed only one piece of trifling the more. The deputies had offered satisfactory opinions of divines and jurisconsults as to the two points specified which concerned the Ghent treaty. It was natural, therefore, that this vague condition concerning them, the determination of which was for the governor's breast alone, should be instantly rejected, and that the envoys should return to their disturbed slumbers with an increase of ill humor.

On the morrow, as the envoys, booted and spurred, were upon the point of departure for Brussels, another communication was brought to them from Don John.[2] This time the language of the governor seemed more to the purpose. "I agree," said he, "to maintain the peace concluded between the states and the Prince of Orange, on condition of receiving from the ecclesiastical authorities and from the University of Louvain satisfactory assurance that the said treaty contains nothing derogatory to the Catholic religion, and similar assurance from the state council, the Bishop of Liège,

[1] Bor, x. 775. [2] Ibid.

and the imperial envoys that the treaty is in no wise prejudicial to the authority of his Majesty." Here seemed, at last, something definite. These conditions could be complied with. They had, in fact, been already complied with. The assurances required as to the two points had already been procured, as the deputies and as Don John well knew. The Pacification of Ghent was therefore virtually admitted. The deputies waited upon the governor accordingly, and the conversation was amicable. They vainly endeavored, however, to obtain his consent to the departure of the troops by land—the only point then left in dispute. Don John, still clinging to his secret scheme, with which the sea-voyage of the troops was so closely connected, refused to concede. He reproached the envoys, on the contrary, with their importunity in making a fresh demand, just as he had conceded the Ghent treaty, upon his entire responsibility and without instructions. Mentally resolving that this point should still be wrung from the governor, but not suspecting his secret motives for resisting it so strenuously, the deputies took an amicable farewell of the governor, promising a favorable report upon the proceedings so soon as they should arrive in Brussels.[1]

Don John, having conceded so much, was soon obliged to concede the whole. The Emperor Rudolph had lately succeeded his father, Maximilian.[2] The deceased potentate, whose sentiments on the great subject of religious toleration were so much in harmony with those entertained by the Prince of Orange, had, on the whole, notwithstanding the ties of relationship and considera-

[1] Bor, x. 775.

[2] The Emperor Maximilian died on the 12th of October, 1576.

tions of policy, uniformly befriended the Netherlands, so far as words and protestations could go, at the court of Philip. Active coöperation, practical assistance, he had certainly not rendered. He had unquestionably been too much inclined to accomplish the impossibility of assisting the states without offending the king—an effort which, in the homely language of Hans Jenitz, was "like wishing his skin washed without being wet."[1] He had even interposed many obstacles to the free action of the prince, as has been seen in the course of this history, but nevertheless the cause of the Netherlands, of religion, and of humanity had much to lose by his death. His eldest son and successor, Rudolph II., was an ardent Catholic, whose relations with a proscribed prince and a Reformed population could hardly remain long in a satisfactory state. The new emperor had, however, received the secret envoys of Orange with bounty,[2] and was really desirous of accomplishing the pacification of the provinces. His envoys had assisted at all the recent deliberations between the estates and Don John, and their vivid remonstrances removed, at this juncture, the last objection on the part of the governor-general. With a secret sigh he deferred the darling and mysterious hope which had lighted him to the Netherlands, and consented to the departure of the troops by land.[3]

All obstacles having been thus removed, the memorable treaty called the Perpetual Edict was signed at Marcheen-Famene on the 12th, and at Brussels on the 17th of

[1] ". . . und gehts nach dem sprichwort, wasche mir den beltz und mache mir ihn nicht nasz."—MS. cited by Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 725.

[2] Archives, etc., v. 426. [3] Bor, x. 786.

February, 1577.[1] This document, issued in the name of the king, contained nineteen articles. It approved and ratified the Peace of Ghent, in consideration that the prelates and clergy, with the doctors *utriusque juris* of Louvain, had decided that nothing in that treaty conflicted either with the supremacy of the Catholic Church or the authority of the king, but, on the contrary, that it advanced the interests of both.[2] It promised that the soldiery should depart "freely, frankly, and without delay, by land,[3] never to return except in case of foreign war"—the Spaniards to set forth within forty days, the Germans and others so soon as arrangements had been made by the States-General for their payment. It settled that all prisoners on both sides should be released, excepting the Count van Buren, who was to be set free so soon as, the States-General having been convoked, the Prince of Orange should have fulfilled the resolutions to be passed by that assembly. It promised the maintenance of all the privileges, charters, and constitutions of the Netherlands. It required of the states an oath to maintain the Catholic religion. It recorded their agreement to disband their troops. It settled that Don John should be received as governor-general immediately upon the departure of the Spaniards, Italians, and Burgundians from the provinces.[4]

These were the main provisions of this famous treaty, which was confirmed a few weeks afterward by Philip,

[1] Bor, x. 786–789. Hoofd, xi. 485–487. Meteren, vi. f. 117–119. Cabrera, xi. 901, 902. Strada, ix. 430. Bor and Meteren publish the treaty in full.

[2] Article 2: "Niet nadelig maer ter contrarie tot vordering van de selve," etc.

[3] Article 3: "Te lande, vry, vrank en onbelet," etc.

[4] See in particular Articles 8, 10, 11, and 16.

in a letter addressed to the states of Brabant, and by an edict issued at Madrid.[1] It will be seen that everything required by the envoys of the states, at the commencement of their negotiations, had been conceded by Don John. They had claimed the departure of the troops, either by land or sea. He had resisted the demand a long time, but had at last consented to despatch them by sea. Their departure by land had then been insisted upon. This again he had most reluctantly conceded. The ratification of the Ghent treaty he had peremptorily refused. He had come to the provinces at the instant of its conclusion, and had, of course, no instructions on the subject. Nevertheless, slowly receding, he had agreed, under certain reservations, to accept the treaty. Those reservations, relating to the great points of Catholic and royal supremacy, he insisted upon subjecting to his own judgment alone. Again he was overruled. Most unwillingly he agreed to accept, instead of his own conscientious conviction, the dogmas of the state council and of the Louvain doctors. Not seeing very clearly how a treaty which abolished the edicts of Charles V. and the ordinances of Alva, which removed the religious question in Holland and Zealand from the king's jurisdiction to that of the States-General, which had caused persecution to surcease, had established toleration, and which, moreover, had confirmed the arch rebel and heretic of all the Netherlands in the government of the two rebellious and heretic provinces as stadholder for the king—not seeing very clearly how such a treaty was "advantageous rather than prejudicial to royal absolutism and an exclusive Catholicism," he naturally hesitated at first.

[1] Bor, x. 789, 790. V. d. Vynckt, ii. 232.

The governor had thus disconcerted the Prince of Orange, not by the firmness of his resistance, but by the amplitude of his concessions. The combinations of William the Silent were for an instant deranged. Had the prince expected such liberality, he would have placed his demands upon a higher basis, for it is not probable that he contemplated or desired a pacification. The Duke of Aerschot and the Bishop of Liège in vain essayed to prevail upon his deputies at Marche-en-Famene to sign the agreement of the 27th January, upon which was founded the Perpetual Edict.[1] They refused to do so without consulting the prince and the estates. Meantime the other commissioners forced the affair rapidly forward. The states sent a deputation to the prince to ask his opinion, and signed the agreement before it was possible to receive his reply.[2] This was to treat him with little courtesy, if not absolutely with bad faith. The prince was disappointed and indignant. In truth, as appeared from all his language and letters, he had no confidence in Don John. He believed him a consummate hypocrite, and as deadly a foe to the Netherlands as the Duke of Alva, or Philip himself. He had carefully studied twenty-five intercepted letters from the king, the governor, Jerome de Roda, and others, placed recently in his hands by the Duke of Aerschot,[3] and had found much to confirm previous and induce fresh suspicion. Only a few days previously to the signature of the treaty, he had also intercepted other letters from

[1] Bor, x. 786.

[2] Archives et Corresp., v. 629. Bor, x. 791, letter of estates of Holland.

[3] Archives et Corresp., v. 588 sqq. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 97.

influential personages, Alonzo de Vargas and others, disclosing extensive designs to obtain possession of the strong places in the country, and then to reduce the land to absolute subjection.[1] He had assured the estates, therefore, that the deliberate intention of the government, throughout the whole negotiation, was to deceive, whatever might be the public language of Don John and his agents. He implored them, therefore, to have "pity upon the poor country," and to save the people from falling into the trap which was laid for them. From first to last, he had expressed a deep and wise distrust, and justified it by ample proofs. He was, with reason, irritated, therefore, at the haste with which the states had concluded the agreement with Don John—at the celerity with which, as he afterward expressed it, "they had rushed upon the boar-spear of that sanguinary heart."[2] He believed that everything had been signed and sworn by the governor with the mental reservation that such agreements were valid only until he should repent having made them. He doubted the good faith and the stability of the grand seigniors. He had never felt confidence in the professions of the time-serving Aerschot, nor did he trust even the brave Champagny, notwithstanding his services at the sack of Antwerp. He was especially indignant that provision had been made, not for demolishing, but for restoring to his Majesty, those hateful citadels, nests of tyranny, by which the flourishing cities of the land were kept in perpetual anxiety. Whether in the hands of king, nobles, or magistrates, they were equally odious to him, and he

[1] Letter of Orange to the States-General, 2d of February, 1577, Acta Statuum Belgii, i. f. 258, MS., Hague Archives.

[2] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.

had long since determined that they should be razed to the ground. In short, he believed that the estates had thrust their heads into the lion's mouth, and he foresaw the most gloomy consequences from the treaty which had just been concluded. He believed, to use his own language, "that the only difference between Don John and Alva or Requesens was that he was younger and more foolish than his predecessors, less capable of concealing his venom, more impatient to dip his hands in blood."[1]

In the Pacification of Ghent the prince had achieved the prize of his lifelong labors. He had banded a mass of provinces by the ties of a common history, language, and customs into a league against a foreign tyranny. He had grappled Holland and Zealand to their sister provinces by a common love for their ancient liberties, by a common hatred to a Spanish soldiery. He had exorcised the evil demon of religious bigotry by which the body politic had been possessed so many years; for the Ghent treaty, largely interpreted, opened the door to universal toleration. In the Perpetual Edict the prince saw his work undone. Holland and Zealand were again cut adrift from the other fifteen provinces, and war would soon be let loose upon that devoted little territory. The article stipulating the maintenance of the Ghent treaty he regarded as idle wind, the solemn saws of the state council and the quiddities from Louvain being likely to prove but slender bulwarks against the returning tide of tyranny. Either it was tacitly intended to tol-

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange and the states of Holland, Bor, x. 791. Compare Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., v. 559 sqq., and Instruction from le Sieur de Haultain, etc., Archives, etc., v. 579 sqq. Apologie du Prince d'Orange, 97.

erate the Reformed religion, or to hunt it down. To argue that the Ghent treaty, loyally interpreted, strengthened ecclesiastical or royal despotism was to contend that a maniac was more dangerous in fetters than when armed with a sword; it was to be blind to the difference between a private conventicle and a public scaffold. The Perpetual Edict, while affecting to sustain the treaty, would necessarily destroy it at a blow, while, during the brief interval of repose, tyranny would have renewed its youth like the eagle's. Was it possible, then, for William of Orange to sustain the Perpetual Edict, the compromise with Don John? Ten thousand ghosts from the Lake of Haarlem, from the famine- and plague-stricken streets of Leyden, from the smoking ruins of Antwerp, rose to warn him against such a composition with a despotism as subtle as it was remorseless.

It was therefore not the policy of William of Orange, suspecting, as he did, Don John, abhorring Philip, doubting the Netherland nobles, confiding only in the mass of the citizens, to give his support to the Perpetual Edict. He was not the more satisfied because the states had concluded the arrangement without his sanction and against his express advice.[1] He refused to publish or recognize the treaty in Holland and Zealand.[2] A few weeks before, he had privately laid before the states of Holland and Zealand a series of questions, in order to test their temper, asking them, in particular, whether they were prepared to undertake a new and sanguinary war for the sake of their religion, even although their

[1] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, p. 98.

[2] Letter of Prince of Orange and the states of Holland, Bor, x. 791–793.

other privileges should be recognized by the new government, and a long and earnest debate had ensued, of a satisfactory nature, although no positive resolution was passed upon the subject.[1] As soon as the Perpetual Edict had been signed, the States-General had sent to the prince, requesting his opinion and demanding his sanction.[2] Orange, in the name of Holland and Zealand, instantly returned an elaborate answer,[3] taking grave exceptions to the whole tenor of the edict. He complained that the constitution of the land was violated, because the ancient privilege of the States-General to assemble at their pleasure had been invaded, and because the laws of every province were set at naught by the continued imprisonment of Count van Buren, who had committed no crime, and whose detention proved that no man, whatever might be promised, could expect security for life or liberty. The ratification of the Ghent treaty, it was insisted, was in no wise distinct and categorical, but was made dependent on a crowd of deceitful subterfuges.[4] He inveighed bitterly against the stipulation in the edict that the states should pay the wages of the soldiers, whom they had just proclaimed to be knaves and rebels, and at whose hands they had suffered such monstrous injuries. He denounced the cowardice which could permit this band of hirelings to retire with so much jewelry, merchandise, and plate, the result of their robberies. He expressed,

[1] Bor, x. 776.

[2] Ibid., x. 790. Hoofd, xii. 490.

[3] The letter is published at length in Bor, x. 790–792. Compare Wagenaer, vii. 144, 145; Meteren, vi. 119; Cabrera, xi. 902, 903.

[4] Letter of Prince of Orange and the states, Bor, ubi sup.: "Tot een ontalligkheid van bedreegelijke uitvluchten," etc.

however, in the name of the two provinces, a willingness to sign the edict, provided the States-General would agree solemnly beforehand, in case the departure of the Spaniards did not take place within the stipulated time, to abstain from all recognition of, or communication with, Don John, and themselves to accomplish the removal of the troops by force of arms.[1]

Such was the first and solemn manifesto made by the prince in reply to the Perpetual Edict, the states of Holland and Zealand uniting heart and hand in all that he thought, wrote, and said. His private sentiments were in strict accordance with the opinions thus publicly recorded. "Whatever appearance Don John may assume to the contrary," wrote the prince to his brother, "'t is by no means his intention to maintain the Pacification, and less still to cause the Spaniards to depart, with whom he keeps up the most strict correspondence possible."[2]

On the other hand, the governor was most anxious to conciliate the prince. He was most earnest to win the friendship of the man without whom every attempt to recover Holland and Zealand and to reëstablish royal and ecclesiastical tyranny he knew to be hopeless. "This is the pilot," wrote Don John to Philip, "who guides the bark. He alone can destroy or save it. The greatest obstacles would be removed if he could be gained." He had proposed, and Philip had approved the proposition, that the Count van Buren should be clothed with his father's dignities, on condition that the prince should himself retire into Germany.[3] It was

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange, etc. [2] Archives, etc., v. 111.

[3] Extract from MS. letter, 16th of March, 1577, in Gachard, preface to vol. iii., Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., p. li.

soon evident, however, that such a proposition would meet with little favor, the office of father of his country and protector of her liberties not being transferable.

While at Louvain, whither he had gone after the publication of the Perpetual Edict, Don John had conferred with the Duke of Aerschot, and they had decided that it would be well to send Dr. Leoninus on a private mission to the prince. Previously to his departure on this errand, the learned envoy had therefore a full conversation with the governor. He was charged to represent to the prince the dangers to which Don John had exposed himself in coming from Spain to effect the pacification of the Netherlands. Leoninus was instructed to give assurance that the treaty just concluded should be maintained, that the Spaniards should depart, that all other promises should be inviolably kept, and that the governor would take up arms against all who should oppose the fulfilment of his engagements. He was to represent that Don John, in proof of his own fidelity, had placed himself in the power of the states. He was to intimate to the prince that an opportunity was now offered him to do the crown a service, in recompense for which he would obtain not only pardon for his faults, but the favor of the monarch, and all the honors which could be desired; that by so doing he would assure the future prosperity of his family; that Don John would be his good friend, and, as such, would do more for him than he could imagine.[1] The envoy was also to impress upon the prince that if he persisted in his opposition every man's hand would be against him, and the ruin of his house inevitable. He was to protest that Don John came but to forgive and to for-

[1] Gachard, Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lii.

get, to restore the ancient government and the ancient prosperity, so that, if it was for those objects the prince had taken up arms, it was now his duty to lay them down, and to do his utmost to maintain peace and the Catholic religion. Finally, the envoy was to intimate that if he chose to write to Don John, he might be sure to receive a satisfactory answer. In these pacific instructions and friendly expressions Don John was sincere. "The name of your Majesty," said he, plainly, in giving an account of this mission to the king, "is as much abhorred and despised in the Netherlands as that of the Prince of Orange is loved and feared. I am negotiating with him, and giving him every security, for I see that the establishment of peace as well as the maintenance of the Catholic religion and the obedience to your Majesty depend now upon him. Things have reached that pass that 't is necessary to make a virtue of necessity. If he lend an ear to my proposals, it will be only *upon very advantageous conditions*, but to these it will be necessary to submit, rather than to lose everything."[1]

Don John was in earnest; unfortunately, he was not aware that the prince was in earnest also. The crusader, who had sunk thirty thousand paynims at a blow, and who was dreaming of the Queen of Scotland and the throne of England, had not room in his mind to entertain the image of *a patriot*. Royal favors, family prosperity, dignities, offices, orders, advantageous conditions —these were the baits with which the governor angled for William of Orange. He did not comprehend that

[1] "El nombre y servicio de V. M[d] estan aborrecido y poco estimado cuanto temido y amado el del Principe de Oranges," etc.—Gachard, Corresp. de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lii.

attachment to a half-drowned land and to a despised religion could possibly stand in the way of those advantageous conditions and that brilliant future. He did not imagine that the rebel, once assured not only of pardon but of advancement, could hesitate to refuse the royal hand thus amicably offered. Don John had not accurately measured his great antagonist.

The results of the successive missions which he despatched to the prince were destined to enlighten him.[1] In the course of the first conversation between Leoninus and the prince at Middelburg, the envoy urged that Don John had entered the Netherlands without troops, that he had placed himself in the power of the Duke of Aerschot, that he had since come to Louvain without any security but the promise of the citizens and of the students; and that all these things proved the sincerity of his intentions. He entreated the prince *not to let slip so favorable an opportunity for placing his house above the reach of every unfavorable chance*, spoke to him of Marius, Sylla, Julius Cæsar, and other promoters of civil wars, and on retiring for the day begged him to think gravely on what he had thus suggested, and to pray that God might inspire him with good resolutions.

Next day William informed the envoy that, having prayed to God for assistance, he was more than ever convinced of his obligation to lay the whole matter before the states, whose servant he was. He added

[1] Full details of the mission of Leoninus are given in the preface to Gachard's third volume of the Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., liv. sqq. That distinguished publicist has condensed them from a MS. relation made by Leoninus on his return to Louvain, a narrative of which a Spanish translation was found by M. Gachard in the Archives of Simancas.

that he could not forget the deaths of Egmont and Horn, nor the manner in which the promise made to the confederate nobles by the Duchess of Parma had been visited, nor the conduct of the French monarch toward Admiral Coligny. He spoke of information which he had received from all quarters, from Spain, France, and Italy, that there was a determination to make war upon him and upon the states of Holland and Zealand. He added that they were taking their measures in consequence, and that they were well aware that a papal nuncio had arrived in the Netherlands to intrigue against them.[1] In the evening the prince complained that the estates had been so precipitate in concluding their arrangement with Don John. He mentioned several articles in the treaty which were calculated to excite distrust, dwelling particularly on the engagement entered into by the estates to maintain the Catholic religion. This article he declared to be in direct contravention to the Ghent treaty, by which this point was left to the decision of a future assembly of the States-General. Leoninus essayed, as well as he could, to dispute these positions. In their last interview the prince persisted in his intention of laying the whole matter before the states of Holland and Zealand. Not to do so, he said, would be to expose himself to ruin on one side, and on the other to the indignation of those who might suspect him of betraying them. The envoy begged to be informed if any hope could be entertained of a future arrangement. Orange replied that he had no expectation of any, but advised Dr. Leoninus to be present at Dort when the estates should assemble.[2]

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lvi.
[2] Ibid., lviii. sqq.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable result of this mission, Don John did not even yet despair of bending the stubborn character of the prince. He hoped that, if a personal interview between them could be arranged, he should be able to remove many causes of suspicion from the mind of his adversary. "In such times as these," wrote the governor to Philip, "we can make no election, nor do I see any remedy to preserve the state from destruction, save to gain over this man, who has so much influence with the nation."[1] The prince had, in truth, the whole game in his hands. There was scarcely a living creature in Holland and Zealand who was not willing to be bound by his decision in every emergency. Throughout the rest of the provinces the mass of the people looked up to him with absolute confidence, the clergy and the prominent nobles respecting and fearing him, even while they secretly attempted to thwart his designs. Possessing dictatorial power in two provinces, vast influences in the other fifteen, nothing could be easier for him than to betray his country. The time was singularly propitious. The revengeful king was almost on his knees to the denounced rebel. Everything was proffered: pardon, advancement, power. An indefinite vista was opened. "You cannot imagine," said Don John, "how much it will be within my ability to do for you." The governor was extremely anxious to purchase the only enemy whom Philip feared. The prince had nothing personally to gain by a continuance of the contest. The ban, outlawry, degradation, pecuniary ruin, assassination, martyrdom—these were the only guerdons he could anticipate. He had much to

[1] Gachard, Correspondance, etc., p. lx., MS. letter of the 16th of March, 1577.

lose: but yesterday loaded with dignities, surrounded by pomp and luxury, with many children to inherit his worldly gear, could he not recover all, and more than all, to-day? What service had he to render in exchange? A mere nothing. He had but to abandon the convictions of a lifetime and to betray a million or two of hearts which trusted him.

As to the promises made by the governor to rule the country with gentleness, the prince could not do otherwise than commend the intention, even while distrusting the fulfilment. In his reply to the two letters of Don John he thanked his Highness, with what seemed a grave irony, for the benign courtesy and signal honor which he had manifested to him, by inviting him so humanely and so carefully *to a tranquil life*, wherein, according to his Highness, consisted the perfection of felicity in this mortal existence, and by promising him so liberally favor and grace.[1] He stated, however, with earnestness, that the promises in regard to the pacification of the poor Netherland people were much more important. He had ever expected, he said, beyond all comparison, the welfare and security of the public before his own, "having always placed his particular interests under his foot, even as he was still resolved to do as long as life should endure."[2]

Thus did William of Orange receive the private advances made by the government toward himself.

[1] Letter of the Prince of Orange to Don John of Austria, May 24, 1577, in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 289–291.

[2] Ibid., iii. 290: "Aiant, tousjours mis dessoubz les pieds mon regard particulier ainsi que suis encore résolu de faire, tant que la vie me demeurera."

Meantime Don John of Austria came to Louvain.[1] Until the preliminary conditions of the Perpetual Edict had been fulfilled, and the Spanish troops sent out of the country, he was not to be received as governor-general, but it seemed unbecoming for him to remain longer upon the threshold of the provinces. He therefore advanced into the heart of the country, trusting himself without troops to the loyalty of the people, and manifesting a show of chivalrous confidence which he was far from feeling. He was soon surrounded by courtiers, time-servers, noble office-seekers. They who had kept themselves invisible so long as the issue of a perplexed negotiation seemed doubtful now became obsequious and inevitable as his shadow. One grand seignior wanted a regiment, another a government, a third a chamberlain's key; all wanted titles, ribbons, offices, livery, wages. Don John distributed favors and promises with vast liberality.[2] The object with which Philip had sent him to the Netherlands, that he might conciliate the hearts of its inhabitants by the personal graces which he had inherited from his imperial father, seemed in a fair way of accomplishment, for it was not only the venal applause of titled sycophants that he strove to merit, but he mingled gaily and familiarly with all classes of citizens.[3] Everywhere his handsome face and charming manner produced their natural effect. He dined and supped with the magistrates in the town house, honored general banquets of the burghers with his presence, and was affable and dignified, witty, fascinating, and commanding, by turns. At

[1] Bor, x. 804. Hoofd, xi. 493.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Tassis, iii. 257 sqq. Cabrera, xi. 904.

[3] Bor, Hoofd, Tassis, ubi sup.

Louvain the five military gilds held a solemn festival. The usual invitations were sent to the other societies and to all the martial brotherhoods the country round. Gay and gaudy processions, sumptuous banquets, military sports, rapidly succeeded each other. Upon the day of the great trial of skill, all the high functionaries of the land were, according to custom, invited, and the governor was graciously pleased to honor the solemnity with his presence. Great was the joy of the multitude when Don John, complying with the habit of imperial and princely personages in former days, enrolled himself, crossbow in hand, among the competitors. Greater still was the enthusiasm when the conqueror of Lepanto brought down the bird, and was proclaimed king of the year, amid the tumultuous hilarity of the crowd. According to custom, the captains of the gild suspended a golden popinjay around the neck of his Highness, and placing themselves in procession, followed him to the great church. Thence, after the customary religious exercises, the multitude proceeded to the banquet, where the health of the new king of the crossbowmen was pledged in deep potations.[1] Long and loud was the merriment of this initiatory festival, to which many feasts succeeded during those brief but halcyon days, for the good-natured Netherlanders already believed in the blessed advent of peace. They did not dream that the war which had been consuming the marrow of their commonwealth for ten flaming years was but in its infancy, and that neither they nor their children were destined to see its close.

For the moment, however, all was hilarity at Louvain. The governor, by his engaging deportment, awoke many

[1] Tassis, iii. 257, 258. Van Wyn op Wagenaer, vii. 50.

reminiscences of the once popular emperor. He expressed unbounded affection for the commonwealth, and perfect confidence in the loyalty of the inhabitants. He promised to maintain their liberties and to restore their prosperity. Moreover, he had just hit the popinjay with a skill which his imperial father might have envied, and presided at burgher banquets with a grace which Charles could have hardly matched. His personal graces, for the moment, took the rank of virtues. "Such were the beauty and vivacity of his eyes," says his privy councilor, Tassis, "that with a single glance he made all hearts his own";[1] yet, nevertheless, the predestined victim secretly felt himself the object of a marksman who had no time for painted popinjays, but who rarely missed his aim. "The whole country is at the devotion of the prince, and nearly every one of its inhabitants"[2]—such was his secret language to his royal brother, at the very moment of the exuberant manifestations which preceded his own entrance to Brussels.

While the governor still tarried at Louvain, his secretary, Escovedo, was busily engaged in arranging the departure of the Spaniards,[3] for, notwithstanding his original reluctance and the suspicions of Orange, Don John loyally intended to keep his promise. He even advanced twenty-seven thousand florins toward the expense of their removal,[4] but to raise the whole amount

[1] Tassis, iv. 326.

[2] Letter of Don John to Philip, April 7, 1577, in the appendix to the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc. Qui ont contrainct les Estats-Generaux de pourveoir a leur defence contre le Seign^r D. Jehan d'Austrice, p. 41 (ed. G. Sylvius, Anvers, 1577).

[3] Letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 24 sqq.

[4] Bor, x. 806, 807.

required for transportation and arrears was a difficult matter. The estates were slow in providing the one hundred and fifty thousand florins which they had stipulated to furnish. The king's credit, moreover, was at a very low ebb. His previous bonds had not been duly honored, and there had even been instances of royal repudiation, which by no means lightened the task of the financier in effecting the new loans required.[1] Escovedo was very blunt in his language upon this topic, and both Don John and himself urged punctuality in all future payments. They entreated that the bills drawn in Philip's name upon Lombardy bankers, and discounted at a heavy rate of interest by the Fuggers of Antwerp, might be duly provided for at maturity. "I earnestly beg," said Escovedo, "that your Majesty will see to the payment of these bills, at all events," adding, with amusing simplicity, "this will be a means of recovering your Majesty's credit, and as for my own, I don't care to lose it, small though it be." Don John was even more solicitous. "For the love of God, Sire," he wrote, "do not be delinquent now. You must reflect upon the necessity of recovering your credit. If this receives now the final blow, all will desert your Majesty, and the soldiers, too, will be driven to desperation."[2]

By dint of great diligence on the part of Escovedo, and through the confidence reposed in his character, the necessary funds were raised in the course of a few weeks.

[1] See the letters of Escovedo in the intercepted letters, Discours Sommier, etc., passim.

[2] Letter of Escovedo to the king, 6th April, 1577, in Discours Sommier, etc., p. 11. Letter of Don John to the king, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 34, appendix.

There was, however, a difficulty among the officers as to the right of commanding the army on the homeward march. Don Alonzo de Vargas, as chief of the cavalry, was appointed to the post by the governor, but Valdez, Romero, and other veterans indignantly refused to serve under one whom they declared their inferior officer. There was much altercation and heartburning, and an attempt was made to compromise the matter by the appointment of Count Mansfeld to the chief command. This was, however, only adding fuel to the flames. All were dissatisfied with the superiority accorded to a foreigner, and Alonzo de Vargas, especially offended, addressed most insolent language to the governor.[1] Nevertheless, the arrangement was maintained, and the troops finally took their departure from the country in the latter days of April.[2] A vast concourse of citizens witnessed their departure, and could hardly believe their eyes as they saw this incubus at last rolling off, by which the land had so many years been crushed.[3] Their joy, although extravagant, was, however, limited by the reflection that ten thousand Germans still remained in the provinces, attached to the royal service, and that there was even yet a possibility that the departure of the Spaniards was a feint. In truth, Escovedo, although seconding the orders of Don John to procure the removal of these troops, did not

[1] Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 495.

[2] Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 496. Strada, ix. 433.

[3] Among the many witticisms perpetrated upon this occasion, the following specimen may be thought worth preserving:

> "Boetica gens Abiit: cur ploras Belgica? dicam
> A quod in O non est litera versa queror."
>
> Bor, x. 807. Hoofd, xii. 496.

scruple to express his regret to the king, and his doubts as to the result. He had been ever in hopes that an excuse might be found in the condition of affairs in France to justify the retention of the forces near that frontier. He assured the king that he felt very doubtful as to what turn matters might take after the soldiers were gone, seeing the great unruliness which even their presence had been insufficient completely to check.[1] He had hoped that they might be retained in the neighborhood, ready to seize the islands at the first opportunity. "For my part," he wrote, "I care nothing for the occupation of places within the interior, but the islands must be secured. To do this," he continued, with a deceitful allusion to the secret projects of Don John, "is, in my opinion, more difficult than to effect the scheme upon England. If the one were accomplished, the other would be easily enough managed, and would require but moderate means. Let not your Majesty suppose that I say this as favoring the plan of Don John, for this I put entirely behind me."[2]

Notwithstanding these suspicions on the part of the people, this reluctance on the part of the government, the troops readily took up their line of march, and never paused till they reached Lombardy.[3] Don John wrote repeatedly to the king, warmly urging the claims of these veterans, and of their distinguished officers, Romero, Avila, Valdez, Montesdoca, Verdugo, Mondragon, and others, to his bountiful consideration. They had departed in very ill humor, not having re-

[1] Letter of Escovedo to the king, 6th April, 1577, in Discours Sommier, etc., p. 16, appendix.

[2] Letter of Escovedo, 9th April, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 50.

[3] Mendoza, xvi. 336. Van der Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 433.

ceived any recompense for their long and arduous services. Certainly, if unflinching endurance, desperate valor, and congenial cruelty could atone in the monarch's eyes for the mutiny which had at last compelled their withdrawal, then were these laborers worthy of their hire. Don John had pacified them by assurances that they should receive adequate rewards on their arrival in Lombardy, and had urged the full satisfaction of their claims and his promises in the strongest language. Although Don Alonzo de Vargas had abused him "with flying colors,"[1] as he expressed himself, yet he hastened to intercede for him with the king in the most affectionate terms. "His impatience has not surprised me," said the governor, "although I regret that he has been offended, for I love and esteem him much. He has served many years with great distinction, and I can certify that his character for purity and religion is something extraordinary."[2]

The first scene in the withdrawal of the troops had been the evacuation of the citadel of Antwerp, and it had been decided that the command of this most important fortress should be conferred upon the Duke of Aerschot.[3] His claims as commander-in-chief under the authority of the state council, and as chief of the Catholic nobility, could hardly be passed over, yet he was a man whom neither party trusted. He was too visibly governed by interested motives. Arrogant where he felt secure of his own or doubtful as to another's position,

[1] Letter of Don John to the king, 7th April, 1577, in Discours Sommier, p. 29, appendix: "Y quexase tan a banderas desplegadas de mi."

[2] Ibid.

[3] Bor, x. 805. Cabrera, xi. 907. Meteren, vi. 119.

he could be supple and cringing when the relations changed. He refused an interview with William of Orange before consulting with Don John, and solicited one afterward when he found that every effort was to be made to conciliate the prince.[1] He was insolent to the governor-general himself in February, and respectful in March. He usurped the first place in the church [2] before Don John had been acknowledged governor, and was the first to go forth to welcome him after the matter had been arranged. He made a scene of virtuous indignation in the state council [3] because he was accused of place-hunting, but was diligent to secure an office of the highest dignity which the governor could bestow. Whatever may have been his merits, it is certain that he inspired confidence neither in the adherents of the king nor of the prince, while he by turns professed the warmest regard both to the one party and the other. Spaniards and patriots, Protestants and Catholics, suspected the man at the same moment, and ever attributed to his conduct a meaning which was the reverse of the apparent.[4] Such is often the judgment passed upon those who fish in troubled waters only to fill their own nets.

The duke, however, was appointed governor of the citadel. Sancho d'Avila, the former constable, refused, with Castilian haughtiness, to surrender the place to his successor, but appointed his lieutenant, Martin d'Oyo,

[1] Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, p. lv. and note 1.

[2] Tassis, iii. 241. Compare Van der Vynckt, ii. 228.

[3] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 66.

[4] Ibid., vi. 66, 67. Compare letter of Escovedo, Discours Sommier, p. 13, appendix.

to perform that ceremony.[1] Escovedo, standing upon the drawbridge with Aerschot, administered the oath. "I, Philip, Duke of Aerschot," said the new constable, "solemnly swear to hold this castle for the king, and for no others." To which Escovedo added: "God help you, with all his angels, if you keep your oath; if not, may the devil carry you away, body and soul." The few bystanders cried Amen; and with this hasty ceremony the keys were delivered, the prisoners, Egmont, Capres, D'Oyngies, and others, liberated, and the Spaniards ordered to march forth.[2]

[1] Bor, x. 805. Meteren, vi. 119. Hoofd, xii. 494. Cabrera, xi. 907.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup. Mendoza, xvi. 325, 326. Cabrera, xi. 908.

CHAPTER II

Triumphal entrance of Don John into Brussels—Reverse of the picture—Analysis of the secret correspondence of Don John and Escovedo with Antonio Perez—Plots against the governor's liberty—His desponding language and gloomy anticipations—Recommendation of severe measures—Position and principles of Orange and his family—His private views on the question of peace and war—His toleration to Catholics and Anabaptists censured by his friends—Death of Viglius—New mission from the governor to Orange—Details of the Gertruydenberg conferences—Nature and results of these negotiations—Papers exchanged between the envoys and Orange—Peter Panis executed for heresy—Three parties in the Netherlands—Dissimulation of Don John—His dread of capture.

As already narrated, the soldiery had retired definitely from the country at the end of April, after which Don John made his triumphal entrance into Brussels on the 1st of May. It was long since so festive a May-day had gladdened the hearts of Brabant. So much holiday magnificence had not been seen in the Netherlands for years. A solemn procession of burghers, preceded by six thousand troops, and garnished by the free companies of archers and musketeers, in their picturesque costumes, escorted the young prince along the streets of the capital. Don John was on horseback, wrapped in a long green cloak, riding between the Bishop of Liège and the papal nuncio.[1] He passed beneath count-

[1] Bor, x. 811. Meteren, vi. 120. Hoofd, xii. 500 sqq. Van der Vynckt, ii. 233. Strada, ix. 433. Lettre de Barthélemi Liebart

less triumphal arches. Banners waved before him, on which the battle of Lepanto and other striking scenes in his life were emblazoned. Minstrels sang verses, poets recited odes, rhetoric clubs enacted fantastic dramas in his honor, as he rode along. Young virgins crowned him with laurels. Fair women innumerable were clustered at every window, roof, and balcony, their bright robes floating like summer clouds above him. "Softly from those lovely clouds," says a gallant chronicler, "descended the gentle rain of flowers."[1] Garlands were strewed before his feet, laureled victory sat upon his brow. The same conventional enthusiasm and decoration which had characterized the holiday marches of a thousand conventional heroes were successfully produced. The proceedings began with the church and ended with the banquet; the day was propitious, the populace pleased, and after a brilliant festival Don John of Austria saw himself governor-general of the provinces.

Three days afterward, the customary oaths, to be kept with the customary conscientiousness, were rendered at the town house,[2] and for a brief moment all seemed smiling and serene.

There was a reverse to the picture. In truth, no language can describe the hatred which Don John enter-

(avocat et bailli général de Tournay), 3me Mai, 1577: "Estant le Sr Dom Jean affublé d'un manteau de drap de couleur verd," etc. The Duke of Aerschot was magnificent, as usual: "Vestu d'un collet de velours rouge cremoisy brodé d'or," etc.—Ibid., apud Gachard, Documents Inédits concernant l'Histoire de la Belgique (Bruxelles, 1833), i. 362–364.

[1] "Een lieflyke reeghen uit zoo heldere wolken."—Hoofd, xii. 500.

[2] Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120.

tained for the Netherlands and all the inhabitants. He had come to the country only as a stepping-stone to the English throne, and he never spoke, in his private letters, of the provinces or the people but in terms of abhorrence. He was in a "Babylon of disgust," in a "hell," surrounded by "drunkards," "wineskins," "scoundrels," and the like. From the moment of his arrival he had strained every nerve to retain the Spanish troops, and to send them away by sea when it should be no longer feasible to keep them. Escovedo shared in the sentiments and entered fully into the schemes of his chief. The plot, the secret enterprise, was the great cause of the advent of Don John in the uncongenial clime of Flanders. It had been, therefore, highly important, in his estimation, to set as soon as possible about the accomplishment of this important business. He accordingly entered into correspondence with Antonio Perez, the king's most confidential secretary of state at that period. That the governor was plotting no treason is sufficiently obvious from the context of his letters. At the same time, with the expansiveness of his character when he was dealing with one whom he deemed his close and trusty friend, he occasionally made use of expressions which might be made to seem equivocal. This was still more the case with poor Escovedo. Devoted to his master, and depending most implicitly upon the honor of Perez, he indulged in language which might be tortured into a still more suspicious shape when the devilish arts of Perez and the universal distrust of Philip were tending steadily to that end. For Perez—on the whole, the boldest, deepest, and most unscrupulous villain in that pit of duplicity, the Spanish court—was engaged at that moment with Philip in a

plot to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of a treason which the king and the minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view, those from Flanders were interpreted to that end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid by him before the king; every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the king's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands, to receive his comments and criticisms before being copied and despatched to the Netherlands.[1] The minister was playing a bold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction, Don John was made to fret his heart away, and Philip—more deceived than all—was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself and infinitely more accomplished.

Almost immediately after the arrival of Don John in the Netherlands, he had begun to express the greatest impatience for Escovedo, who had not been able to accompany his master upon his journey, but without whose assistance the governor could accomplish none of

[1] Many of these letters are contained in a very valuable MS. collection belonging to the Royal Library at The Hague, and entitled "Cartas qu'el Señor Don Juan de Austria y el Secretario Juan de Escobedo, descifradas, escribieron à Su. Mag^{d} y Antonio Perez, desde Flandes." It is probable that these copies were made by the direction of Perez himself, when obliged to deposit the originals before the judges of Aragon. Vide Gachard, Notice sur un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale de La Haye, etc., Bullet. Com. Roy., xiii.

his undertakings. "Being a man, not an angel, I cannot do all which I have to do," said he to Perez, "without a single person in whom I can confide."[1] He protested that he could do no more than he was then doing. He went to bed at twelve and rose at seven, without having an hour in the day in which to take his food regularly; in consequence of all which he had already had three fevers. He was plunged into a world of distrust. Every man suspected him, and he had himself no confidence in a single individual throughout that whole Babylon of disgusts. He observed to Perez that he was at liberty to show his letters to the king, or to read them in the council, as he meant always to speak the truth in whatever he should write. He was sure that Perez would do all for the best; and there is something touching in these expressions of an honest purpose toward Philip, and of generous confidence in Perez, while the two were thus artfully attempting to inveigle him into damaging revelations. The Netherlanders certainly had small cause to love or trust their new governor, who very sincerely detested and suspected them, but Philip had little reason to complain of his brother. "Tell me if my letters are read in council, and what his Majesty says about them," he wrote; "and, above all, send money. I am driven to desperation at finding myself *sold to this people*, utterly unprovided as I am, and knowing the slow manner in which all affairs are conducted in Spain."[2]

He informed the king that there was but one man in the Netherlands, and that he was called the Prince of

[1] Cartas del Señor Don J. de Austria y el Señor Escobedo, MS., f. 1–4, 21st December, 1576.

[2] Ibid.

Orange. To him everything was communicated, with him everything was negotiated, opinions expressed by him were implicitly followed. The governor vividly described the misgivings with which he had placed himself in the power of the states by going to Louvain, and the reluctance with which he had consented to send away the troops. After this concession he complained that the insolence of the states had increased. "They think that they can do and undo what they like, now that I am at their mercy," he wrote to Philip. "Nevertheless, I do what you command without regarding *that I am sold*, and that I am in great danger of losing my liberty, a loss which I dread more than anything in the world, for I wish to remain justified before God and men."[1] He expressed, however, no hopes as to the result. Disrespect and rudeness could be pushed no further than they had already gone, while the Prince of Orange, the actual governor of the country, considered his own preservation dependent upon maintaining things as they then were. Don John, therefore, advised the king steadily to make preparations for "a rude and terrible war,"[2] which was not to be avoided, save by a miracle, and which ought not to find him in this unprepared state. He protested that it was impossible to exaggerate the boldness which the people felt at seeing him thus defenseless. "They say publicly," he continued, "that your Majesty is not to be feared, not being capable of carrying on a war, and having consumed and exhausted every resource. One of the greatest injuries ever inflicted upon us was by Marquis Havré, who, after his return from Spain, went about

[1] Cartas del S. Don Juan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2d January, 1577.

[2] "Una cruda y terible guerra."—Ibid.

publishing everywhere the poverty of the royal exchequer. This has emboldened them to rise, for they believe that, whatever the disposition, there is no strength to chastise them. They see a proof of the correctness of their reasoning in the absence of new levies, and in the heavy arrearages due to the old troops."[1]

He protested that he desired, at least, to be equal to the enemy, without asking, as others had usually done, for double the amount of the hostile force. He gave a glance at the foreign complications of the Netherlands, telling Philip that the estates were intriguing both with France and England. The English envoy had expressed much uneasiness at the possible departure of the Spanish troops from the Netherlands by sea, coupling it with a probable attempt to liberate the Queen of Scots. Don John, who had come to the provinces for no other purpose, and whose soul had been full of that romantic scheme, of course stoutly denied and ridiculed the idea. "Such notions," he had said to the envoy, "were subjects for laughter. If the troops were removed from the country, it was to strengthen his Majesty's force in the Levant."[2] Mr. Rogers, much comforted, had expressed the warm friendship which Elizabeth entertained both for his Majesty and his Majesty's representative—protestations which could hardly seem very sincere, after the series of attempts at the queen's life, undertaken so recently by his Majesty and his Majesty's former representative. Nevertheless, Don John had responded with great cordiality, had begged for Elizabeth's portrait, and had expressed the intention, if affairs went as he hoped, to go privately to England for the

[1] Cartas del S. Don Juan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2d January, 1577.
[2] Ibid.

purpose of kissing her royal hand.[1] Don John further informed the king, upon the envoy's authority, that Elizabeth had refused assistance to the estates, saying, if she stirred it would be to *render aid to Philip*, especially if France should meddle in the matter. As to France, the governor advised Philip to hold out hopes to Alençon of espousing the Infante, but by no means ever to fulfil such a promise, as the duke, "besides being the shield of heretics, was unscrupulously addicted to infamous vices."[2]

A month later, Escovedo described the downfall of Don John's hopes and his own in dismal language. "You are aware," he wrote to Perez, "*that a throne*—a chair with a canopy—is our intention and our appetite, and all the rest is good for nothing. Having failed in our scheme, we are desperate and like madmen. All is now weariness and death."[3] Having expressed himself in such desponding accents, he continued, a few days afterward, in the same lugubrious vein. "I am ready to hang myself," said he, "and I would have done it already if it were not for keeping myself as executioner for those who have done us so much harm. Ah, Señor

[1] " . . . y yo compedirle su retrato y diciendo que si las cossas de aqui tomassen assiento come esperava, hiria prividamente a besar la las *manos*."—Cartas del S. Don Juan, etc., MS., f. 4–12, 2d January, 1577. Upon this passage in his brother's letter, Philip made the pithy annotation, "Mucho decir fue esto" ("That was saying a good deal").—Ibid.

[2] "Porque de mas de ser este el escudo de los hereges, se tiene entendido que no hace escrupulo del pecado nefando."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid., f. 12, 3d February, 1577: "Vin se prevenga y crea que silla y cortina es nuestro intento y apetito, y que todo lo demas es ymproprio y que abiendose caydo la traça de aquel amigo con loqual estamos desperados y como locos; todo a de ser cansancio y muerte."

Antonio Perez," he added, "what terrible pertinacity have those devils shown in making us give up our plot! It seems as though hell were opened and had sent forth heaps of demons to oppose our schemes."[1] After these vigorous ejaculations he proceeded to inform his friend that the English envoy and the estates, governed by the Prince of Orange, in whose power were the much-coveted ships, had prevented the departure of the troops by sea. "These devils complain of the expense," said he; "but we would willingly swallow the cost if we could only get the ships." He then described Don John as so cast down by his disappointment as to be fit for nothing, and most desirous of quitting the Netherlands as soon as possible. He had no disposition to govern these wineskins.[2] Any one who ruled in the provinces was obliged to do exactly what they ordered him to do. Such rule was not to the taste of Don John. Without any comparison, a woman would answer the purpose better than any man, and Escovedo accordingly suggested the empress dowager, or Madame de Parma, or even Madame de Lorraine. He further recommended that the Spanish troops, thus forced to leave the Netherlands by land, should be employed against the heretics in France. This would be a salvo for the disgrace of removing them.[3] "It would be read in history," con-

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7th February, 1577: "Estoy por aorcarme, ya lo habia hecho sino me guardase para verdugo de quien tanto mal nos hace. A! Señor Antonio Perez y que pertinacia y terribilidad a sido la desos demonios en quitarnos nuestra traça: el ynfierno parece que sea abierto y que enbian de allà gentes a montones à este efeto."

[2] "Y para gobiernar estos cueros realmente no lo quiere." —Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

tinued the secretary, "that the troops went to France in order to render assistance in a great religious necessity, while, at the same time, they will be on hand to chastise these drunkards, if necessary.[1] To have the troops in France is almost as well as to keep them here." He begged to be forgiven if he spoke incoherently. 'T was no wonder that he should do so, for his reason had been disordered by the blow which had been received. As for Don John, he was dying to leave the country, and although the force was small for so great a general, yet it would be well for him to lead these troops to France in person. "It would sound well in history," said poor Escovedo, who always thought of posterity, without ever dreaming that his own private letters would be destined, after three centuries, to comment and earnest investigation—"it would sound well in history that Don John went to restore the French kingdom and to extirpate heretics with six thousand foot and two thousand horse. 'T is a better employment, too, than to govern such vile creatures as these."[2]

If, however, all their plans should fail, the secretary suggested to his friend Antonio that he must see and make courtiers of them. He suggested that a strong administration might be formed in Spain with Don John, the Marquis de los Velez, and the Duke of Sesa. "With such chiefs, and with Anthony and John[3] for acolytes," he was of opinion that much good work might be done, and that Don John might become "the staff

[1] "Y tanbien servirá esto de refrenar estos borrachos."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 12–16, 7th February, 1577.

[2] "Se olgará mas de servir en esto que no en govierno de tan ruin gente."—Ibid.

[3] Viz., John of Escovedo and Antonio Perez.

for his Majesty's old age."[1] He implored Perez, in the most urgent language, to procure Philip's consent that his brother should leave the provinces. "Otherwise," said he, "we shall see the destruction of the friend whom we so much love! He will become seriously ill, and if so, good night to him![2] His body is too delicate." Escovedo protested that he would rather die himself. "In the catastrophe of Don John's death," he continued, "adieu the court, adieu the world!" He would incontinently bury himself among the mountains of San Sebastian, "preferring to dwell among wild animals than among courtiers." Escovedo accordingly, not urged by the most disinterested motives certainly, but with as warm a friendship for his master as princes usually inspire, proceeded to urge upon Perez the necessity of aiding the man who was able to help them. The first step was to get him out of the Netherlands. That was his constant thought by day and night. As it would hardly be desirable for him to go alone, it seemed proper that Escovedo should, upon some pretext, be first sent to Spain. Such a pretext would be easily found, because, as Don John had accepted the government, "it would be necessary for him to do all which the rascals bade him."[3] After these minute statements, the secretary warned his correspondent of the necessity of secrecy, adding that he especially feared "all the court ladies, great and small, but that he in *everything confided entirely in Perez.*"

[1] "El baculo por su bexez."—Cartas, etc., MS., 12–16, 7th February, 1577.

[2] "Y es de cuerpo tan delicado que lo temo dexarnos hia a buenas noches."—Ibid.

[3] "Porque recebido el gobierno a de acer lo que le aconsejaren estos bellacos."—Ibid.

Nearly at the same time, Don John wrote to Perez in a similar tone. "Ah, Señor Antonio," he exclaimed, "how certain is my disgrace and my misfortune! Ruined is our enterprise, after so much labor and such skilful management."[1] He was to have commenced the work with the very Spanish soldiers who were now to be sent off by land, and he had nothing for it but to let them go, or to come to an open rupture with the states. "The last his conscience, his duty, and the time alike forbade."[2] He was therefore obliged to submit to the ruin of his plans, and "could think of nothing save to turn hermit, a condition in which a man's labors, being spiritual, might not be entirely in vain."[3] He was so overwhelmed by the blow, he said, that he was constantly thinking of an anchoret's life. That which he had been leading had become intolerable. He was not fitted for the people of the Netherlands, nor they for him. Rather than stay longer than was necessary in order to appoint his successor, there was no resolution he might not take, even to leaving everything and coming upon them when they least expected him, although he were to receive a bloody punishment in consequence. He, too, suggested the empress, who had all the qualities which he lacked himself, or Madame de Parma, or Madame de Lorraine, as each of them was more fit to govern the provinces than he pretended to be. "The people," said he, plainly, "*are beginning to*

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 16th February, 1577, f. 16–18: "A, Señor Antonio y cuan cierto es de mi desgracia y desdicha—la quiebra de nostro designio tras muy trabajado y bien guiado que se tenia."

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Pues no sé en que pensar sino en una hermita y donde no sera en vano lo que el hombre trabaja se con el espiritu."—Ibid.

abhor me, and I abhor them already."[1] He entreated Perez to get him out of the country by fair means or foul—"per fas aut per nefas."[2] His friends ought to procure his liberation if they wished to save him from the sin of disobedience, and even of infamy. He expressed the most unbounded confidence in the honor of his correspondent, adding that if nothing else could procure his release, the letter might be shown to the king. In general, the governor was always willing that Perez should make what changes he thought advisable in the letters for his Majesty, altering or softening whatever seemed crude or harsh, provided always the main point—that of procuring his recall—were steadily kept in view. "In this," said the governor, vehemently, "my life, my honor, and my soul are all at stake; for as to the two first, I shall forfeit them both certainly, and, in my desperate condition, I shall run great risk of losing the last."[3]

On the other hand, Perez was profuse in his professions of friendship both to Don John and to Escovedo, dilating in all his letters upon the difficulty of approaching the king upon the subject of his brother's recall, but giving occasional information that an incidental hint had been ventured which might not remain without effect. All these letters were, however, laid before Philip, for his approval, before being despatched, and the whole subject thoroughly and perpetually discussed

[1] "Por lo que me enpieçan avorrecer y por lo que yo les aborresco."—Cartas, etc., MS., 16th February, 1577, f. 16–18.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid., 1st March, 1577, f. 18,19: "Que en hacerlo me va la vida y onra y alma, porque las dos primeras partes perderé cierto . . . y la tercera de puro desperado hira a gran riesgo."

between them, about which Perez pretended that he hardly dared breathe a syllable to his Majesty. He had done what he could, he said, while reading, piece by piece, to the king, during a fit of the gout, the official despatches from the Netherlands, to insinuate such of the arguments used by the governor and Escovedo as might seem admissible, but it was soon obvious that no impression could be made upon the royal mind. Perez did not urge the matter, therefore, "because," said he, "if the king should suspect that we had any other object than his interests, *we should all be lost.*"[1] Every effort should be made by Don John and all his friends to secure his Majesty's entire confidence, since by that course more progress would be made in their secret plans than by proceedings concerning which the governor wrote "with such fury and anxiety of heart."[2] Perez warned his correspondent, therefore, most solemnly, against the danger of "striking the blow without hitting the mark," and tried to persuade him that his best interests required him to protract his residence in the provinces for a longer period. He informed Don John that his disappointment as to the English scheme had met with the warmest sympathy of the king, who had wished his brother success. "I have sold to him, at as high a price as I could," said Perez, "the magnanimity with which your Highness had sacrificed, on that occasion, a private object to his service."[3]

The minister held the same language when writing,

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 20–24.

[2] Ibid.: "Con tanta furia y cuidado de coraçon."

[3] "Su Mag^{d} ha manifestado gran deseo de que se hubiera podido executar en esta occasion; y yo le he vendido quan caro he savido el aber pospuesto V. A^{a} su particular servicio."—Ibid.

in a still more intimate and expansive style, to Escovedo. "We must avoid by a thousand leagues the possibility of the king's thinking us influenced by private motives," he observed, "for we know the king and the delicacy of these matters. The only way to gain the good will of the man is carefully to accommodate ourselves to his tastes, and to have the appearance of being occupied solely with his interests."[1] The letter, like all the rest, being submitted to "the man" in question before being sent, was underlined by him at this paragraph and furnished with the following annotation: "But you must enlarge upon the passage which I have marked—say more, even if you are obliged to copy the letter, in order that we may see the *nature of the reply*."[2]

In another letter to Escovedo, Perez enlarged upon the impropriety, the impossibility, of Don John's leaving the Netherlands at that time. The king was so resolute upon that point, he said, that 't was out of the question to suggest the matter. "We should, by so doing, only lose all credit with him in other things. You know what *a terrible man* he is; if he should once suspect us of having a private end in view, we should entirely miss our mark."[3] Especially the secretary was made ac-

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., f. 24–27: "Me parece que hemos de huir mil leguas de que piense el rey que tratamos tan de proposito de lo que toca al Señor Don Juan . . . pues conocemos al rey y cuan delicadas materias de estado son estas, pues por el mismo caso no nos fiara nada y el camino *para ganar este hombre la voluntad* no a de ser sino tratar solamente de su negocio y accomodalle los estados y los negocios a su gusto."

[2] "Mas os aviades de alargar en lo que yo rayo. Decid mas aunque se copie la carta, para ver el animo de la respuesta."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid., f. 27–32: "Porque no perdemos el credito con el para otras cosas, que como Vm. sabe es terribile hombre," etc.

quainted with the enormous error which would be committed by Don John in leaving his post. Perez "had ventured into the water" upon the subject, he said, by praising the governor warmly to his Majesty. The king had responded by a hearty eulogium, adding that the greatest comfort in having such a brother was that he might be where his Majesty could not be. Therefore it was out of the question for Don John to leave the provinces. The greatest tact was necessary, urged Perez, in dealing with the king. If he should once "suspect that we have a private purpose, we are lost, and no Demosthenes or Cicero would be able to influence him afterward."[1] Perez begged that his ardent attachment to Don John might be represented in the strongest colors to that high personage, who was to be assured that every effort would be made to place him at the head of affairs in Spain, according to the suggestion of Escovedo. "It would never do, however," he continued, "*to let our man see* that we desire it, for then we should never succeed. The only way to conquer him is to make him believe that things are going on *as he wishes,* not as his Highness may desire, and that we have none of us any will but the king's."[2] Upon this passage the "terrible man" made a brief annotation. "This paragraph does admirably," he said, adding, with characteristic tautology, "*and what you say in it is also excellent.*"[3]

[1] "Porque la ora que lleguemos a esto somos perdidos, y no abra Demosthenes ni Ciceron qui le persuada despues."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27–32.

[2] "Pero no lo mostremos a este ombre jamas que lo deseamos porque nunca lo veramos," etc.—Ibid.

[3] "Este capitulo va muy bien, y lo que decis en el tanbien."—Ibid.

"Therefore," continued the minister, "God forbid, Master Escovedo, that you should come hither now, for we should all be lost. In the English matter, I assure you that his Majesty was extremely anxious that the plan should succeed, either through the pope or otherwise. That puts me in mind," added Perez, "to say, body of God! Señor Escovedo! how the devil came you to send that courier to Rome about the English plot without giving me warning?"[1] He then proceeded to state that the papal nuncio in Spain had been much troubled in mind upon the subject and had sent for him. "I went," said Perez, "and after he had closed the door, and looked through the keyhole to see that there were no listeners, he informed me that he had received intelligence from the pope as to the demands made by Don John upon his Holiness for bulls, briefs, and money to assist him in his English scheme, and that eighty thousand ducats had already been sent to him in consequence." Perez added that the nuncio was very anxious to know how the affair should best be communicated to the king without prejudice to his Highness. He had given him the requisite advice, he continued, and had himself subsequently told the king that no doubt letters had been written by Don John to his Majesty, communicating these negotiations at Rome, but that probably the despatches had been forgotten. Thus, giving himself the appearance of having smoothed the matter with the king, Perez concluded with a prac-

[1] "Cuerpo de Dios, Señor Escobedo, como diablos despacharon el correo a Roma sobre esto de Inglaterra," etc.—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27–32. Upon this passage the king has also noted with his own hand: "And this paragraph is even still more to the purpose" ("Y este capitulo va aun mejor al proposito").—Ibid.

tical suggestion of much importance—the necessity, namely, of procuring the assassination of the Prince of Orange as soon as possible. "Let it never be absent from your mind," said he, "that a good occasion must be found *for finishing Orange*, since, besides the service which will thus be rendered *to our master* and to the states, it will be worth *something to ourselves*."[1]

No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet; the viceroy of the most important provinces of the realm, with his secretary, deeply conferring in another, not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighboring sovereign, with the connivance and subsidies of the pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect, mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The governor is filled with inexpressible loathing for the whole nation of "drunkards and wine-skins" who are at the very moment strewing flowers in his path and deafening his ears with shouts of welcome;

[1] "Ojo que no dexe Vm. de llevar en su pensamiento para si conviniesse y se pudiesse en ocasion pero compuesto todo de los estados a *acavar a Oranxe*, que demas del servicio que se ara a nuestro Señor y bien a esos estados *nos valdria algo*, y crea me que le digo la verdad y creame le digo otra vez."—Cartas, etc., MS., f. 27–32.

the king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes; and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the king, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the despatches before his Majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who, within a twelvemonth, was himself to be assassinated by the selfsame pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to king, governor, and secretary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own secret and most ignoble aims.

In reply to the letters of Perez, Don John constantly expressed the satisfaction and comfort which he derived from them in the midst of his annoyances. "He was very disconsolate," he said, "to be in that hell, and to be obliged to remain in it,"[1] now that the English plot had fallen to the ground, but he would nevertheless take patience and wait for a more favorable conjuncture.

Escovedo expressed the opinion, however, notwithstanding all the suggestions of Perez, that the presence of Don John in the provinces had become entirely superfluous. "An old woman with her distaff," suggested the secretary, "would be more appropriate; for there

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 26th May, 1577, f. 32–34: "Tiene me muy desconsolado por que estar en este ynfierno y aver destar."

would be nothing to do, if the states had their way, save to sign everything which they should command."[1] If there should be war, his Highness would, of course, not abandon his post, even if permitted to do so; but otherwise nothing could be gained by a prolonged residence, As to the scheme of assassinating the Prince of Orange. Escovedo prayed Perez to believe him incapable of negligence on the subject. "You know that the *finishing of Orange* is very near my heart," wrote the poor dupe to the man by whom he was himself so soon to be finished. "You may believe that I have never forgotten it, and never will forget it until it be done. Much, and very much, artifice is, however, necessary to accomplish this object. A proper person to undertake a task fraught with such well-known danger is hard to find. Nevertheless, I will not withdraw my attention from the subject till such a person be procured and the deed be done."[2]

A month later, Escovedo wrote that he was about to visit Spain. He complained that he required rest in his old age, but that Perez could judge how much rest he could get in such a condition of affairs. He was, unfortunately, not aware, when he wrote, how soon his correspondent was to give him a long repose. He said, too, that the pleasure of visiting his home was counter-

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 29th May, 1577, f. 33–37: "El Señor Don Juan no sera menester sino una dueña con su rueca que firme lo quellos quisieren."

[2] "Ya Vm. save cuanto que tengo en el pensamiento *el acavar a Oranxe* pues bien crera que no se me a *olvidado ni olvidara hasta acerlo;* que es menester mucho y muy mucho artificio y *persona tal que se encargue* del casso que como trae consigo tan conocido peligro no acavo de allarla aunque la he buscado. *No perdere al cuidado della asta ver lo hecho.*"—Ibid.

balanced by the necessity of traveling back to the Netherlands;[1] but he did not know that Perez was to spare him that trouble, and to send him forth upon a much longer journey.

The governor-general had, in truth, not inspired the popular party or its leader with confidence, nor did he place the least reliance upon them. While at Louvain, he had complained that a conspiracy had been formed against his life and liberty. Two French gentlemen, Bonnivet and Bellangreville, had been arrested on suspicion of a conspiracy to secure his person and to carry him off a prisoner to Rochelle. Nothing came of the examination which followed; the prisoners were released, and an apology was sent by the States-General to the Duke of Alençon, as well for the indignity which had been offered to two of his servants, as for the suspicion which had been cast upon himself.[2] Don John, however, was not satisfied. He persisted in asserting the existence of the conspiracy, and made no secret of his belief that the Prince of Orange was acquainted with the arrangement.[3] As may be supposed, nothing was discovered in the course of the investigation to implicate that astute politician. The prince had indeed secretly recommended that the governor should be taken into custody on his first arrival, not for the purpose of assassination or personal injury, but in order to extort

[1] Cartas, etc., MS., 21st June, 1577, f. 36, 37.

[2] Bor, x. 805. Hoofd, xi. 493.

[3] Cabrera asserts that Count Lalain, with other deputies of the estates, had conspired ("por persuasion del Principe de Orange y orden del Duque de Alençon") to make the capture of Don John's person, adding that the confession would have been extorted from them upon the rack, there being sufficient proofs of their guilt, but the affair was hushed up (xi. 909[a] and [b]).

better terms from Philip, through the affection or respect which he might be supposed to entertain for his brother. It will be remembered that unsuccessful attempts had also been made to capture the Duke of Alva and the Commander Requesens. Such achievements comported with the spirit of the age, and although it is doubtful whether any well-concerted plot existed against the liberty of the governor, it is certain that he entertained no doubt on the subject himself.[1]

In addition to these real or suspected designs, there was an ever-present consciousness in the mind of Don John that the enthusiasm which greeted his presence was hollow, that no real attachment was felt for his person, that his fate was leading him into a false position, that the hearts of the people were fixed upon another, and that they were never to be won by himself. Instinctively he seemed to feel a multitude of invisible threads twining into a snare around him, and the courageous heart and the bounding strength became uneasily conscious of the act in which they were to be held captive till life should be wasted quite away.

The universal affection for the rebel prince, and the hopeless abandonment of the people to that deadliest of sins, the liberty of conscience, were alike unquestionable. "They mean to remain free, Sire," wrote Escovedo to Philip, "and to live as they please. To that end they would be willing that the Turk should come to be master of the country. By the road which they are traveling, however, it will be the Prince of Orange—which comes to quite the same thing."[2] At the same

[1] See the remarks of Groen van Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 42, 43.

[2] Letter of Escovedo to the king, March 27, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., p. 4, appendix.

time, however, it was hoped that something might be made of this liberty of conscience. All were not equally sunk in the horrible superstition, and those who were yet faithful to church and king might be set against their besotted brethren. Liberty of conscience might thus be turned to account. While two great parties were "by the ears, and pulling out each other's hair, all might perhaps be reduced together."[1] His Majesty was warned, nevertheless, to expect the worst, and to believe that the country could only be cured with fire and blood.[2] The position of the governor was painful and perplexing. "Don John," said Escovedo, "*is thirty years old.* I promise your Majesty nothing, save that if he finds himself without requisite assistance he will take himself off when your Majesty is least thinking of such a thing."[3]

Nothing could be more melancholy than the tone of the governor's letters. He believed himself disliked, even in the midst of affectionate demonstrations. He felt compelled to use moderate counsels, although he considered moderation of no avail. He was chained to his post, even though the post could, in his opinion, be more advantageously filled by another. He would still endeavor to gain the affections of the people, although he believed them hopelessly alienated. If patience would cure the malady of the country, he professed himself capable of applying the remedy, although the medicine had so far done but little good, and although he had no very strong hopes as to its future ef-

[1] Letter of Escovedo, etc., Discours Sommier, p. 16.

[2] "Este negocio no esta para curarse con buenas razones, sino con fuego y con sangre."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid., appendix, p. 16.

fects.[1] "Thus far, however," said he, "I am but as one crying in the wilderness."[2] He took occasion to impress upon his Majesty, in very strong language, the necessity of money. Secret agents, spies, and spies upon spies, were more necessary than ever, and were very expensive portions of government machinery. Never was money more wanted. Nothing could be more important than to attend faithfully to the financial suggestions of Escovedo, and Don John, therefore, urged his Majesty, again and again, not to dishonor their drafts. "Money is the gruel," said he, "with which we must cure this sick man,"[3] and he therefore prayed all those who wished well to his efforts to see that his Majesty did not fail him in this important matter. Notwithstanding, however, the vigor of his efforts and the earnestness of his intentions, he gave but little hope to his Majesty of any valuable fruit from the pacification just concluded. He saw the Prince of Orange strengthening himself, "with great fury," in Holland and Zealand;[4] he knew that the prince was backed by the Queen of England, who, notwithstanding her promises to Philip and himself, had offered her support to the rebels in case the proposed terms of peace were rejected in Hol-

[1] Letter of Don John to the king, 7th April, 1577, Discours Sommier, p. 27.

[2] "Pero veo que hasta agora es todo predicar en desierto."—Letter of Don John, 7th April, 1577, Discours Sommier, etc., appendix, p. 36.

[3] " . . . en materia de dinero: porque este es el pisto con que a de bolver en si este enformo," etc.—Letter of Don John to Perez, Discours Sommier, p. 44.

[4] "El Principe de Oranges continue el fortificar á gran fuia en Olanda y Zelanda."—Letter of Don John to the king, Discours Sommier, p. 35.

land; and he felt that "nearly the whole people was at the devotion of the prince."[1]

Don John felt more and more convinced, too, that a conspiracy was on foot against his liberty. There were so many of the one party, and so few of the other, that if he were once fairly "trussed" he affirmed that not a man among the faithful would dare to budge an inch.[2] He therefore informed his Majesty that he was secretly meditating a retreat to some place of security, judging very properly that, if he were still his own master, he should be able to exert more influence over those who were still well disposed than if he should suffer himself to be taken captive. A suppressed conviction that he could effect nothing, except with his sword, pierced through all his more prudent reflections. He maintained that, after all, there was no remedy for the body but to cut off the diseased parts at once,[3] and he therefore begged his Majesty for the means of performing the operation handsomely. The general expressions which he had previously used in favor of broths and mild treatment hardly tallied with the severe amputation thus recommended. There was, in truth, a constant struggle going on between the fierceness of his inclinations and the shackles which had been imposed upon him. He already felt entirely out of place, and although he scorned to fly from his post so long as it seemed the post of danger, he was most anxious that

[1] Letter of Don John to the king, Discours Sommier, p. 36: "La mayor parte de las estados esta a su devocion y casi todo el pueblo," etc.

[2] Ibid., p. 36.

[3] "Pues no tiene este cuerpo otro remedio que el cortar lo dañado del: lo qual se a de hazer ajora haziendo la provision que suplico de nuevo," etc.—Ibid., p. 38.

the king should grant him his dismissal so soon as his presence should no longer be imperiously required. He was sure that the people would never believe in his Majesty's forgiveness until the man concerning whom they entertained so much suspicion should be removed, for they saw in him only the "thunderbolt of his Majesty's wrath."[1] Orange and England confirmed their suspicions and sustained their malice. Should he be compelled, against his will, to remain, he gave warning that he might do something which would be matter of astonishment to everybody.[2]

Meantime, the man in whose hands really lay the question of war and peace sat at Middelburg, watching the deep current of events as it slowly flowed toward the precipice. The whole population of Holland and Zealand hung on his words. In approaching the realms of William the Silent, Don John felt that he had entered a charmed circle, where the talisman of his own illustrious name lost its power, where his valor was paralyzed, and his sword rusted irrevocably in its sheath. "The people here," he wrote, "are *bewitched* by the Prince of Orange. They love him, they fear him, and wish to have him for their master. They inform him of everything, and take no resolution without consulting him."[3]

While William was thus directing and animating the whole nation with his spirit, his immediate friends became more and more anxious concerning the perils to

[1] Letter of Don John to Philip, Discours Sommier, p. 44.

[2] "Seré forçado á hazer alguna cosa que de mucho que maravillar á todos," etc.—Letter to Perez, Discours Sommier, p. 45.

[3] ". . . los tiene encantados porque le aman y temen y quieren por Señor. Ellos le avisan de todo y sin el no resuelven cosa."—Extract of MS. letter in Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lxiii., note 3.

which he was exposed. His mother, who had already seen her youngest-born, Henry, her Adolphus, her chivalrous Louis, laid in their bloody graves for the cause of conscience, was most solicitous for the welfare of her "heart's beloved lord and son," the Prince of Orange. Nevertheless, the high-spirited old dame was even more alarmed at the possibility of a peace in which that religious liberty for which so much dear blood had been poured forth should be inadequately secured. "My heart longs for certain tidings from my lord," she wrote to William, "for methinks the peace now in prospect will prove but an oppression for soul and conscience. I trust my heart's dearly beloved lord and son will be supported by divine grace to do nothing against God and his own soul's salvation. 'T is better to lose the temporal than the eternal."[1] Thus wrote the mother of William, and we can feel the sympathetic thrill which such tender and lofty words awoke in his breast. His son, the ill-starred Philip, now for ten years long a compulsory sojourner in Spain, was not yet weaned from his affection for his noble parent, but sent messages of affection to him whenever occasion offered, while a less commendable proof of his filial affection he had lately afforded, at the expense of the luckless captain of his Spanish guard. That officer, having dared in his presence to speak disrespectfully of his father, was suddenly seized about the waist by the enraged young count, hurled out of the window, and killed stone-dead upon the spot.[2] After this exhibition of his natural feelings the Spanish government thought it necessary to take

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 49, 50.

[2] De la Pise, p. 603. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., vi. 102.

more subtle means to tame so turbulent a spirit. Unfortunately, they proved successful.

Count John of Nassau, too, was sorely pressed for money. Six hundred thousand florins, at least, had been advanced by himself and brothers to aid the cause of Netherland freedom.[1] Louis and himself had, unhesitatingly and immediately, turned into that sacred fund the hundred thousand crowns which the King of France had presented them for their personal use;[2] for it was not the Prince of Orange alone who had consecrated his wealth and his life to the cause, but the members of his family, less immediately interested in the country, had thus furnished what may well be called an enormous subsidy, and one most disproportioned to their means. Not only had they given all the cash which they could command by mortgaging their lands and rents, their plate and furniture, but, in the words of Count John himself, "they had taken the chains and jewels from the necks of their wives, their children, and their mother, and had hawked them about, as if they had themselves been traders and hucksters."[3] And yet, even now, while stooping under this prodigious debt, Count John asked not for present repayment. He only wrote to the prince to signify his extreme embarrassment, and to request some obligation or recognition from the cities of Holland and Zealand, whence hitherto no expression of gratitude or acknowledgment had proceeded.[4]

The prince consoled and assured, as best he could, his mother, son, wife, and brother, even at the same moment that he comforted his people. He also received

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 95 sqq.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

at this time a second and more solemn embassy from Don John.[1] No sooner had the governor exchanged oaths at Brussels, and been acknowledged as the representative of his Majesty, than he hastened to make another effort to conciliate the prince. Don John saw before him only a grand seignior of lofty birth and boundless influence, who had placed himself toward the crown in a false position, from which he might even yet be rescued; for to sacrifice the whims of a reforming and transitory religious fanaticism, which had spun itself for a moment about so clear a brain, would, he thought, prove but a trifling task for so experienced a politician as the prince. William of Orange, on the other hand, looked upon his young antagonist as the most brilliant impersonation which had yet been seen of the foul spirit of persecution.

It will be necessary to follow, somewhat more in detail than is usually desirable, the interchange of conversations, letters, and protocols out of which the brief but important administration of Don John was composed, for it was exactly in such manifestations that the great fight was really proceeding. Don John meant peace; wise William meant war, for he knew that no other issue was possible. Peace, in reality, was war in its worst shape. Peace would unchain every priestly tongue and unsheathe every knightly sword in the fifteen provinces against little Holland and Zealand. He had been able to bind all the provinces together by the hastily forged chain of the Ghent treaty, and had done what he could to strengthen that union by the principle of mutual religious respect. By the arrival of Don John that work had been deranged. It had, however, been

[1] Bor, x. 814. Meteren, vii. 121.

impossible for the prince thoroughly to infuse his own ideas on the subject of toleration into the hearts of his nearest associates. He could not hope to inspire his deadly enemies with a deeper sympathy. Was he not himself the mark of obloquy among the reformers, because of his leniency to Catholics? Nay, more, was not his intimate councilor, the accomplished Sainte-Aldegonde, in despair because the prince refused to exclude the Anabaptists of Holland from the rights of citizenship? At the very moment when William was straining every nerve to unite warring sects and to persuade men's hearts into a system by which their consciences were to be laid open to God alone—at the moment when it was most necessary for the very existence of the fatherland that Catholic and Protestant should mingle their social and political relations, it was indeed a bitter disappointment for him to see wise statesmen of his own creed unable to rise to the idea of toleration. "The affair of the Anabaptists," wrote Sainte-Aldegonde, "has been renewed. The prince objects to exclude them from citizenship. He answered me sharply that their yea was equal to our oath, and that we should not press this matter, unless we were *willing to confess that it was just for the papists to compel us* to a divine service which was against our conscience." It seems hardly credible that this sentence, containing so sublime a tribute to the character of the prince, should have been indited as a bitter censure, and that, too, by an enlightened and accomplished Protestant. "In short," continued Sainte-Aldegonde, with increasing vexation, "I don't see how we can accomplish our wish in this matter. The prince has uttered reproaches to me that our clergy are striving to obtain a mastery over

consciences. He praised lately the saying of a monk who was not long ago here, that our pot had not gone to the fire as often as that of our antagonists, but that when the time came it would be black enough. In short, the prince fears that after a few centuries the clerical tyranny on both sides will stand in this respect on the same footing."[1]

Early in the month of May, Dr. Leoninus and Caspar Schetz, Seigneur de Grobbedonck, had been sent on a mission from the States-General to the Prince of Orange.[2] While their negotiations were still pending, four special envoys from Don John arrived at Middelburg. To this commission was informally adjoined Leoninus, who had succeeded to the general position of Viglius. Viglius was dead.[3] Since the memorable arrest of the state council he had not appeared on the scene of public affairs. The house-arrest to which he had been compelled by a revolutionary committee had been indefinitely prolonged by a higher power, and after a protracted illness he had noiselessly disappeared from the stage of life. There had been few more learned doctors of both laws than he. There had been few more adroit politicians, considered from his point of view. His punning device was, "Vita mortalium vigilia,"[4] and he acted accordingly, but with a narrow interpretation. His life had indeed been a vigil, but it must

[1] See the letter of Sainte-Aldegonde, in Brandt, Hist. der Reformatie, i. b. xi. 588, 589.

[2] Bor, x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 501.

[3] He died May 8, 1577 (Bor, x. 812. Hoofd, xii. 501).

[4] Bor, x. 812. Meteren, vi. 120. Another motto of his was, "En groot Jurist een booser Christ"; that is to say, "A good lawyer is a bad Christian" (Meteren, vi. 120). Unfortunately, his own character did not give the lie satisfactorily to the device.

be confessed that the vigils had been for Viglius. The weather-beaten Palinurus, as he loved to call himself, had conducted his own argosy so warily that he had saved his whole cargo, and perished in port at last, while others, not sailing by his compass, were still tossed by the tempest.

The agents of Don John were the Duke of Aerschot, the Seigneur de Hierges, Seigneur de Willerval, and Dr. Meetkerken, accompanied by Dr. Andrew Gaill, one of the imperial commissioners.[1] The two envoys from the States-General, Leoninus and Schetz, being present at Gertruydenberg, were added to the deputation.[2] An important conference took place, the details of which have been somewhat minutely preserved.[3] The Prince of Orange, accompanied by Sainte-Aldegonde and four other councilors, encountered the seven champions from Brussels in a long debate, which was more like a passage of arms or a trial of skill than a friendly colloquy with a pacific result in prospect; for it must be remembered that the Prince of Orange did not mean peace. He had devised the Pacification of Ghent as a union of the other provinces with Holland and Zealand against Philip. He did not intend that it

[1] Bor, x. 814. Hoofd, xii. 502.

[2] Bor, x. 816. Hoofd, xii. 502.

[3] By the learned and acute Gachard, to whom the history of the Netherlands is under such great obligations. Vide Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii., preface, lxii. lxiii., and appendix, pp. 447–459, where is to be found the "Vraye Narration des Propos da Costé et d'aultre tenuz entre des Deputez d'Hollande et de Zelande á Gheertrudenbergh au mois de May, 1577." "On reconnait," says M. Gachard, "en lisant cette curieuse relation, qu'elle fut l'ouvrage d'un des conseillers du Prince, peut-être l'auteur en est il Philippe de Marnix (St. Aldegonde) lui-même."—Note to p. 447, Guillaume le Tacit., iii.

should be converted into a union of the other provinces with Philip against Holland and Zealand.

Meetkerken was the first to speak. He said that the governor had despatched them to the prince to express his good intentions, to represent the fidelity with which his promises had thus far been executed, and to entreat the prince, together with the provinces of Holland and Zealand, to unite with their sister provinces in common allegiance to his Majesty. His Highness also proposed to advise with them concerning the proper method of convoking the States-General.[1] As soon as Meetkerken had finished his observations, the prince demanded that the points and articles should be communicated to him in writing. Now, this was precisely what the envoys preferred to omit. It was easier and far more agreeable to expatiate in a general field of controversy than to remain tethered to distinct points. It was particularly in these confused conferences, where neither party was entirely sincere, that the volatile word was thought preferable to the permanent letter. Already so many watery lines had been traced, in the course of these fluctuating negotiations, that a few additional records would be, if necessary, as rapidly effaced as the rest.

The commissioners, after whispering in each other's ears for a few minutes, refused to put down anything in writing. Protocols, they said, only engendered confusion.

"No, no," said the prince, in reply; "we will have nothing except in black and white. Otherwise things will be said on both sides which will afterward be interpreted in different ways. Nay, it will be denied that some important points have been discussed at all. We

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 447, 448.

know that by experience. Witness the solemn treaty of Ghent, which ye have tried to make fruitless, under pretense that some points, arranged by word of mouth, and not stated particularly in writing, had been intended in a different sense from the obvious one. Governments given by royal commission, for example; what point could be clearer? Nevertheless, ye have hunted up glosses and cavils to obscure the intention of the contracting parties. Ye have denied my authority over Utrecht, because not mentioned expressly in the treaty of Ghent."[1]

"But," said one of the envoys, interrupting at this point, "neither the council of state nor the court of Mechlin consider Utrecht as belonging to your Excellency's government."[2]

"Neither the council of state," replied the prince, "nor the court of Mechlin have anything to do with the matter. 'T is in my commission, and all the world knows it."[3] He added that instead of affairs being thrown into confusion by being reduced to writing, he was of opinion, on the contrary, that it was by that means alone they could be made perfectly clear.

Leoninus replied, good-naturedly, that there should be no difficulty upon that score, and that writings should be exchanged. In the meantime, however, he expressed the hope that the prince would honor them with some preliminary information as to the points in which he felt aggrieved, as well as to the pledges which he and the states were inclined to demand.

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 449, 450.

[2] See details of conferences at Gertruydenberg, preserved by Bor, x. 819.

[3] Ibid. Hoofd, xii. 504.

"And what reason have we to hope," cried the prince, "that your pledges, if made, will be redeemed? That which was promised so solemnly at Ghent, and ratified by Don John and his Majesty, has not been fulfilled."[1]

"Of what particular point do you complain?" asked Schetz. "Wherein has the Pacification been violated?"

Hereupon the prince launched forth upon a flowing stream of invective. He spoke to them of his son detained in distant captivity, of his own property at Breda withheld, of a thousand confiscated estates, of garrisons of German mercenaries, of ancient constitutions annihilated, of the infamous edicts nominally suspended, but actually in full vigor. He complained bitterly that the citadels, those nests and dens of tyranny, were not yet demolished. "Ye accuse me of distrust," he cried; "but while the castles of Antwerp, Ghent, Namur, and so many more are standing, 't is yourselves who show how utterly ye are without confidence in any permanent and peaceful arrangement."[2]

"And what," asked a deputy, smoothly, "is the point which touches you most nearly? What is it that your Excellency most desires? By what means will it be possible for the government fully to give you contentment?"[3]

"I wish," he answered simply, "the full execution of the Ghent Pacification. If you regard the general welfare of the land, it is well, and I thank you. If not, 't is idle to make propositions, for I regard my country's profit, not my own."[4] Afterward the prince simply

[1] Vraye Narration, etc. Gachard, Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 450.
[2] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504. Compare Cabrera, xi. 913, 914.
[3] Bor, x. 819. Hoofd, xii. 504. [4] Ibid. Ibid.

repeated his demand that the Ghent treaty should be executed, adding that after the States-General should have been assembled it would be time to propose the necessary articles for mutual security.

Hereupon Dr. Leoninus observed that the assembly of the States-General could hardly be without danger. He alluded to the vast number of persons who would thus be convoked, to the great discrepancy of humors which would thus be manifested. Many men would be present neither discreet nor experienced. He therefore somewhat coolly suggested that it might be better to obviate the necessity of holding any general assembly at all. An amicable conference, for the sake of settling doubtful questions, would render the convocation superfluous and save the country from the dangers by which the step would be attended. The doctor concluded by referring to the recent assemblies of France, the only result of which had been fresh dissensions.[1] It thus appeared that the proposition on the part of Don John meant something very different from its apparent signification. To advise with the prince as to the proper method of assembling the estates really meant to advise with him as to the best means of preventing any such assembly. Here, certainly, was a good reason for the preference expressed by the deputies in favor of amicable discussions over formal protocols. It might not be so easy in a written document to make the assembly and the prevention of the assembly appear exactly the same thing.

The prince replied that there was a wide difference between the condition of France and of the Netherlands. Here, was one will and one intention. There,

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 451.

were many factions, many partialities, many family intrigues. Since it had been agreed by the Ghent treaty that certain points should be provisionally maintained and others settled by a speedy convocation of the States-General, the plainest course was to maintain the provisional points and to summon the States-General at once.[1] This certainly was concise and logical. It is doubtful, however, whether he were really as anxious for the assembly-general as he appeared to be. Both parties were fencing at each other, without any real intention of carrying their points, for neither wished the convocation, while both affected an eagerness for that event. The conversation proceeded.

"At least," said an envoy, "you can tell beforehand in what you are aggrieved, and what you have to propose."

"We are aggrieved in nothing, and we have nothing to propose," answered the prince, "so long as you maintain the Pacification. We demand no other pledge, and are willing to refer everything afterward to the assembly."

"But," asked Schetz, "what security do you offer us that you will yourselves maintain the Pacification?"

"We are not bound to give assurances," answered the prince. "The Pacification is itself an assurance. 'T is a provisional arrangement, to be maintained by both parties until after the decision of the assembly. The Pacification must therefore be maintained or disavowed. Choose between the two. Only, if you mean still to acknowledge it, you must keep its articles. This *we* mean to do, and if up to the present time you have any complaint to make of our conduct, as we trust you have not, we are ready to give you satisfaction."[2]

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 452.

[2] Ibid., 452, 453.

"In short," said an envoy, "you mean, after we shall have placed in your hands the government of Utrecht, Amsterdam, and other places, to deny us any pledges on your part to maintain the Pacification."

"But," replied the prince, "if we are already accomplishing the Pacification, what more do you wish?"

"In this fashion," cried the others, "after having got all that you ask, and having thus fortified yourselves more than you were ever fortified before, you will make war upon us."

"War?" cried the prince. "What are you afraid of? We are but a handful of people, a worm compared to the King of Spain. Moreover, ye are fifteen provinces to two. What have you to fear?"[1]

"Ah," said Meetkerken, "we have seen what you could do when you were masters of the sea. Don't make yourselves out quite so little."[2]

"But," said the prince, "the Pacification of Ghent provides for all this. Your deputies were perfectly satisfied with the guaranties it furnished. As to making war upon you, 't is a thing without foundation or appearance of probability. Had you believed then that you had anything to fear, you would not have forgotten to demand pledges enough. On the contrary, you saw how roundly we were dealing with you then, honestly disgarnishing the country, even before the peace had been concluded. For ourselves, although we felt the right to demand guaranties, we would not do it, for we were treating with you on terms of confidence. We declared expressly that had we been dealing with the

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 452, 453.

[2] " . . . et pourtant ne vous faites pas si petits comme vous faictes."—Ibid.

king we should have exacted stricter pledges. As to demanding them of us at the moment, 't is nonsense. We have neither the means of assailing you, nor do we deem it expedient to do so."[1]

"To say the truth," replied Schetz, "we are really confident that you will not make war upon us. On the other hand, however, we see you spreading your religion daily, instead of keeping it confined within your provinces. What assurance do you give us that, after all your demands shall have been accorded, you will make no innovation in religion?"[2]

"The assurance which we give you," answered the prince, "is that we will really accomplish the Pacification."

"But," persisted Schetz, "do you fairly promise to submit to all which the States-General shall ordain, as well on this point of religious exercise in Holland and Zealand as on all the others?"[3]

This was a home thrust. The prince parried it for a while. In his secret thoughts he had no expectation or desire that the States-General, summoned in a solemn manner by the governor-general, on the basis of the memorable assembly before which was enacted the grand ceremony of the imperial abdication, would ever hold their session, and although he did not anticipate the prohibition by such assembly, should it take place, of the Reformed worship in Holland and Zealand, he did not intend to submit to it, even should it be made.

"I cannot tell," said he, accordingly, in reply to the last question, "for ye have yourselves already broken and violated the Pacification, having made an accord

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 454.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., 455.

with Don John without our consent, and having already received him as governor."

"So that you don't mean," replied Schetz, "to accept the decision of the states?"[1]

"I don't say that," returned the prince, continuing to parry; "it is possible that we might accept it; it is possible that we might not. We are no longer in our entire rights, as we were at the time of our first submission at Ghent."

"But we will make you whole," said Schetz.

"That you cannot do," replied the prince, "for you have broken the Pacification all to pieces. We have nothing, therefore, to expect from the states but to be condemned offhand."[2]

"You don't mean, then," repeated Schetz, "to submit to the estates touching the exercise of religion?"

"No, we do not!" replied the prince, driven into a corner at last, and striking out in his turn. "We certainly do not. To tell you the truth, we see that you intend our extirpation, and we don't mean to be extirpated."[3]

"Ho!" said the Duke of Aerschot, "there is nobody who wishes that."

"Indeed, but you do," said the prince. "We have submitted ourselves to you in good faith, and you now would compel us and all the world to maintain exclusively the Catholic religion. This cannot be done except by extirpating us."

A long, learned, vehement discussion upon abstract points, between Sainte-Aldegonde, Leoninus, and Dr. Gaill, then ensued, during which the prince, who had

[1] Vraye Narration, 456.

[2] "Que d'estre condemnès à pur et à plain."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

satisfied himself as to the result of the conference, retired from the apartment. He afterward had a private convention with Schetz and Leoninus, in which he reproached them with their inclination to reduce their fatherland to slavery.[1] He also took occasion to remark to Hierges that it was a duty to content the people; that whatever might be accomplished for them was durable, whereas the will of kings was perishing. He told the Duke of Aerschot that if Utrecht were not restored he would take it by force. He warned the duke that to trust the king was to risk his head. He, at least, would never repose confidence in him, having been deceived too often. The king cherished the maxim, "Hæreticis non est servanda fides"; as for himself, he was *calbo y calbanista*, and meant to die so.[2]

The formal interchange of documents soon afterward took place. The conversation thus held between the different parties shows, however, the exact position of affairs. There was no change in the intentions of either reformers or royalists. Philip and his representatives still contended for two points, and claimed the praise of moderation that their demands were so few in number. They were willing to concede everything, save the unlimited authority of the king and the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion. The Prince of Orange, on his side, claimed two points also—the ancient constitutions of the country and religious freedom. It was obvious enough that the contest was the same, in reality, as it had ever been. No approximation had been made

[1] Vraye Narration, etc., 459.

[2] Extracts from the MS. letters (28th and 29th of May, 1577) of Don John to the king, given by M. Gachard in the preface to vol. iii., Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., p. lxiii.

toward reconciling absolutism with national liberty, persecution with toleration. The Pacification of Ghent had been a step in advance. That treaty opened the door to civil and religious liberty,[1] but it was an agreement among the provinces, not a compact between the people and the monarch. By the casuists of Brussels and the licentiates of Louvain it had, to be sure, been dogmatically pronounced orthodox, and had been confirmed by royal edict. To believe, however, that his Catholic Majesty had faith in the dogmas propounded was as absurd as to believe in the dogmas themselves. If the Ghent Pacification really had made no breach in royal and Roman infallibility, then the efforts of Orange and the exultation of the reformers had indeed been idle.

The envoys accordingly, in obedience to their instructions, made a formal statement to the Prince of Orange and the states of Holland and Zealand on the part of Don John.[2] They alluded to the departure of the Spaniards, as if that alone had fulfilled every duty and authorized every claim. They therefore demanded the immediate publication in Holland and Zealand of the Perpetual Edict. They insisted on the immediate discontinuance of all hostile attempts to reduce Amsterdam to the jurisdiction of Orange, required the prince to abandon his pretensions to Utrecht, and denounced the efforts making by him and his partizans to diffuse their

[1] Even Tassis admits this fact, which is indeed indisputable. "Abhorrebat Austriacus," says he (liii. p. 245), "a confirmatione Pacis Gandavensis, quod per eam tacite introducebatur libertas Religionis."

[2] See it in Bor, x. 816, 817. Compare the letter of instruction published by Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

heretical doctrines through the other provinces. They observed, in conclusion, that the general question of religion was not to be handled, because reserved for the consideration of the States-General, according to the treaty of Ghent.[1]

The reply, delivered on the following day by the Prince of Orange and the deputies, maintained that the Perpetual Edict was widely different from the Pacification of Ghent, which it affected to uphold; that the promises to abstain from all violation of the ancient constitutions had not been kept, that the German troops had not been dismissed, that the property of the prince in the Netherlands and Burgundy had not been restored, that his son was detained in captivity, that the government of Utrecht was withheld from him, that the charters and constitution of the country, instead of being extended, had been contracted, and that the governor had claimed the right to convoke the States-General at his pleasure, in violation of the ancient right to assemble at their own. The document further complained that the adherents of the Reformed religion were not allowed to frequent the different provinces in freedom, according to the stipulations of Ghent; that Don John, notwithstanding all these shortcomings, had been acknowledged as governor-general, without the consent of the prince; that he was surrounded with a train of Spaniards, Italians, and other foreigners,—Gonzaga, Escovedo, and the like,—as well as by renegade Netherlanders like Tassis, by whom he was unduly influenced against the country and the people, and by whom a "back door was held constantly open" to the

[1] Bor, x. 816, 817. Gachard, Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. 438–446.

admission of evils innumerable.[1] Finally, it was asserted that, by means of this last act of union, a new form of inquisition had been introduced, and one which was much more cruel than the old system, inasmuch as the Spanish Inquisition did not take information against men except upon suspicion, whereas, by the new process, all the world would be examined as to their conscience and religion, under pretense of maintaining the union.[2]

Such was the result of this second mission to the Prince of Orange on the part of the governor-general. Don John never sent another. The swords were now fairly measured between the antagonists, and the scabbard was soon to be thrown away. A few weeks afterward the governor wrote to Philip that there was nothing in the world which William of Orange so much abhorred as his Majesty, adding, with Castilian exaggeration, that if the prince could drink the king's blood he would do so with great pleasure.[3]

Don John, being thus seated in the saddle, had a moment's leisure to look around him. It was but a moment, for he had small confidence in the aspect of affairs; but one of his first acts after assuming the government afforded a proof of the interpretation which he had adopted of the Ghent Pacification. An edict was issued, addressed to all bishops, "heretic-masters,"[4] and provincial councils, commanding the strict enforcement

[1] "Dat Don Johan een achter deure open houd met de boven genoemde, en andere van gelijke stoffe," etc.

[2] Reply of the states of Holland, Bor, x. 818[b].

[3] Extract from MS. letter (28th of July, 1577) of Don John to the king, apud Gachard, preface to Correspondance de Guillaume le Tacit., iii. lxiv., notes, 112.

[4] "Ketter meesters." See the edict, Bor, x. 819, 820.

of the canons of Trent and other ecclesiastical decrees. These authorities were summoned instantly to take increased heed of the flocks under their charge, "and to protect them from the ravening wolves which were seeking to devour them."

The measure bore instant fruit. A wretched tailor of Mechlin, Peter Panis by name, an honest man, but a heretic, was arrested upon the charge of having preached or exhorted at a meeting in that city. He confessed that he had been present at the meeting, but denied that he had preached. He was then required to denounce the others who had been present, and the men who had actually officiated. He refused, and was condemned to death. The Prince of Orange, while the process was pending, wrote an earnest letter to the Council of Mechlin, imploring them not now to rekindle the fires of religious persecution.[1] His appeal was in vain. The poor tailor was beheaded at Mechlin on the 5th of June, the conqueror of Lepanto being present at the execution,[2] and adding dignity to the scene. Thus, at the moment when William of Orange was protecting the Anabaptists of Middelburg in their rights of citizenship, even while they refused its obligations, the son of the emperor was dipping his hands in the blood of a poor wretch who had done no harm but to listen to a prayer without denouncing the preacher. The most intimate friends of the prince were offended with his liberality. The imperial shade of Don John's father might have risen to approve the son who had so dutifully revived his bloody edicts and his ruthless policy.

Three parties were now fairly in existence: the nobles,

[1] Bor, x. 820. Hoofd, xii. 507 Meteren, vii. 122a.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup.

who hated the Spaniards, but who were disposed to hold themselves aloof from the people; the adherents of Don John, commonly called "Johannists"; and the partizans of the Prince of Orange—for William the Silent had always felt the necessity of leaning for support on something more substantial than the court party, a reed shaken by the wind, and failing always when most relied upon. His efforts were constant to elevate the middle class, to build up a strong third party which should unite much of the substantial wealth and intelligence of the land, drawing constantly from the people, and deriving strength from national enthusiasm—a party which should include nearly all the political capacity of the country; and his efforts were successful. No doubt the governor and his secretary were right when they said the people of the Netherlands were inclined to brook the Turk as easily as the Spaniard for their master, and that their hearts were in reality devoted to the Prince of Orange.

As to the grandees, they were mostly of those who "sought to swim between two waters," according to the prince's expression. There were but few unswerving supporters of the Spanish rule, like the Berlaymont and the Tassis families. The rest veered daily with the veering wind. Aerschot, the great chief of the Catholic party, was but a cringing courtier, false and fawning both to Don John and the prince. He sought to play a leading part in a great epoch; he only distinguished himself by courting and betraying all parties, and being thrown away by all. His son and brother were hardly more respectable. The prince knew how little dependence could be placed on such allies, even although they had signed and sworn the Ghent Pacification. He was

also aware how little it was the intention of the governor to be bound by that famous treaty. The Spanish troops had been, indeed, disbanded, but there were still between ten and fifteen thousand German mercenaries in the service of the king; these were stationed in different important places, and held firm possession of the citadels. The great keys of the country were still in the hands of the Spaniards. Aerschot, indeed, governed the castle of Antwerp, in room of Sancho d'Avila, but how much more friendly would Aerschot be than Avila, when interest prompted him to sustain Don John against the prince?

Meanwhile, the estates, according to their contract, were straining every nerve to raise the requisite sum for the payment of the German troops. Equitable offers were made by which the soldiers were to receive a certain proportion of the arrears due to them in merchandise, and the remainder in cash.[1] The arrangement was rejected, at the secret instance of Don John.[2] While the governor affected an ingenuous desire to aid the estates in their efforts to free themselves from the remaining portion of this encumbrance, he was secretly tampering with the leading German officers in order to prevent their acceptance of any offered terms.[3] He persuaded these military chiefs that a conspiracy existed, by which they were not only to be deprived of their wages but of their lives. He warned them to heed no promises, to accept no terms. Convincing them that he, and he only, was their friend, he arranged secret plans by which they should assist him in taking the

[1] Bor, x. 820.

[2] Meteren, vii. 122. Bor, x. 820 sqq. Hoofd, xii. 505.

[3] Meteren, Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup.

fortresses of the country into still more secure possession,[1] for he was not more inclined to trust to the Aerschots and the Havrés than was the prince himself.

The governor lived in considerable danger, and in still greater dread of capture, if not of assassination. His imagination, excited by endless tales of ambush and half-discovered conspiracies, saw armed soldiers behind every bush, a pitfall in every street. Had not the redoubtable Alva been nearly made a captive? Did not Louis of Nassau nearly entrap the grand commander? No doubt the Prince of Orange was desirous of accomplishing a feat by which he would be placed in regard to Philip on the vantage-ground which the king had obtained by his seizure of Count van Buren. Nor did Don John need for warnings coming from sources far from obscure. In May the Viscount de Gand had forced his way to his bedside in the dead of night, and wakening him from his sleep, had assured him, with great solemnity, that his life was not worth a pin's purchase if he remained in Brussels. He was aware, he said, of a conspiracy by which both his liberty and his life were endangered, and assured him that in immediate flight lay his only safety.[2]

The governor fled to Mechlin, where the same warnings were soon afterward renewed, for the solemn sacrifice of Peter Panis, the poor preaching tailor of that city, had not been enough to strike terror to the hearts of all the Netherlanders. One day, toward the end of June, the Duke of Aerschot, riding out with Don John,[3] gave

[1] Bor, Meteren, Hoofd.

[2] Vera et Simplex Narratio Eorum quæ ab Adventu D. Joannis Austriaci, etc., gesta sunt, p. 13 (Luxembergi, 1578).

[3] Ibid., p. 17.

him a circumstantial account of plots, old and new, whose existence he had discovered or invented, and he showed a copy of a secret letter, written by the Prince of Orange to the estates, recommending the forcible seizure of his Highness. It is true that the duke was, at that period and for long after, upon terms of the most "fraternal friendship" with the prince, and was in the habit of signing himself "his very affectionate brother and cordial friend to serve him,"[1] yet this did not prevent him from accomplishing what he deemed his duty in secretly denouncing his plans. It is also true that he, at the same time, gave the prince private information concerning the government, and sent him intercepted letters from his enemies,[2] thus easing his conscience on both sides, and trimming his sails to every wind which might blow. The duke now, however, reminded his Highness of the contumely with which he had been treated at Brussels, of the insolent threats with which the citizens had pursued his servants and secretaries even to the very door of his palace.[3] He assured him that the same feeling existed at Mechlin, and that neither himself nor family were much safer there than in the capital, a plot being fully organized for securing his person. The conspirators, he said, were openly supported by a large political party who called themselves anti-Johannists, and who clothed themselves in symbolic costume, as had been done by the disaffected in the days of Cardinal Granvelle. He assured the governor that nearly all the members of the

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 141–143.

[2] See the letter last quoted, ibid., vi. 143, 144.

[3] Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 14. Compare the Memoire de Grobbedonck, p. 172, Bull. Com. Roy., x.

States-General were implicated in these schemes. "And what becomes, then, of their promises?" asked Don John. "That for their promises!" cried the duke, snapping his fingers;[1] "no man in the land feels bound by engagements now." The governor demanded the object of the states in thus seeking to deprive him of his liberty. The duke informed him that it was to hold him in captivity until they had compelled him to sign every paper which they chose to lay before him. Such things had been done in the Netherlands in former days, the duke observed, as he proceeded to narrate how a predecessor of his Highness and a prince of the land, after having been compelled to sign innumerable documents, had been, in conclusion, tossed out of the windows of his own palace, with all his retinue, to perish upon the pikes of an insurgent mob below.[2] The governor protested that it did not become the son of Charles V. and the representative of his Catholic Majesty to hear such intimations a second time. After his return he brooded over what had been said to him for a few days, and he then broke up his establishment at Mechlin, selling off his superfluous furniture and even the wine in his cellars.[3] Thus showing that his absence, both from Brussels and Mechlin, was to be a prolonged one, he took advantage of an unforeseen occurrence again to remove his residence.

[1] Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 19. See also the letter of Don John to the States-General, dated August 24, 1577, in Bor, xi. 864, 865: "Daerop hy antwoorde klickende mette fingern," etc.

[2] Vera Narratio, etc., pp. 18, 19. Letter of Don John, ubi sup.

[3] Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., p. 17. Bor, x. 828.

CHAPTER III

The city of Namur—Margaret of Valois—Her intrigues in Hainault in favor of Alençon—Her reception by Don John at Namur—Festivities in her honor—Seizure of Namur citadel by Don John—Plan for seizing that of Antwerp—Letter of the estates to Philip, sent by Escovedo—Fortunes and fate of Escovedo in Madrid—Repairing of dikes—The prince's visit to Holland—His letter to the States-General on the subject of Namur citadel—His visit to Utrecht—Correspondence and commissioners between Don John and the estates—Acrimonious and passionate character of these colloquies—Attempt of Treslong upon Antwerp citadel frustrated by De Bours—Fortunate panic of the German mercenaries—Antwerp evacuated by the foreign troops—Renewed correspondence—Audacity of the governor's demands—Letters of Escovedo and others intercepted—Private schemes of Don John not understood by the estates—His letter to the empress dowager—More correspondence with the estates—Painful and false position of the governor—Demolition, in part, of Antwerp citadel and of other fortresses by the patriots—Statue of Alva—Letter of States-General to the king.

THERE were few cities of the Netherlands more picturesque in situation, more trimly built, and more opulent of aspect than the little city of Namur. Seated at the confluence of the Sombre with the Meuse, and throwing over each river a bridge of solid but graceful structure, it lay in the lap of a most fruitful valley. A broad crescent-shaped plain, fringed by the rapid Meuse, and inclosed by gently rolling hills cultivated to their

MARGARET DE VALOIS, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.
Painting by François Clouet, called Janet; Chantilly.

crests, or by abrupt precipices of limestone crowned with verdure, was divided by numerous hedge-rows, and dotted all over with corn-fields, vineyards, and flower-gardens. Many eyes have gazed with delight upon that well-known and most lovely valley, and many torrents of blood have mingled with those glancing waters since that long-buried and most sanguinary age which forms our theme; and still placid as ever is the valley, brightly as ever flows the stream. Even now, as in that vanished but never-forgotten time, nestles the little city in the angle of the two rivers; still directly over its head seems to hang in mid-air the massive and frowning fortress, like the gigantic helmet in the fiction, as if ready to crush the pygmy town below.

It was this famous citadel, crowning an abrupt precipice five hundred feet above the river's bed, and placed near the frontier of France, which made the city so important, and which had now attracted Don John's attention in this hour of his perplexity. The unexpected visit of a celebrated personage furnished him with the pretext which he desired. The beautiful Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, was proceeding to the baths of Spa, to drink the waters.[1] Her health was as perfect as her beauty, but she was flying from a husband whom she hated, to advance the interest of a brother whom she loved with a more than sisterly fondness; for the worthless Duke of Alençon was one of the many competitors for the Netherland government, the correspondence between himself and his brother and Orange and his agents being still continued. The hollow truce with the Huguenots in France had, however, been again

[1] Bor, x. 828. Meteren, vii. 122. Cabrera, xi. 929. Hoofd, xii. 508 et al.

succeeded by war. Henry of Valois had already commenced operations in Gascony against Henry of Navarre, whom he hated almost[1] as cordially as Margaret herself could do, and the Duke of Alençon was besieging Issoire.[2] Meantime the beautiful queen came to mingle the golden thread of her feminine intrigues with the dark woof of the Netherland destinies.

Few spirits have been more subtle, few faces so fatal as hers. True child of the Medicean mother, worthy sister of Charles, Henry, and Francis,—princes forever infamous in the annals of France,—she possessed more beauty and wit than Mary of Scotland, more learning and accomplishments than Elizabeth of England. In the blaze of her beauty, according to the inflated language of her most determined worshiper, the wings of all rivals were melted. Heaven required to be raised higher and earth made wider before a full sweep could be given to her own majestic flight.[3] We are further informed that she was a Minerva for eloquence, that she composed matchless poems which she sang most exquisitely to the sound of her lute, and that her familiar letters were so full of genius that "poor Cicero" was but a fool to her in the same branch of composition.[4] The world has shuddered for ages at the dark tragedy of her nuptials. Was it strange that hatred, incest,

[1] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 123 (Liège, 1714).

[2] De Thou, t. vii. liv. lxiii. 500 sqq.

[3] Éloge de Marguerite de Valois, Rayne de France et de Navarre, etc., par Brantôme, p. 2, usâ.

[4] " . . . Ses belles lettres—les mieux couchées soit pour estre graves, que pour estre familières . . . il n'y a nul qui les voyant ne se mocque du pauvre Ciceron avec les siennes familières," etc. —Éloge, etc., p. 18.

murder, should follow in the train of a wedding thus hideously solemnized?

Don John, as in his Moorish disguise he had looked upon her perfections, had felt in danger of becoming really the slave he personated. "Her beauty is more divine than human," he had cried, "but fitter to destroy men's souls than to bless them."[1] And now the enchantress was on her way to his dominions. Her road led through Namur to Liège, and gallantry required that he should meet her as she passed. Attended by a select band of gentlemen and a few horsemen of his body-guard, the governor came to Namur.[2]

Meantime the queen crossed the frontier, and was courteously received at Cambray. The bishop—of the loyal house of Berlaymont—was a stanch supporter of the king, and, although a Fleming, was Spanish to the core. On him the cajolery of the beautiful queen was first essayed, but was found powerless. The prelate gave her a magnificent ball, but resisted her blandishments. He retired with the appearance of the confections, but the governor of the citadel, the Seigneur d'Inchy, remained, with whom Margaret was more successful. She found him a cordial hater of Spain, a favorer of France, and very impatient under the authority of the bishop. He obtained permission to accompany the royal visitor a few stages of her journey, and returned to Cambray her willing slave, holding the castle in future, neither for king nor bishop, but for Margaret's brother Alençon alone. At Mons she was received

[1] "Aunque la hermosura desta Reyna se mas divina que humana, es mas para perder y dañar los hombres que salvarlos."—Éloge, p. 4.

[2] Bor, x. 828. Hoofd, xi. 508. Cabrera, xi. 929.

with great state by the Count Lalain, who was governor of Hainault, while his countess governed him. A week of festivities graced the advent of the queen, during which period the hearts of both Lalain and his wife were completely subjugated. They agreed that Flanders had been too long separated from the parental France to which it of right belonged. The count was a stanch Catholic, but he hated Spain. He was a relative of Egmont, and anxious to avenge his death, but he was no lover of the people, and was jealous of Orange. Moreover, his wife had become entirely fascinated by the designing queen. So warm a friendship had sprung up between the two fair ladies as to make it indispensable that Flanders and Hainault should be annexed to France. The count promised to hold his whole government at the service of Alençon, and recommended that an attempt should be made to gain over the incorruptible governor of Cambray. Margaret did not inform him that she had already turned that functionary round her finger, but she urged Lalain and his wife to seduce him from his allegiance, if possible.[1]

The count, with a retinue of mounted men, then accompanied her on her way toward Namur, but turned as the distant tramp of Don John's cavalcade was heard approaching, for it was not desirable for Lalain, at that moment, to find himself face to face with the governor. Don John stood a moment awaiting the arrival of the queen. He did not dream of her political intrigues, nor see in the fair form approaching him one mortal enemy the more. Margaret traveled in a splendid litter with gilt pillars, lined with scarlet velvet, and entirely in-

[1] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 125, 129–134, sqq.

closed in glass,[1] which was followed by those of the Princesse de la Roche sur You and of Madame de Tournon. After these came ten ladies of honor on horseback, and six chariots filled with female domestics. These, with the guards and other attendants, made up the retinue. On meeting the queen's litter, Don John sprang from his horse and presented his greetings. The queen returned his salutation, in the French fashion, by offering her cheek to his embrace, extending the same favor to the Duke of Aerschot and the Marquis of Havré.[2] The cavaliers then remounted and escorted the queen to Namur, Don John riding by the side of the litter, and conversing with her all the way. It was late in the evening when the procession arrived in the city. The streets had, however, been brilliantly illuminated, houses and shops, although it was near midnight, being in a blaze of light. Don John, believing that no attentions could be so acceptable at that hour as to provide for the repose of his guest, conducted the queen at once to the lodgings prepared for her. Margaret was astonished at the magnificence of the apartments into which she was ushered. A spacious and stately hall, most gorgeously furnished, opened into a series of chambers and cabinets, worthy, in their appointments, of a royal palace. The tent- and bed-coverings prepared for the queen were exquisitely embroidered in needlework with scenes representing the battle of Lepanto.[3] The great hall was hung with gorgeous tapestry of satin and velvet, ornamented with

[1] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 124, 125, sqq.

[2] Ibid., ii. 135. Hoofd, xii. 508.

[3] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 137.

columns of raised silver-work, and with many figures in antique costume of the same massive embroidery. The rest of the furniture was also of satin, velvet, cloth of gold, and brocade. The queen was dazzled with so much magnificence, and one of the courtiers could not help expressing astonishment at the splendor of the apartments and decorations, which, as he observed to the Duke of Aerschot, seemed more appropriate to the palace of a powerful monarch than to the apartments of a young bachelor prince.[1] The duke replied by explaining that the expensive embroidery which they saw was the result, not of extravagance, but of valor and generosity. After the battle of Lepanto, Don John had restored, without ransom, the two sons, who had been taken prisoners, of a powerful Turkish pasha. The father, in gratitude, had sent this magnificent tapestry as a present to the conqueror, and Don John had received it at Milan, in which city, celebrated for the taste of its upholsterers, it had been arranged for furniture.[2]

The next morning a grand mass with military music was performed, followed by a sumptuous banquet in the grand hall. Don John and the queen sat at a table three feet apart from the rest, and Ottavio Gonzaga served them wine upon his knees.[3] After the banquet came, as usual, the ball, the festivities continuing till late in the night, and Don John scarcely quitting his

[1] "Ces meubles me semblent plustost d'un grand Roy que d'un jeune Prince à marier tel qu'est le Sgr. Dom Jean," etc.—Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 136.

[2] Ibid. Compare Van der Hammen y Leon, D. J. d'Austria, lib. ii.

[3] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 137. Hoofd, xii. 508.

fair guest for a moment. The next afternoon a festival had been arranged upon an island in the river. The company embarked upon the Meuse in a fleet of gaily scarfed and painted vessels, many of which were filled with musicians.[1] Margaret reclined in her gilded barge, under a richly embroidered canopy. A fairer and falser queen than "Egypt" had bewitched the famous youth who had triumphed, not lost the world, beneath the heights of Actium. The revelers landed on the island, where the banquet was already spread within a spacious bower of ivy and beneath umbrageous elms. The dance upon the sward was protracted to a late hour, and the summer stars had been long in the sky when the company returned to their barges.

Don John, more than ever enthralled by the bride of St. Bartholomew, knew not that her sole purpose in visiting his dominion had been to corrupt his servants and to undermine his authority. His own purpose, however, had been less to pay court to the queen than to make use of her presence to cover his own designs. That purpose he proceeded instantly to execute. The queen next morning pursued her voyage by the river to Liège, and scarcely had she floated out of his sight than he sprang upon his horse and, accompanied by a few trusty attendants, galloped out of the gate and across the bridge which led to the citadel.[2] He had already despatched the loyal Berlaymont, with his four equally loyal sons, the Seigneurs de Meghen, Floyon, Hierges,

[1] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 137, 138. Hoofd, xii. 508.

[2] Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, ii. 145, who relates the occurrence on the authority of the Marchioness of Havré. Hoofd, xii. 508.

and Haultepenne, to that fortress. These gentlemen had informed the castellan that the governor was about to ride forth hunting, and that it would be proper to offer him the hospitalities of the castle as he passed on his way. A considerable number of armed men had been concealed in the woods and thickets of the neighborhood. The Seigneur de Froymont, suspecting nothing, acceded to the propriety of the suggestion made by the Berlaymonts. Meantime, with a blast of his horn, Don John appeared at the castle gate. He entered the fortress with the castellan, while one of the gentlemen watched outside as the ambushed soldiers came toiling up the precipice. When all was ready the gentleman returned to the hall and made a signal to Don John, as he sat at breakfast with the constable. The governor sprang from the table and drew his sword; Berlaymont and his four sons drew their pistols, while at the same instant the soldiers entered. Don John, exclaiming that this was the first day of his government, commanded the castellan to surrender. De Froymont, taken by surprise, and hardly understanding this very melodramatic attack upon a citadel by its own lawful governor, made not much difficulty in complying. He was then turned out of doors, along with his garrison, mostly feeble old men and invalids. The newly arrived soldiers took their places at command of the governor, and the stronghold of Namur was his own.[1]

There was little doubt that the representative of Philip had a perfect right to possess himself of any fortress within his government; there could be as little that the

[1] Hoofd, xii. 509: "Stokouwde of verminkte soldaaten," etc. Bor, x. 832. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, pp. 26, 27. Meteren, vii. 122. Bentivoglio, x. 194, 195.

sudden stratagem by which he had thus made himself master of this citadel would prove offensive to the estates, while it could hardly be agreeable to the king; and yet it is not certain that he could have accomplished his purpose in any other way. Moreover, the achievement was one of a projected series by which he meant to revindicate his dwindling authority. He was weary of playing the hypocrite, and convinced that he and his monarch were both abhorred by the Netherlanders. Peace was impossible, war was forbidden him. Reduced almost to a nullity by the Prince of Orange, it was time for him to make a stand, and in this impregnable fastness his position at least was a good one. Many months before, the Prince of Orange had expressed his anxious desire that this most important town and citadel should be secured for the estates. "You know," he had written to Bossu in December, "the evil and the dismay which the loss of the city and fortress of Namur would occasion to us. Let me beseech you that all possible care be taken to preserve them."[1] Nevertheless, their preservation had been intrusted to a feeble-minded old constable, at the head of a handful of cripples.

We know how intense had been the solicitude of the prince not only to secure but to destroy these citadels, "nests of tyranny," which had been built by despots to crush, not protect, the towns at their feet. These precautions had been neglected, and the consequences were displaying themselves, for the castle of Namur was not the only one of which Don John felt himself secure. Although the Duke of Aerschot seemed so very much his humble servant, the governor did not trust him, and wished to see the citadel of Antwerp in more unques-

[1] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, v. 571.

tionable keeping. He had therefore withdrawn not only the duke, but his son, the Prince of Chimay, commander of the castle in his father's absence, from that important post, and insisted upon their accompanying him to Namur.[1] So gallant a courtier as Aerschot could hardly refuse to pay his homage to so illustrious a princess as Margaret of Valois, while during the absence of the duke and prince the keys of Antwerp citadel had been, at the command of Don John, placed in the keeping of the Seigneur de Treslong,[2] an unscrupulous and devoted royalist. The celebrated Colonel van Ende, whose participation, at the head of his German cavalry, in the terrible sack of that city, which he had been ordered to defend, has been narrated, was commanded to return to Antwerp. He was to present himself openly to the city authorities, but he was secretly directed by the governor-general to act in coöperation with the colonels Fugger, Frondsberger, and Polwiller, who commanded the forces already stationed in the city.[3] These distinguished officers had been all summer in secret correspondence with Don John, for they were the instruments with which he meant by a bold strike to recover his almost lost authority. While he had seemed to be seconding the efforts of the States-General to pay off and disband these mercenaries, nothing had in reality been further from his thoughts, and the time had now come when his secret plans were to be executed, according to

[1] Bor, x. 828. Meteren, vii. 122b.

[2] Bor, x. 828. Louis de Blois, Seigneur de Treslong. Meteren, ubi sup. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., pp. 19, 20.

[3] Discours Sommier, etc., pp. 18, 19. See the original letters in the appendix to Discours Sommier, etc., p. 56 et seq.; also in Bor, x. 848 sqq. (translated).

the agreement between himself and the German colonels. He wrote to them, accordingly, to delay no longer the accomplishment of the deed,[1] that deed being the seizure of Antwerp citadel, as he had already successfully mastered that of Namur. The Duke of Aerschot, his brother and son, were in his power, and could do nothing to prevent the coöperation of the colonels in the city with Treslong in the castle, so that the governor would thus be enabled, laying his head tranquilly upon "the pillow of the Antwerp citadel,"[2] according to the reproachful expression subsequently used by the estates, to await the progress of events.

The current of his adventurous career was not, however, destined to run thus smoothly. It is true that the estates had not yet entirely lost their confidence in his character, but the seizure of Namur and the attempt upon Antwerp, together with the contents of the intercepted letters written by himself and Escovedo to Philip, to Perez, to the empress, to the colonels Frondsberger and Fugger, were soon destined to open their eyes. In the meantime, almost exactly at the moment when Don John was executing his enterprise against Namur, Escovedo had taken an affectionate farewell of the estates at Brussels;[3] for it had been thought necessary, as already intimated, both for the apparent interests and the secret projects of Don John, that the secretary should make a visit to Spain. At the command of the governor-general he had offered to take charge of any

[1] Letter of Don John, July 16, 1577, to the colonels Frondsberger and Fugger (Discours Sommier, ubi sup. Bor, x. 843).

[2] "Et se reposant sur l'oreiller du Chasteau d'Anvers duquel il se tenoit entièrement asseuri," etc.—Discours Sommier, etc., p. 35.

[3] Bor, x. 825. Hoofd, xii. 507. Discours Sommier, etc., p. 47.

communication for his Majesty which the estates might be disposed to intrust to him, and they had accordingly addressed a long epistle to the king, in which they gave ample expression to their indignation and their woe. They remonstrated with the king concerning the continued presence of the German mercenaries, whose knives were ever at their throats, whose plunder and insolence impoverished and tortured the people. They reminded him of the vast sums which the provinces had contributed in times past to the support of government, and they begged assistance from his bounty now. They recalled to his vision the melancholy spectacle of Antwerp, but lately the "nurse of Europe, the fairest flower in his royal garland, the foremost and noblest city of the earth,[1] now quite desolate and forlorn," and with additional instructions to Escovedo that he should not fail, in his verbal communications, to represent the evil consequences of the course hitherto pursued by his Majesty's governors in the Netherlands, they dismissed him with good wishes, and with "crowns for convoy" in his purse to the amount of a revenue of two thousand yearly. His secret correspondence was intercepted and made known a few weeks after his departure for that terrible Spain whence so few travelers returned.[2]

For a moment we follow him thither. With a single word in anticipation concerning the causes and the consummation of this celebrated murder, which was delayed till the following year, the unfortunate Es-

[1] " . . . voodster van geheel Europa, d'edelste bloeme van uwe majesteits krone en de vornaemste en rijxste van de wereld," etc. —Letter of the states, Bor, x. 826, 827.

[2] Bor, x. 825. Hoofd, xii. 508. Discours Sommier, p. 47. Meteren, vii. 121. Bor, x. 827–842.

covedo may be dismissed from these pages. It has been seen how artfully Antonio Perez, secretary of state, paramour of Princess Eboli, and ruling councilor at that day of Philip, had fostered in the king's mind the most extravagant suspicions as to the schemes of Don John and of his confidential secretary.[1] He had represented it as their fixed and secret intention, after Don John should be finally established on the throne of England, to attack Philip himself in Spain, and to deprive him of his crown, Escovedo being represented as the prime instigator and controller of this astounding plot, which lunatics only could have engendered, and which probably never had existence.

No proof of the wild design was offered. The language which Escovedo was accused by Perez of having held previously to his departure for Flanders—that it was the intention of Don John and himself to fortify the rock of Mogro, with which, and with the command of the city of Santander, they could make themselves masters of Spain after having obtained possession of England[2]—is too absurd to have been uttered by a man of Escovedo's capacity. Certainly, had Perez been provided with the least scrap of writing from the hands of Don John or Escovedo which could be tortured into evidence upon this point, it would have been forthcoming, and would have rendered such fictitious hearsay superfluous. Perez, in connivance with Philip, had been systematically conducting his correspondence with Don John and Escovedo, in order to elicit some evidence of the imputed scheme. "'T was the only way," said Perez

[1] Mem. de Ant. Perez, passim, particularly pp. 284–317, Obras y Relaciones (Geneva, 1644).

[2] Ibid., 313.

to Philip, "to make them unbare their bosoms to the sword." "I am quite of the same opinion," replied Philip to Perez, "for, according to my theology, you would do your duty neither to God nor the world unless you did as you are doing."[1] Yet the excellent pair of conspirators at Madrid could wring no damning proofs from the lips of the supposititious conspirators in Flanders, save that Don John, after Escovedo's arrival in Madrid, wrote, impatiently and frequently, to demand that he should be sent back, together with the money which he had gone to Spain to procure. "Money, more money, and Escovedo,"[2] wrote the governor, and Philip was quite willing to accept this most natural exclamation as evidence of his brother's designs against his crown. Out of these shreds and patches—the plot against England, the pope's bull, the desire expressed by Don John to march into France as a simple adventurer, with a few thousand men at his back—Perez, according to his own statement, drew up a protocol, afterward formally approved by Philip, which concluded with the necessity of taking Escovedo's life, instantly but privately, and by poison. The Marquis de los Velos, to whom the memorial was submitted for his advice, averred that if the death-bed wafer were in his own lips, he should vote for the death of the culprit;[3]

[1] "Es menester de escrivir y oyr de aquella manera . . . porque assy se meten porla espada," etc.—Billet of Ant. Perez to the king. "Y segun mi theologia yo entiendo lo mismo que vos. . . . Que no haviados para con Dios ni para con el mundo, sino lo hiziessedes ansy," etc.—Annotation in Philip's hand on the billet. Mem. de Perez, pp. 310, 311.

[2] "Dinero, y mas dinero, y Escovedo."—Ibid., 314.

[3] "Que con el Sacramento en la boca . . . votara la (muerte) de Juan de Escovedo," etc.—Ibid., 317.

Philip had already jumped to the same conclusion; Perez joyfully undertook the business, having received carte blanche from the king, and thus the unfortunate secretary was doomed. Immediately after the arrival of Escovedo in Madrid, he addressed a letter to the king. Philip filed it away among other despatches, with this annotation: "The avant-courier has arrived; it is necessary to make great haste, and to despatch him before he murders us."[1]

The king, having been thus artfully inflamed against his brother and his unfortunate secretary, became clamorous for the blood of Escovedo. At the same time, that personage, soon after his return to Spain, was shocked by the discovery of the amour of Perez with the Princess Eboli.[2] He considered it his duty, both toward the deceased prince and the living king, to protest against this perfidy. He threatened to denounce to the king, who seemed the only person about the court ignorant of the affair, this double treason of his mistress and his minister. Perez and Anna of Eboli, furious at Escovedo's insolence, and anxious lest he should execute his menace, determined to disembarrass themselves of so meddlesome a person.[3] Philip's rage against Don John was accordingly turned to account, and Perez received the king's secret orders to procure Escovedo's assassination.[4] Thus an imaginary conspiracy of Don

[1] Cartas del S. D. Juan y del Sec. Escovedo, MS. of Royal Library, The Hague.

[2] Mignet, Perez et Philippe II., pp. 28–33. Compare Hoofd, xii. 512–515; Cabrera, xii. 972, who covers the name of the princess with a veil which could have deceived no contemporary.

[3] Mignet, p. 32.

[4] Mem. de Ant. Perez, 314–317. Mignet, Ant. Perez et Philippe II., pp. 32, 33. Hoofd, xii. 514. Compare Cabrera, xii. 972,

John against the crown of Philip was the pretext, the fears and rage of Eboli and her paramour were the substantial reason, for the crime now projected.

The details of the murder were arranged and executed by Perez,[1] but it must be confessed, in justice to Philip, with much inferior nicety to that of his own performances in the same field. Many persons were privy to the plot. There was much blundering, there was great public scandal in Madrid, and no one ever had a reasonable doubt as to the instigators and the actual perpetrators of the crime. Two attempts to poison Escovedo were made by Perez, at his own table, through the agency of Antonio Enriquez, a confidential servant or page. Both were unsuccessful. A third was equally so, but suspicions were aroused. A female slave in the household of Escovedo was in consequence arrested, and immediately hanged in the public square, for a pretended attempt to murder her master.[2] A few days afterward (on the 31st of March, 1578) the deed was accomplished at nightfall in the streets of Madrid, by

who, seeking as usual to excuse the king, whose official panegyrist he is, narrates that Escovedo's death-warrant was filled out on one of those blanks with the king's signature, such as ambassadors and viceroys have. He does not state why Perez (being neither viceroy nor ambassador) came to be provided with such documents. He admits, too, "que no desplaria al Rey su muerte violenta" (p. 972).

[1] The narrative of this assassination, so remarkable in its character and so important in its remote consequences, has been given in a masterly manner by Mignet (Antonio Perez et Philippe II, p. 34 sqq.), from the MS. copy of the famous process belonging to the Foreign Office of France.

[2] Mignet (from the MS. process), pp. 38, 39. Cabrera also narrates briefly the attempts at poisoning made by Perez at his own table, together with the execution of the slave (xii. 972).

six conspirators. They consisted of the majordomo of Perez, a page in his household, the page's brother from the country, an ex-scullion from the royal kitchens, Juan Rubio by name, who had been the unsuccessful agent in the poisoning scheme, together with two professional bravos, hired for the occasion. It was Insausti, one of this last-mentioned couple, who despatched Escovedo with a single stab, the others aiding and abetting, or keeping watch in the neighborhood.[1]

The murderers effected their escape, and made their report to Perez, who, for the sake of appearances, was upon a visit in the country. Suspicion soon tracked the real culprits, who were above the reach of justice; nor, as to the motives which had prompted the murder, were many ignorant, save only the murderer himself. Philip had ordered the assassination, but he was profoundly deceived as to the causes of its accomplishment. He was the dupe of a subtler villain than himself, and thought himself sacrificing a conspirator against his crown, while he had really only crushed a poor creature who had been but too solicitous for what he thought his master's honor.

The assassins were, of course, protected from prosecution and duly recompensed. Miguel Bosque, the country boy, received one hundred crowns in gold, paid by a clerk of Perez. Mesa, one of the bravos, was rewarded with a gold chain, fifty doubloons of eight, and a silver cup, besides receiving from the fair hand of Princess Eboli herself a certificate as under-steward upon her estates.[2] The second bravo, Insausti, who had done the deed, the page Enriquez, and the scullion were

[1] Mignet, p. 40.

[2] Ibid. (from the MS. process), p. 41.

all appointed ensigns in his Majesty's army, with twenty gold crowns of annual pension besides.[1] Their commissions were signed by Philip on the 19th of April, 1578. Such were the wages of murder at that day in Spain—gold chains, silver cups, doubloons, annuities, and commissions in the army! The reward of fidelity, as in poor Escovedo's case, was oftener the stiletto. Was it astonishing that murder was more common than fidelity?

With the subsequent career of Antonio Perez—his famous process, his banishment, his intrigues, his innuendos, his long exile, and his miserable death—this history has no concern. We return from our brief digression.

Before narrating the issue of the plot against Antwerp citadel, it is necessary to recur for a moment to the Prince of Orange. In the deeds and the written words of that one man are comprised nearly all the history of the Reformation in the Netherlands, nearly the whole progress of the infant Republic. The rest, during this period, is made up of the plottings and counter-plottings, the mutual wranglings and recriminations, of Don John and the estates.

In the brief breathing-space now afforded them, the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand had been employing themselves in the extensive repairs of their vast system of dikes. These barriers, which protected their country against the ocean, but which their own hands had destroyed to preserve themselves against tyranny, were now thoroughly reconstructed, at a great expense, the prince everywhere encouraging the people with his presence, directing them by his experience, inspiring them with his energy.[2] The task accomplished was

[1] Mignet (from the MS. process), p. 41.

[2] Bor, x. 819. Wagenaer, vii. 158. Hoofd, xii. 504.

stupendous, and worthy, says a contemporary, of eternal memory.[1]

At the popular request, the prince afterward made a tour through the little provinces, honoring every city with a brief visit. The spontaneous homage which went up to him from every heart was pathetic and simple. There were no triumphal arches, no martial music, no banners, no theatrical pageantry—nothing but the choral anthem from thousands of grateful hearts. "Father William has come! Father William has come!" cried men, women, and children to each other, when the news of his arrival in town or village was announced.[2] He was a patriarch visiting his children, not a conqueror, nor a vulgar potentate displaying himself to his admirers. Happy were they who heard his voice, happier they who touched his hands, for his words were full of tenderness, his hand was offered to all. There were none so humble as to be forbidden to approach him, none so ignorant as not to know his deeds. All knew that to combat in their cause he had descended from princely station, from luxurious ease, to the position of a proscribed and almost beggared outlaw. For them he had impoverished himself and his family, mortgaged his estates, stripped himself of jewels, furniture, almost of food and raiment. Through his exertions the Spaniards had been banished from their little territory, the Inquisition crushed within their borders, nearly all the sister provinces but yesterday banded into a common cause.

He found time, notwithstanding congratulating crowds who thronged his footsteps, to direct the labors

[1] Bor, x. 819.

[2] Ibid., x. 830. Hoofd, xii. 520. Wagenaer, vii. 159, 160.

of the States-General, who still looked more than ever to his guidance, as their relations with Don John became more complicated and unsatisfactory. In a letter addressed to them, on the 20th of June, from Haarlem, he warned them most eloquently to hold to the Ghent Pacification as to their anchor in the storm. He assured them, if it was torn from them, that their destruction was inevitable. He reminded them that hitherto they had got but the shadow, not the substance, of the treaty; that they had been robbed of that which was to have been its chief fruit—union among themselves. He and his brothers, with their labor, their wealth, and their blood, had laid down the bridge over which the country had stepped to the Pacification of Ghent. It was for the nation to maintain what had been so painfully won; yet he proclaimed to them that the government were not acting in good faith, that secret preparations were making to annihilate the authority of the states, to restore the edicts, to put strangers into high places, and to set up again the scaffold and the whole machinery of persecution.[1]

In consequence of the seizure of Namur Castle, and the accusations made by Don John against Orange in order to justify that act, the prince had already despatched Taffin and Sainte-Aldegonde to the States-General with a commission to declare his sentiments upon the subject. He addressed, moreover, to the same body a letter full of sincere and simple eloquence. "The Seigneur Don John," said he, "has accused me of violating the peace, and of countenancing attempts against his life, and is endeavoring to persuade you into joining him in a declaration of war against me and against

[1] See the letter in Bor, x. 829, 830.

Holland and Zealand; but I pray you, most affectionately, to remember our mutual and solemn obligations to maintain the treaty of Ghent." He entreated the states, therefore, to beware of the artifices employed to seduce them from the only path which led to the tranquillity of their common country, and her true splendor and prosperity. "I believe there is not one of you," he continued, "who can doubt me, if he will weigh carefully all my actions, and consider closely the course which I am pursuing and have always pursued. Let all these be confronted with the conduct of Don John, and any man will perceive that all my views of happiness, both for my country and myself, imply a peaceable enjoyment of the union, joined with the legitimate restoration of our liberties, to which all good patriots aspire, and toward which all my designs have ever tended. As all the grandeur of Don John, on the contrary, consists in war; as there is nothing which he so much abhors as repose; as he has given ample proof of these inclinations in all his designs and enterprises, both before and after the treaty of Marche-en-Famene, both within the country and beyond its borders; as it is most manifest that his purpose is, and ever has been, to embroil us with our neighbors of England and Scotland in new dissensions; as it must be evident to every one of you that his pretended accusations against me are but colors and shadows to embellish and to shroud his own desire for war, his appetite for vengeance, and his hatred not only to me but to yourselves; and as his determination is, in the words of Escovedo, to chastise some of us by means of the rest, and to excite the jealousy of one portion of the country against the other—therefore, gentlemen, do I most affectionately exhort you to found your

decision, as to these matters, not upon words, but upon actions. Examine carefully my conduct in the points concerning which the charges are made; listen attentively to what my envoys will communicate to you in my behalf; and then, having compared it with all the proceedings of Seigneur Don John, you will be able to form a resolution worthy the rank which you occupy, and befitting your obligations to the whole people, of whom you have been chosen chiefs and protectors by God and by men. Put away all considerations which might obscure your clear eyesight; maintain with magnanimity, and like men, the safety of yourselves, your wives, your children, your estates, your liberties; see that this poor people, whose eyes are fixed upon you, does not perish; preserve them from the greediness of those who would grow great at your expense; guard them from the yoke of miserable servitude; let not all our posterity lament that by our pusillanimity they have lost the liberties which our ancestors had conquered for them and bequeathed to them as well as to us, and that they have been subjugated by the proud tyranny of strangers.

"Trusting," said the prince, in conclusion, "that you will accord faith and attention to my envoys, I will only add an expression of my sincere determination to employ myself incessantly in your service, and for the welfare of the whole people, without sparing any means in my power, nor my life itself."[1]

The vigilant prince was indeed not slow to take ad-

[1] This letter, of date August, 1577, the original of which is in French, has never been published. It is in a collection of MSS. in The Hague Archives, entitled "Acta Statuum Belgii," tom. i. fol. 367, 368. Compare Bor, x. 830.

vantage of the governor's false move. While in reality intending peace, if it were possible, Don John had thrown down the gauntlet; while affecting to deal openly and manfully, like a warrior and an emperor's son, he had involved himself in petty stratagems and transparent intrigues, by all which he had gained nothing but the character of a plotter, whose word could not be trusted. Sainte-Aldegonde expressed the hope[1] that the seizure of Namur Castle would open the eyes of the people, and certainly the prince did his best to sharpen their vision.

While in North Holland, William of Orange received an urgent invitation from the magistracy and community of Utrecht to visit that city. His authority, belonging to him under his ancient commission, had not yet been recognized over that province, but there was no doubt that the contemplated convention of "Satisfaction" was soon to be arranged, for his friends there were numerous and influential. His princess, Charlotte de Bourbon, who accompanied him on his tour, trembled at the danger to which her husband would expose himself by venturing thus boldly into a territory which might be full of his enemies, but the prince determined to trust the loyalty of a province which he hoped would be soon his own. With anxious forebodings the princess followed her husband to the ancient episcopal city. As they entered its gates, where an immense concourse was waiting to receive him, a shot passed through the carriage window, and struck the prince upon the breast. The affrighted lady threw her arms about his neck, shrieking that they were betrayed; but the prince, per-

[1] Sainte-Aldegonde to Count John of Nassau, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 116.

ceiving that the supposed shot was but a wad from one of the cannon which were still roaring their welcome to him, soon succeeded in calming her fears.[1] The carriage passed slowly through the streets, attended by the vociferous greetings of the multitude; for the whole population had come forth to do him honor. Women and children clustered upon every roof and balcony, but a painful incident again marred the tranquillity of the occasion. An apothecary's child, a little girl of ten years, leaning eagerly from a lofty balcony, lost her balance and fell to the ground, directly before the horses of the prince's carriage. She was killed stone-dead by the fall. The procession stopped: the prince alighted, lifted the little corpse in his arms, and delivered it, with gentle words and looks of consolation, to the unhappy parents.[2] The day seemed marked with evil omens, which were fortunately destined to prove fallacious. The citizens of Utrecht became more than ever inclined to accept the dominion of the prince, whom they honored and whom they already regarded as their natural chief. They entertained him with banquets and festivities during his brief visit, and it was certain before he took his departure that the treaty of "Satisfaction" would not be long delayed. It was drawn up, accordingly, in the autumn of the same year, upon the basis of that accepted by Haarlem and Amsterdam—a basis wide enough to support both religions, with a nominal supremacy to the ancient Church.[3]

Meantime much fruitless correspondence had taken

[1] Bor, x. 830. Hoofd, xii. 520.

[2] Bor. Hoofd, xii. 521.

[3] The articles of the "Satisfactie," dated October 9, 1577, are given in Bor, x. 893–896. Vera et Simplex Narratio, etc., p. 26.

place between Don John and the states.[1] Envoys despatched by the two parties to each other had indulged in bitterness and recrimination. As soon as the governor had taken possession of Namur Castle, he had sent the Seigneur de Rassinghem to the States-General. That gentleman carried with him copies of two anonymous letters received by Don John upon the 19th and 21st of July, 1577, in which a conspiracy against his life and liberty was revealed. It was believed by the governor that Count Lalain, who had secretly invited him to a conference, had laid an ambush for him. It was known that the country was full of disbanded soldiers, and the governor asserted confidently that numbers of desperados were lying in wait for him in every village alehouse of Hainault and Flanders. He called on the states to ferret out these conspirators, and to inflict condign punishment upon their more guilty chiefs; he required that the soldiers, as well as the citizens, should be disarmed at Brussels and throughout Brabant; and he justified his seizure of Namur upon the general ground that his life was no longer safe except in a fortress.[2]

In reply to the letter of the governor, which was dated the 24th of July, the states despatched Marolles, Archdeacon of Ypres, and the Seigneur de Bresse to Namur, with a special mission to enter into the whole subject of these grievances.[3] These gentlemen, professing the utmost devotion to the cause of his Majesty's authority and the Catholic religion, expressed doubts as

[1] Bor, x. 832. Hoofd, xii. 509. Discours Sommier des Justes Causes, etc., 29.

[2] See the letter of Don John, in Bor, x. 832.

[3] Bor, xi. 834.

to the existence of the supposed conspiracy. They demanded that Don John should denounce the culprits, if any such were known, in order that proper chastisement might be instantly inflicted. The conversation which ensued was certainly unsatisfactory. The governor used lofty and somewhat threatening language, assuring Marolles that he was at that moment in possession not only of Namur but of Antwerp citadel; and the deputies accordingly departed, having accomplished very little by their journey. Their backs were scarcely turned when Don John, on his part, immediately appointed another commission, consisting of Rassinghem and Grobbedonck, to travel from Namur to Brussels.[1] These envoys carried a long letter of grievances, inclosing a short list of demands.[2] The letter reiterated his complaints about conspiracies and his protestations of sincerity. It was full of censure upon the Prince of Orange; stigmatized his intrigues to obtain possession of Amsterdam without a proper "Satisfaction," and of Utrecht, to which he had no claim at all. It maintained that the Hollanders and Zealanders were bent upon utterly exterminating the Catholic religion, and that they avowed publicly their intention to refuse obedience to the assembly-general, should it decree the maintenance of the ancient worship only. His chief demands were that the states should send him a list of persons qualified to be members of the general assembly, that he might see whether there were not individuals among them whom he might choose to reject. He further required that, if the Prince of Orange did not instantly fulfil the treaty of Ghent, the states should cease to hold

[1] Bor, xi. 834, 835. Discours Sommier, etc., pp. 29, 30.

[2] See the letter in Bor, xi. 836, 837.

any communication with him. He also summoned the states to provide him forthwith with a suitable body-guard.[1]

To these demands and complaints the estates replied by a string of resolutions.[2] They made their usual protestations of attachment to his Majesty and the Catholic faith, and they granted willingly a foot-guard of three hundred archers. They, however, stoutly denied the governor's right to make eliminations in their lists of deputies, because, from time immemorial, these representatives had been chosen by the clergy, nobles, cities, and boroughs. The names might change daily, nor were there any suspicious ones among them, but it was a matter with which the governor had no concern. They promised that every effort should be made to bring about the execution of the treaty by the Prince of Orange. They begged Don John, however, to abandon the citadel of Namur, and gave him to understand that his secret practices had been discovered, a large packet of letters having recently been intercepted in the neighborhood of Bourdeaux and sent to the Prince of Orange.[3] Among them were some of the despatches of Don John and Escovedo to his Majesty and to Antonio Perez, to which allusion has already been made.

Count Bossu, De Bresse, and Meetkerken were the envoys deputed to convey these resolutions to Namur.

[1] Letter of Don John, July 27, 1577, Bor, ubi sup.

[2] In Bor, xi. 837, 838.

[3] They had fallen into the hands of Henry of Navarre, who had forwarded them to the Prince of Orange, by whom they were laid before the deputies of the States-General on the 28th of July (Meteren, vii. 121. Hoofd, xii. 516. Compare Discours Sommier, etc., pp. 32, 33).

They had a long and bitter conversation with Don John, who complained more furiously than ever of the conspiracies against his person, and of the intrigues of Orange. He insisted that this archtraitor had been sowing the seed of his damnable doctrines broadcast through the Netherlands; that the earth was groaning with a daily ripening harvest of rebellion and heresy. It was time, he cried, for the states to abandon the prince and rally round their king. Patience had been exhausted. He had himself done all, and more than could have been demanded. He had faithfully executed the Ghent Pacification, but his conduct had neither elicited gratitude nor inspired confidence.[1]

The deputies replied that to the due execution of the Ghent treaty it was necessary that he should disband the German troops, assemble the States-General, and carry out their resolutions. Until these things, now undone, had been accomplished, he had no right to plead his faithful fulfilment of the Pacification. After much conversation—in which the same grievances were repeated, the same statements produced and contradicted, the same demands urged and evaded, and the same menaces exchanged as upon former occasions—the deputies returned to Brussels.[2]

Immediately after their departure Don John learned the result of his project upon Antwerp Castle. It will be remembered that he had withdrawn Aerschot, under pretext of requiring his company on the visit to Queen Margaret, and that he had substituted Treslong, an unscrupulous partizan of his own, in the government of the citadel. The temporary commander soon found, however, that he had undertaken more than he could

[1] Bor, xi. 838, 839. [2] Ibid.

perform. The troops under Van Ende were refused admittance into the town, although permission to quarter them there had been requested by the governor-general.[1] The authorities had been assured that the troops were necessary for the protection of their city, but the magistrates had learned, but too recently, the nature of the protection which Van Ende, with his mercenaries, would afford. A detachment of states' troops under De Vers, Champagny's nephew, encountered the regiment of Van Ende, and put it to flight with considerable loss. At the same time, an officer in the garrison of the citadel itself, Captain de Bours, undertook secretly to carry the fortress for the estates. His operations were secret and rapid. The Seigneur de Liedekerke had succeeded Champagny in the government of the city. This appointment had been brought about by the agency of the greffier Martini, a warm partizan of Orange. The new governor was known to be very much the prince's friend, and believed to be at heart a convert to the Reformed religion. With Martini and Liedekerke, De Bours arranged his plot. He was supplied with a large sum of money, readily furnished in secret by the leading mercantile houses of the city. These funds were successfully invested in gaining over the garrison, only one company holding firm for Treslong. The rest, as that officer himself informed Don John, were ready at any moment "to take him by the throat."[2]

[1] Bor, xi. 852. Hoofd, xii. 517.

[2] Bor, Hoofd, ubi sup. Meteren, vii. 122. Discours Sommier, etc., p. 36 sqq. Cabrera, xi. 933 sqq. Letter of Treslong to Don John, August 1, 1577, in appendix to Discours Sommier, pp. 76, 77.

On the 1st of August, the day fixed upon in concert with the governor and greffier, he was, in fact, taken by the throat. There was but a brief combat, the issue of which became accidentally doubtful in the city. The white-plumed hat of De Bours had been struck from his head in the struggle, and had fallen into the foss. Floating out into the river, it had been recognized by the scout sent out by the personages most interested, and the information was quickly brought to Liedekerke, who was lying concealed in the house of Martini, awaiting the result. Their dismay was great, but Martini, having more confidence than the governor, sallied forth to learn the whole truth.[1] Scarcely had he got into the streets than he heard a welcome cry. "The beggars have the castle! The beggars have the castle!" shouted a hundred voices.[2] He soon met a lieutenant coming straight from the fortress, who related to him the whole affair. Learning that De Bours was completely victorious and that Treslong was a prisoner, Martini hastened with the important intelligence to his own home, where Liedekerke lay concealed. That functionary now repaired to the citadel, whither the magistrates, the leading citizens, and the chief merchants were instantly summoned. The castle was carried, but the city was already trembling with apprehension lest the German mercenaries quartered within its walls should rise with indignation or panic, and repeat the horrid tragedy of the Antwerp Fury.[3]

In truth, there seemed danger of such a catastrophe. The secret correspondence of Don John with the colonels

[1] Bor, xi. 853. Hoofd, xii. 518.

[2] "Het casteel is gies! het casteel is gies!"—Bor, xi. 854.

[3] Ibid. Hoofd, xii. 518.

was already discovered,[1] and it was seen how warmly he had impressed upon the men with whom he had been tampering "that the die was cast, and that all their art was necessary to make it turn up successfully."[2] The castle was carried, but what would become of the city? A brief and eager consultation terminated in an immediate offer of three hundred thousand crowns by the leading merchants. This money was to be employed in amicably satisfying, if possible, the German soldiers, who had meanwhile actually come to arms, and were assembled in the Place de Meer. Feeling unsafe, however, in this locality, their colonels had led them into the new town. Here, having barricaded themselves with gun-carriages, bales, and boxes, they awaited, instead of initiating, the events which the day might bring forth.[3] A deputation soon arrived with the white flag from the castle, and commissioners were appointed by the commanding officers of the soldiery. The offer was made to pay over the arrears of their wages, at least to a very large amount, on condition that the troops should forthwith and forever evacuate the city. One hundred and fifty thousand crowns were offered on the nail. The merchants stood on the bridge leading from the old town to the new, in full sight of the soldiers. They held in their hands their purses, filled with the glittering gold. The soldiers were frantic with the op-

[1] It was discovered on the taking of the citadel by De Bours (Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii. 518).

[2] "Y pues queda ya el dado fuera de la mano, es menester encaminarle a que corra buen."—Letter of Don John to Colonels Frondsberger and Fugger, July 23, 1577, appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 60. Bor, xi. 849.

[3] Bor, xi. 854. Hoofd, xii. 518. Meteren, vii. 122.

portunity, and swore that they would have their officers' lives if the tempting and unexpected offer should be declined. Nevertheless, the commissioners went to and fro, ever finding something to alter or arrange. In truth, the merchants had agreed to furnish, if necessary, three hundred thousand crowns; but the thrifty negotiators were disposed, if diplomacy could do it, to save the moiety of that sum. Day began to sink ere the bargain was completed, when suddenly sails were descried in the distance, and presently a large fleet of war-vessels, with banner and pennon flying before a favoring breeze, came sailing up the Schelde.[1] It was a squadron of the prince's ships, under command of Admiral Haultain. He had been sent against Tholen, but, having received secret intelligence, had, with happy audacity, seized the opportunity of striking a blow in the cause which he had served so faithfully. A shot or two fired from the vessels among the barricades had a quickening effect. A sudden and astounding panic seized the soldiers. "The beggars are coming! The beggars are coming!"[2] they yelled in dismay, for the deeds of the ocean-beggars had not become less appalling since the memorable siege of Leyden. The merchants still stood on the bridge with their purses in their hand. The envoys from the castle still waved their white flags. It was too late. The horror inspired by the wild Zealanders overpowered the hope of wages, extinguished all confidence in the friendship of the citizens. The mercenaries, yielding to a violent paroxysm of fear, fled hither and thither, panting, doubling, skulk-

[1] Bor, xi. 855. Hoofd, xii. 519. Meteren, vii. 122.

[2] "Die geusen, die geusen, daar zynze!"—Hoofd, xii. 519. Bor, xi. 855.

ing, "like wolves before the hounds."[1] Their flight was ludicrous. Without staying to accept the money which the merchants were actually offering, without packing up their own property, in many cases even throwing away their arms, they fled helter-skelter, some plunging into the Schelde, some skimming along the dikes, some rushing across the open fields.

A portion of them, under Colonel Fugger, afterward shut themselves up in Bergen-op-Zoom, where they were at once besieged by Champagny, and were soon glad to compromise the matter by surrendering their colonel and laying down their arms.[2] The remainder retreated to Breda, where they held out for two months, and were at length overcome by a neat stratagem of Orange. A captain, being known to be in the employment of Don John, was arrested on his way to Breda. Carefully sewed up in his waistband was found a letter, of a finger's breadth, written in cipher, and sealed with the governor-general's seal. Colonel Frondsberger, commanding in Breda, was in this missive earnestly solicited to hold out two months longer, within which time a certain relief was promised. In place of this letter, deciphered with much difficulty, a new one was substituted, which the celebrated printer William Sylvius, of Antwerp, prepared with great adroitness, adding the signature and seal of Don John.[3] In this counterfeit epistle the colonel was directed to do the best he could for himself, by reason that Don John was himself besieged and unable to render him assistance. The same

[1] "Als wolven die nagejagt werden van de honden."—Bor, xi. 855ᵃ.

[2] Bor, xi. 856. Hoofd, xii. 522.

[3] Bor, xi. 856. Hoofd, xii. 522, 523.

captain who had brought the real letter was bribed to deliver the counterfeit. This task he faithfully performed, spreading the fictitious intelligence, besides, with such ardor through the town that the troops rose upon their leader, and surrendered him, with the city and their own arms, into the custody of the estates. Such was the result of the attempt by Don John to secure the citadel of Antwerp. Not only was the fortress carried for the estates, but the city itself, for the first time in twelve years, was relieved from a foreign soldiery.[1]

The rage and disappointment of the governor-general were excessive. He had boasted to Marolles a day too soon. The prize which he thought already in his grasp had slipped through his fingers, while an interminable list of demands which he dreamed not of, and which were likely to make him bankrupt, were brought to his door. To the states, not himself, the triumph seemed for the moment decreed. The "dice" had taken a run against him, notwithstanding his pains in loading and throwing. Nevertheless, he did not yet despair of revenge. "These rebels," he wrote to the empress dowager, his sister, "think that fortune is all smiles for them now, and that all is ruin for me. The wretches are growing proud enough, and forget that their chastisement, some fine morning, will yet arrive."[2]

On the 7th of August he addressed another long letter to the estates. This document was accompanied, as usual, by certain demands, drawn up categorically in twenty-three articles.[3] The estates considered his terms

[1] Bor, xi. 856, 857. Hoofd, xii. 523.

[2] Don John's letter to the empress, August 14, 1577, appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 82.

[3] Bor, xi. 839 sqq.

hard and strange, for in their opinion it was themselves, not the governor, who were masters of the situation. Nevertheless, he seemed inclined to treat as if he had gained, not missed, the citadel of Antwerp; as if the troops with whom he had tampered were mustered in the field, not shut up in distant towns, and already at the mercy of the states party. The governor demanded that all the forces of the country should be placed under his own immediate control; that Count Bossu, or some other person nominated by himself, should be appointed to the government of Friesland; that the people of Brabant and Flanders should set themselves instantly to hunting, catching, and chastising all vagrant heretics and preachers. He required, in particular, that Sainte-Aldegonde and Theron, those most mischievous rebels, should be prohibited from setting their foot in any city of the Netherlands. He insisted that the community of Brussels should lay down their arms and resume their ordinary handicrafts. He demanded that the Prince of Orange should be made to execute the Ghent treaty; to suppress the exercise of the Reformed religion in Haarlem, Schoonhoven, and other places; to withdraw his armed vessels from their threatening stations, and to restore Nieuport, unjustly detained by him. Should the prince persist in his obstinacy, Don John summoned them to take arms against him and to support their lawful governor. He, moreover, required the immediate restitution of Antwerp citadel, and the release of Treslong from prison.[1]

Although, regarded from the Spanish point of view, such demands might seem reasonable, it was also natural that their audacity should astonish the estates. That

[1] Letter of Don John, August 7, 1577 (Bor, xi. 839, 840).

the man who had violated so openly the Ghent treaty should rebuke the prince for his default; that the man who had tampered with the German mercenaries until they were on the point of making another Antwerp Fury should now claim the command over them and all other troops; that the man who had attempted to gain Antwerp citadel by a base stratagem should now coolly demand its restoration, seemed to them the perfection of insolence. The baffled conspirator boldly claimed the prize which was to have rewarded a successful perfidy. At the very moment when the Escovedo letters and the correspondence with the German colonels had been laid before their eyes, it was a little too much that the double-dealing bastard of the double-dealing emperor should read them a lecture upon sincerity. It was certain that the perplexed and outwitted warrior had placed himself at last in a very false position. The Prince of Orange, with his usual adroitness, made the most of his adversary's false moves. Don John had only succeeded in digging a pitfall for himself. His stratagems against Namur and Antwerp had produced him no fruit, saving the character, which his antagonist now fully succeeded in establishing for him, of an unscrupulous and artful schemer. This reputation was enhanced by the discovery of the intercepted letters, and by the ingenuity and eagerness with which they were turned to account against him by the prince, by Sainte-Aldegonde, and all the anti-Catholic party. The true key to his reluctance against despatching the troops by land, the states had not obtained. They did not dream of his romantic designs upon England, and were therefore excusable in attributing a still deeper perfidy to his arrangements.

Even had he been sent to the Netherlands in the full possession of his faculties, he would have been no match in political combinations for his powerful antagonists. Hoodwinked and fettered, suspected by his master, baffled, bewildered, irritated by his adversary, what could he do but plunge from one difficulty to another and oscillate between extravagant menace and despondent concession, until his hopes and life were wasted quite away? His instructions came from Philip through Perez, and that most profound dissembler, as we have seen, systematically deceived[1] the governor, with the view of eliciting treasonable matters, Philip wishing, if possible, to obtain proofs of Don John's secret designs against his own crown. Thus every letter from Spain was filled with false information and with lying persuasions.[2] No doubt the governor considered himself entitled to wear a crown, and meant to win it, if not in Africa, then in England, or wherever fate might look propitiously upon him. He was of the stuff of which crusaders and dynasty-founders had been made at a somewhat earlier epoch. Who could have conquered the Holy Sepulcher, or wrested a crown from its lawful wearer, whether in Italy, Muscovy, the Orient, or in the British Ultima Thule, more bravely than this imperial bastard, this valiant and romantic adventurer? Unfortunately, he came a few centuries too late. The days when dynasties were founded and European thrones appropriated by a few foreign freebooters had passed, and had not yet returned. He had come to the Netherlands desirous of smoothing over difficulties and of

[1] Memorial de Ant. Perez, Obras y Relaciones, p. 309.

[2] Ibid., passim. Compare Mignet, Antonio Perez et Philippe II. (Bruxelles, 1845), pp. 16–21.

making a peaceful termination to that rebellion a stepping-stone to his English throne. He was doomed to a profound disappointment, a broken heart, and a premature grave, instead of the glittering baubles which he pursued. Already he found himself bitterly deceived in his hopes. The obstinate Netherlanders would not love him, notwithstanding the good wishes he had manifested. They would not even love the King of Spain, notwithstanding the blessings which his Majesty was declared to have heaped upon them. On the contrary, they persisted in wasting their perverse affections upon the pestilent Prince of Orange. That heretic was leading them to destruction, for he was showing them the road to liberty, and nothing, in the eyes of the governor, could be more pitiable than to behold an innocent people setting forth upon such a journey. "In truth," said he, bitterly, in his memorable letter to his sister the empress, "they are willing to recognize neither God nor king. They pretend to liberty in all things: so that 't is a great pity to see how they are going on; to see the impudence and disrespect with which they repay his Majesty for the favors which he has shown them, and me for the labors, indignities, and dangers which I have undergone for their sakes."[1]

Nothing, indeed, in the governor's opinion, could surpass the insolence of the Netherlanders, save their in-

[1] "Porque estos aqui ni quieren conveer a su Dios ni obedeçer a su Rey como deven; antes pretenden libertad en todo. De manera que *es compassion grandissima ver como lo tratan* y las desverguenças y poco respeto con que pagan a su Majestad las *mercedes que les ha hecho;* y *a mi los trabajos,* indignidades y peligros que he passado por estas gentes."—Letter to the empress, appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 81.

gratitude. That was the serpent's tooth which was ever wounding the clement king and his indignant brother. It seemed so bitter to meet with thanklessness, after seven years of Alva and three of Requesens; after the labors of the Blood-Council, the massacres of Naarden, Zutphen, and Haarlem, the siege of Leyden, and the Fury of Antwerp. "Little profit there has been," said the governor to his sister, "or is like to be, from all the good which we have done to these bad people. In short, they love and obey in all things the most perverse and heretic tyrant and rebel in the whole world, which *is this damned Prince of Orange*, while, on the contrary, without fear of God or shame before men, they abhor and dishonor the name and commandments of their natural sovereign."[1] Therefore, with a doubting spirit, and almost with a broken heart, had the warrior shut himself up in Namur Castle, to await the progress of events, and to escape from the snares of his enemies. "*God knows how much I desire to avoid extremities*," said he, "but I know not what to do with men who show themselves so obstinately rebellious."[2]

Thus pathetically Don John bewailed his fate. The nation had turned from God, from Philip, from himself; yet he still sat in his castle, determined to save them from destruction and his own hands from bloodshed, if such an issue were yet possible. Nor was he

[1] "Mire V. Mag[d] quan poco que ha aprovechado in aprovecha para los malos el bien que se les haze. Al fin, ellos aman y obedecen de todo punto al mas perverso y tyranno hereje y rebelde de la tierra que *es este condenado del Principe de Oranges:* y aborrecen y desacatan el nombre y mandamientos de su principe y natural Señor: sin temor de Dios ni respeto o verguença de las gentes." —Letter to the empress, appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 81.

[2] Ibid.

entirely deserted, for among the faithless a few were faithful still. Although the people were in open revolt, there was still a handful of nobles resolved to do their duty toward their God and king. "This little band," said the governor, "has accompanied me hither, like gentlemen and chevaliers of honor."[1] Brave Berlaymont and his four sons were loyal to the last, but others of this limited number of gentlemen and chevaliers of honor were already deserting him. As soon as the result of the enterprise against Antwerp citadel was known, and the storm was gathering most darkly over the royal cause, Aerschot and Havré were first to spread their wings and flutter away in search of a more congenial atmosphere.[2] In September the duke was again, as he had always professed himself to be, with some important intervals of exception, "the affectionate brother and cordial friend of the Prince of Orange."[3]

The letter addressed by Don John to the states upon the 7th of August had not yet been answered. Feeling, soon afterward, more sensible of his position, and perhaps less inflamed with indignation, he addressed another communication to them, upon the 13th of the same month. In this epistle he expressed an extreme desire for peace, and a hearty desire to be relieved, if possible, from his most painful situation. He protested, before God and man, that his intentions were most honest, and that he abhorred war more than anything else in the world. He averred that, if his person was as

[1] "Como honradissimos cavalleros."—Letter to the empress, appendix to Discours Sommier, p. 81.

[2] Hoofd, xii. 520. Aerschot was in such a hurry to escape that he rode off from the castle upon a horse without a saddle (Gachard, Bull. Com. Roy., ii. 135).

[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 143, 144.

odious to them as it seemed, he was only too ready to leave the land, as soon as the king should appoint his successor. He reminded them that the question of peace or war lay not with himself, but with them, and that the world would denounce as guilty those with whom rested the responsibility. He concluded with an observation which, in its humility, seemed sufficiently ironical, that if they had quite finished the perusal of the despatches from Madrid to his address which they had intercepted, he should be thankful for an opportunity of reading them himself. He expressed a hope, therefore, that they would be forwarded to Namur.[1]

This letter was answered at considerable length upon the second day. The states made their customary protestations of attachment to his Majesty, their fidelity to the Catholic Church, their determination to maintain both the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict. They denied all responsibility for the present disastrous condition of the relations between themselves and government, having disbanded nearly all their own troops, while the governor had been strengthening his forces up to the period of his retreat into Namur. He protested, indeed, friendship and a sincere desire for peace, but the intercepted letters of Escovedo and his own had revealed to them the evil counsels to which he had been listening, and the intrigues which he had been conducting. They left it to his conscience whether they could reasonably believe, after the perusal of these documents, that it was his intention to maintain the Ghent treaty, or any treaty; and whether they were not justified in their resort to the natural right of self-defense.[2]

Don John was already fully aware of the desperate

[1] See the letter in Bor, xi. 857. [2] Bor, xi. 858.

error which he had committed. In seizing Namur and attempting Antwerp, he had thrown down the gauntlet. Wishing peace, he had, in a panic of rage and anxiety, declared and enacted war. The bridge was broken behind him, the ships burned, a gulf opened, a return to peace rendered almost impossible. Yet it is painful to observe the almost passionate longings which at times seemed to possess him for accommodating the quarrel, together with his absolute incapacity to appreciate his position. The prince was triumphant; the governor in a trap. Moreover, it was a trap which he had not only entered voluntarily, but which he had set himself; he had played into the prince's hands, and was frantic to see his adversary tranquilly winning the game. It was almost melancholy to observe the gradation of his tone from haughty indignation to dismal concession. In an elaborate letter which he addressed "to the particular states, bishops, councilors, and cities of the Netherlands," he protested as to the innocence of his intentions, and complained bitterly of the calumnies circulated to his discredit by the Prince of Orange. He denied any intention of recalling the troops which he had dismissed, except in case of absolute necessity. He affirmed that his Majesty sincerely desired peace. He averred that the country was either against the king, against the Catholic religion, against himself, or against all three together. He bitterly asked what further concessions were required. Had he not done all he had ever promised? Had he not discharged the Spaniards, placed the castles in the hands of natives, restored the privileges, submitted to insults and indecencies? Yet, in spite of all which had passed, he declared his readiness to resign if another prince or princess of the blood more acceptable

to them could be appointed.[1] The letter to the states was followed by a proposition for a cessation of hostilities, and for the appointment of a commission to devise means for faithfully executing the Ghent treaty. This proposition was renewed a few days later, together with an offer for an exchange of hostages.[2]

It was not difficult for the estates to answer the letters of the governor. Indeed, there was but little lack of argument on either side throughout this unhappy controversy. It is dismal to contemplate the interminable exchange of protocols, declarations, demands, apostils, replications, and rejoinders, which made up the substance of Don John's administration. Never was chivalrous crusader so out of place. It was not a soldier that was then required for Philip's exigency, but a scribe. Instead of the famous sword of Lepanto, the "barbarous pen" of Hopperus had been much more suitable for the work required. Scribbling Joachim in a war-galley, yard-arm and yard-arm with the Turkish capitan pasha, could have hardly felt less at ease than did the brilliant warrior thus condemned to scrawl and dissemble. While marching from concession to concession, he found the states conceiving daily more distrust and making daily deeper encroachments. Moreover, his deeds up to the time when he seemed desirous to retrace his steps had certainly been, at the least, equivocal. Therefore it was natural for the estates, in reply to the questions in his letter, to observe that he had indeed dismissed the Spaniards, but that he had tampered with and retained the Germans; that he had indeed placed the citadels in the hands of natives, but that he had tried his best to

[1] See the letter in Bor, xi. 858–860.

[2] Ibid., xi. 860, 861, 862.

wrest them away again; that he had indeed professed anxiety for peace, but that his intercepted letters proved his preparations for war.[1] Already there were rumors of Spanish troops returning in small detachments out of France. Already the governor was known to be enrolling fresh mercenaries to supply the place of those whom he had unsuccessfully endeavored to gain to his standard. As early as the 26th of July, in fact, the Marquis d'Ayamonte in Milan, and Don Juan de Idiaquez in Genoa, had received letters from Don John of Austria, stating that, as the provinces had proved false to their engagements, he would no longer be held by his own, and intimating his desire that the veteran troops which had but so recently been dismissed from Flanders should forthwith return.[2] Soon afterward, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, received instructions from the king to superintend these movements, and to carry the aid of his own already distinguished military genius to his uncle in the Netherlands.[3]

On the other hand, the states felt their strength daily more sensibly. Guided, as usual, by Orange, they had already assumed a tone in their correspondence which must have seemed often disloyal, and sometimes positively insulting, to the governor. They even answered his hints of resignation in favor of some other prince of the blood by expressing their hopes that his successor, if a member of the royal house at all, would at least be a legitimate one.[4] This was a severe thrust at the haughty chieftain, whose imperial airs rarely be-

[1] Bor, xi. 861, 862. [2] Cabrera, xi. 937, 938.

[3] Ibid., xi. 940.

[4] Bor, xi. 859. Compare Meteren, vi. 119; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 170, note 1.

trayed any consciousness of Barbara Blomberg and the bend sinister on his shield. He was made to understand, through the medium of Brabantine bluntness, that more importance was attached to the marriage ceremony in the Netherlands than he seemed to imagine. The categorical demands made by the estates seemed even more indigestible than such collateral affronts, for they had now formally affirmed the views of Orange as to the constitutional government of the provinces. In their letter of 26th August they expressed their willingness, notwithstanding the past delinquencies of the governor, to yield him their confidence again; but, at the same time, they enumerated conditions which, with his education and views, could hardly seem to him admissible. They required him to disband all the soldiers in his service, to send the Germans instantly out of the country, to dismiss every foreigner from office, whether civil or military, and to renounce his secret league with the Duke of Guise. They insisted that he should thenceforth govern only with the advice and consent of the state council, that he should execute that which should by a majority of votes be ordained there, that neither measures nor despatches should be binding or authentic unless drawn up at that board.[1] These certainly were views of administration which, even if consonant with a sound historical view of the Netherland constitutions, hardly tallied with his monarch's instructions, his own opinions, or the practice under Alva and Requesens; but the country was still in a state of revolution, and the party of the prince was gaining the upper hand.

It was the determination of that great statesman, according to that which he considered the legitimate prac-

[1] Letter of August 26, 1577, in Bor, xi. 861, 862.

tice of the government, to restore the administration to the state council, which executive body ought of right to be appointed by the States-General. In the States-General, as in the states-particular, a constant care was to be taken toward strengthening the most popular element, the "community" of each city, the aggregate, that is to say, of its gild representatives and its admitted burghers. This was, in the opinion of the prince, the true theory of the government—republican in all but form; under the hereditary protection, not the despotic authority, of a family whose rights were now nearly forfeited. It was a great step in advance that these views should come to be thus formally announced, not in Holland and Zealand only, but by the deputies of the States-General, although such a doctrine, to the proud stomach of Don John, seemed sufficiently repulsive. Not less so was the cool intimation with which the paper concluded, that if he should execute his threat of resigning, the country would bear his loss with fortitude, coupled as was that statement with a declaration that, until his successor should be appointed, the state council would consider itself charged *ad interim* with the government. In the meantime the governor was requested not to calumniate the estates to foreign governments, as he had so recently done in his intercepted letter to the empress dowager.[1]

Upon receiving this letter, "Don John," says a faithful old chronicler, "found that the cranes had invited the fox to dinner."[2] In truth, the illustrious soldier was never very successful in his efforts, for which his

[1] Letter of the States-General, in Bor, xi. 861, 862.

[2] " . . . en dat de Kraen, so de fabel seid, de Vos te gast genood hadde," etc.—Bor, xi. 862[b].

enemies gave him credit, to piece out the skin of the lion with that of the fox.[1] He now felt himself exposed and outwitted, while he did not feel conscious of any very dark design. He answered the letter of the states by a long communication, dated from Namur Castle, 28th of August.[2] In style he was comparatively temperate, but the justification which he attempted of his past conduct was not very happy. He noticed the three different points which formed the leading articles of the accusation brought against him, the matter, namely, of the intercepted letters, of the intrigues with the German colonels, and the seizure of Namur. He did not deny the authorship of the letters, but contented himself with a reference to their date, as if its priority to his installation as governor furnished a sufficient palliation of the bad faith which the letters revealed.[3] As to the despatches of Escovedo, he denied responsibility for any statements or opinions which they might contain. As the secretary, however, was known to be his most confidential friend, this attempt to shuffle off his own complicity was held to be both lame and unhandsome. As for the correspondence with the colonels, his defense was hardly more successful, and rested upon a general recrimination upon the Prince of Orange. As that personage was agitating and turbulent, it was not possible, the governor urged, that he should himself remain quiet. It was out of his power to execute the treaty and the edict, in the face of a notorious omission on the part of his adversary to enforce the one or to publish the other. It comported neither with his dignity nor his safety to

[1] Résponse à un petit livret, intitulé, Déclaration de l'Intention du Seign$_r$ Don Jehan d'Austrice, p. 3 (Anvers, 1778).

[2] Bor, xi. 862, 863.

[3] Ibid. Hoofd, xii. 521.

lay down his weapons while the prince and his adherents were arming. He should have placed himself "in a very foolish position," had he allowed himself unarmed to be dictated to by the armed. In defense of himself on the third point, the seizure of Namur Castle, he recounted the various circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted. He laid particular stress upon the dramatic manner in which the Vicomte de Gand had drawn his curtains at the dead of night; he narrated at great length the ominous warning which he had likewise received from the Duke of Aerschot in Brussels, and concluded with a circumstantial account of the ambush which he believed to have been laid for him by Count de Lalain.[1] The letter concluded with a hope for an arrangement of difficulties, not yet admitted by the governor to be insurmountable, and with a request for a formal conference, accompanied by an exchange of hostages.[2]

While this correspondence was proceeding between Namur and Brussels, an event was occurring in Antwerp which gave much satisfaction to Orange. The Spanish Fury, and the recent unsuccessful attempt of Don John to master the famous citadel, had determined the authorities to take the counsel which the prince had so often given in vain, and the fortress of Antwerp was at length razed to the ground, on the side toward the city.[3] It would be more correct to say that it was not the authorities, but the city itself, which rose at last and threw off the saddle by which it had so long been galled. More than ten thousand persons were constantly at work, morning, noon, and night, until the demolition

[1] Letter of Don John, August 24, 1577, Bor, xi. 864.
[2] Ibid. [3] Hoofd, xii. 323, 324. Bor, xi. 856.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANTWERP, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CITADEL ERECTED BY ALVA.
Reduced fac-simile of the engraving in Braun's Städtebuch, 1572.

was accomplished.[1] Grave magistrates, great nobles, fair ladies, citizens and their wives, beggars and their children, all wrought together pell-mell. All were anxious to have a hand in destroying the nest where so many murders had been hatched, whence so much desolation had flown. The task was not a long one for workmen so much in earnest, and the fortress was soon laid low in the quarter where it could be injurious to the inhabitants. As the work proceeded, the old statue of Alva was discovered in a forgotten crypt,[2] where it had lain since it had been thrown down by the order of Requesens. Amid the destruction of the fortress, the gigantic phantom of its founder seemed to start suddenly from the gloom, but the apparition added fresh fuel to the rage of the people. The image of the execrated governor was fastened upon with as much fierceness as if the bronze effigy could feel their blows or comprehend their wrath. It was brought forth from its dark hiding-place into the daylight. Thousands of hands were ready to drag it through the streets for universal inspection and outrage. A thousand sledge-hammers were ready to dash it to pieces, with a slight portion, at least, of the satisfaction with which those who wielded them would have dealt the same blows upon the head of the tyrant himself. It was soon reduced to a shapeless mass. Small portions were carried away and preserved for generations in families as heirlooms of hatred. The bulk was melted again and reconverted, by a most natural metamorphosis, into the cannon from which it had originally sprung.[3]

[1] Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Strada, ix. 443.
[2] Hoofd, xii. 523. Strada, ix. 443.
[3] Strada, ubi sup. Hoofd, xii. 524.

The razing of the Antwerp citadel set an example which was followed in other places; the castle of Ghent, in particular, being immediately leveled, amid demonstrations of universal enthusiasm.[1] Meantime the correspondence between Don John and the estates at Brussels dragged its slow length along, while at the same time two elaborate letters were addressed to the king, on the 24th of August and the 8th of September, by the States-General of the Netherlands. These documents, which were long and able, gave a vigorous representation of past evils and of the present complication of disorders under which the commonwealth was laboring. They asked, as usual, for a royal remedy, and expressed their doubts whether there could be any sincere reconciliation so long as the present governor, whose duplicity and insolence they represented in a very strong light, should remain in office. Should his Majesty, however, prefer to continue Don John in the government, they signified their willingness, in consideration of his natural good qualities, to make the best of the matter. Should, however, the estrangement between themselves and the governor seem irremediable, they begged that another and a legitimate prince of the blood might be appointed in his place.[2]

[1] Bor, xi. 856. Hoofd, xii. 524. Meteren, vii. 125.

[2] See the letters in Bor, xi. 867, 868. Meteren, vii. 123.

CHAPTER IV

Orange invited to visit Brussels—His correspondence upon the subject with the States-General—Triumphant journey of the prince to the capital—Stop put by him to the negotiations with Don John—New and stringent demands made upon the governor—His indignation—Open rupture—Intrigue of Netherland grandees with Archduke Matthias—Policy of Orange—Attitude of Queen Elizabeth—Flight of Matthias from Vienna—Anxiety of Elizabeth—Adroitness of the prince—The office of ruward—Election of Orange to that dignity—His complaints against the great nobles—Aerschot governor of Flanders—A storm brewing in Ghent—Ryhove and Imbize—Blood-Councilor Hessels—Arrogance of the aristocratic party in Flanders—Ryhove's secret interview with Orange—Outbreak at Ghent—Arrest of Aerschot, Hessels, and others of the reactionary party—The duke liberated at demand of Orange—The prince's visit to Ghent—"Rhetorical" demonstrations—The new Brussels Union characterized—Treaty with England—Articles by which Matthias is nominally constituted governor-general—His inauguration at Brussels—Brilliant and fantastic ceremonies—Letter of Don John to the emperor—His anger with England—An army collecting—Arrival of Alexander Farnese—Injudicious distribution of offices in the states' army—The states' army fall back upon Gembloux, followed by Don John—Tremendous overthrow of the patriots—Wonderful disparity in the respective losses of the two armies.

While these matters were in progress, an important movement was made by the States-General. The Prince of Orange was formally and urgently invited to come to Brussels to aid them with his counsel and presence.[1]

[1] Bor, xi. 871. Meteren, vii. 125. Hoofd, xii. 526.

The condemned traitor had not set foot in the capital for eleven years. We have narrated the circumstance of his departure, while the advancing trumpets of Alva's army were almost heard in the distance. His memorable and warning interview with Egmont has been described. Since that period, although his spirit had always been manifesting itself in the capital like an actual presence; although he had been the magnet toward which the states throughout all their oscillations had involuntarily vibrated, yet he had been ever invisible. He had been summoned by the Blood-Council to stand his trial, and had been condemned to death by default. He answered the summons by a defiance, and the condemnation by two campaigns, unsuccessful in appearance, but which had in reality prostrated the authority of the sovereign.

Since that period the representative of royalty had sued the condemned traitor for forgiveness. The haughty brother of Philip had almost gone upon his knees that the prince might name his terms and accept the proffered hand of majesty. The prince had refused, not from contumely, but from distrust. He had spurned the supplications, as he had defied the proscription, of the king. There could be no friendship between the destroyer and the protector of a people. Had the prince desired only the reversal of his death-sentence, and the infinite aggrandizement of his family, we have seen how completely he had held these issues in his power. Never had it been more easy, plausible, tempting, for a proscribed patriot to turn his back upon an almost sinking cause. We have seen how his brave and subtle Batavian prototype, Civilis,[1] dealt with the representative of

[1] Historical Introduction.

Roman despotism. The possible or impossible Netherland Republic of the first century of our era had been reluctantly abandoned, but the modern Civilis had justly more confidence in his people.

And now again the scene was changed. The son of the emperor, the king's brother, was virtually beleaguered; the proscribed rebel had arrived at victory through a long series of defeats. The nation everywhere acknowledged him master, and was in undisguised revolt against the anointed sovereign. The great nobles, who hated Philip on the one hand and the Reformed religion on the other, were obliged, in obedience to the dictates of a people with whom they had little sympathy, to accept the ascendancy of the Calvinist prince, of whom they were profoundly jealous. Even the fleeting and incapable Aerschot was obliged to simulate adhesion; even the brave Champagny, cordial hater of Spaniards, but most devotedly Catholic, "the chiefest man of wysedome and stomach at that tyme in Brussels," so Envoy Wilson wrote to Burghley,[1] had become "Brabantized," as his brother Granvelle expressed himself,[2] and was one of the commissioners to invite the great rebel to Brussels. The other envoys were the Abbot of St. Gertrude, Dr. Leoninus, and the Seigneur de Liesvelt.[3] These gentlemen, on arriving at Gertruydenberg, presented a brief but very important

[1] Elizabeth and her Times, a series of original letters, by Th. Wright, t. ii. 45 (London, 1838).

[2] "On disoit qu'ils avoient brabantisé M. de Champagney, ce qui ne me pleut quand je l'entendis," etc.—Granvelle to M. de Bellefontaine, March 31, 1578, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 339.

[3] Bor, xi. 871. Hoofd, xii. 526. Meteren, vii. 125.

memorial to the prince.[1] In that document they informed him that the States-General, knowing how efficacious would be his presence, by reason of his singular prudence, experience, and love for the welfare and repose of the country, had unanimously united in a supplication that he would incontinently transport himself to the city of Brussels, there to advise with them concerning the necessities of the land; but, as the principal calumny employed by their adversaries was that all the provinces and leading personages intended to change both sovereign and religion, at the instigation of his Excellency, it was desirable to disprove such fictions. They therefore very earnestly requested the prince to make some contrary demonstration, by which it might be manifest to all that his Excellency, together with the estates of Holland and Zealand, intended faithfully to keep what they had promised. They prayed, therefore, that the prince, permitting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in the places which had recently accepted his authority, would also allow its exercise in Holland and Zealand. They begged, further, that he would promise, by a new and authentic act, that the provinces of Holland and Zealand would not suffer the said exercise to be impugned, or any new worship to be introduced, in the other provinces of the Netherlands.[2]

This letter might almost be regarded as a trap set by the Catholic nobles. Certainly the Ghent Pacification forbade the Reformed religion in form, and as certainly winked at its exercise in fact. The proof was that the new worship was spreading everywhere, that the exiles

[1] In Bor, xi. 872. Compare Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup.

[2] Memorial in Bor, xi. 872. It is also published by Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 155–157.

for conscience' sake were returning in swarms, and that the synod of the Reformed churches, lately held at Dort, had been publicly attended by the ministers and deacons of numerous dissenting churches established in many different places throughout all the provinces.[1] The pressure of the edicts, the horror of the Inquisition being removed, the downtrodden religion had sprung from the earth more freshly than ever.

The prince was not likely to fall into the trap, if a trap had really been intended. He answered the envoys loyally, but with distinct reservations.[2] He did not even accept the invitation, save on condition that his visit to Brussels should be expressly authorized by Holland and Zealand. Notwithstanding his desire once more to behold his dear country, and to enjoy the good company of his best friends and brothers, he felt it his duty to communicate beforehand with the states of those two provinces, between which and himself there had been such close and reciprocal obligations, such long-tried and faithful affection. He therefore begged to refer the question to the assembly of the said provinces about to be held at Gouda, where, in point of fact, the permission for his journey was, not without considerable difficulty, a few days afterward obtained.

With regard to the more difficult requests addressed to him in the memorial, he professed generally his intention to execute the treaty of Ghent. He observed, however, that the point of permitting the exercise of the

[1] Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 148, 149. Langueti Ep. Sec., i. 2, 298.

[2] Answer of the Prince of Orange, in Bor, xi. 873[a]; also in Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 157–161. Compare Meteren, vii. 125, 126; Hoofd, xii. 527.

Roman Catholic religion in Holland and Zealand regarded principally the estates of these provinces, which had contracted for no innovation in this matter, at least till the assembling of the States-General. He therefore suggested that he neither could, nor ought to, permit any innovation without the knowledge and consent of those estates. As to promising by authentic act that neither he nor the two provinces would suffer the exercise of the Catholic religion to be in any wise impugned in the rest of the Netherlands, the prince expressed himself content to promise that, according to the said Ghent Pacification, they would suffer no attempt to be made against the public repose or against the Catholic worship. He added that, as he had no intention of usurping any superiority over the States-General assembled at Brussels, he was content to leave the settlement of this point to their free will and wisdom, engaging himself neither to offer nor permit any hindrance to their operations.[1]

With this answer the deputies are said to have been well pleased.[2] If they were so, it must be confessed that they were thankful for small favors. They had asked to have the Catholic religion introduced into Holland and Zealand. The prince had simply referred them to the estates of these provinces. They had asked him to guarantee that the exercise of the Reformed religion should not be "procured" in the rest of the country. He had merely promised that the Catholic worship should not be prevented. The difference between the terms of the request and the reply was sufficiently wide.

The consent to his journey was with difficulty accorded

[1] Answer of the Prince of Orange to the proposition of the States-General (Bor, Meteren, Hoofd, ubi sup).

[2] Bor, xi. 878. Hoofd, xii. 526.

by the estates of Holland and Zealand,[1] and his wife, with many tears and anxious forebodings, beheld him depart for a capital where the heads of his brave and powerful friends had fallen, and where still lurked so many of his deadly foes. During his absence, prayers were offered daily for his safety in all the churches of Holland and Zealand, by command of the estates.[2]

He arrived at Antwerp on the 17th of September, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The prince, who had gone forth alone, without even a body-guard, had the whole population of the great city for his buckler. Here he spent five days, observing with many a sigh the melancholy changes which had taken place in the long interval of his absence. The recent traces of the horrible Fury, the blackened walls of the Hôtel de Ville, the prostrate ruins of the marble streets, which he had known as the most imposing in Europe, could be hardly atoned for in his eyes even by the more grateful spectacle of the dismantled fortress.

On the 23d of September he was attended by a vast concourse of citizens to the new canal which led to Brussels, where three barges were in waiting for himself and suite. In one a banquet was spread; in the second, adorned with emblematic devices and draped with the banners of the seventeen provinces, he was to perform the brief journey; while the third had been filled by the inevitable rhetoric societies with all the wonders of their dramatic and plastic ingenuity. Rarely had such a complication of vices and virtues, of crushed dragons, victorious archangels, broken fetters, and resurgent na-

[1] Bor, xi. 873. "Hoewel ongeyrne."—Hoofd, xii. 527.

[2] Bor, xi. 873.

tionalities, been seen before within the limits of a single canal-boat. The affection was, however, sincere, and the spirit noble, even though the taste which presided at these demonstrations may have been somewhat pedantic.[1]

The prince was met several miles before the gates of Brussels by a procession of nearly half the inhabitants of the city, and thus escorted, he entered the capital in the afternoon of the 23d of September.[2] It was the proudest day of his life. The representatives of all the provinces, supported by the most undeniable fervor of the united Netherland people, greeted "Father William." Perplexed, discordant, hating, fearing, doubting, they could believe nothing, respect nothing, love nothing, save the "tranquil" prince. His presence at that moment in Brussels was the triumph of the people and of religious toleration. He meant to make use of the crisis to extend and to secure popular rights, and to establish the supremacy of the States-General under the nominal sovereignty of some prince, who was yet to be selected, while the executive body was to be a state council, appointed by the States-General. So far as appears, he had not decided as to the future protector, but he had resolved that it should be neither himself nor Philip of Spain. The outlaw came to Brussels prepared at last to trample out a sovereignty which had worked its own forfeiture. So far as he had made any election within his breast, his choice inclined to the miserable Duke of Anjou, a prince whom he never came to know as posterity has known him, but whom he at least learned to despise. Thus far the worthless and paltry intriguer still wore the

[1] Bor, xi. 873. Hoofd, xii. 527.

[2] Bor, xi. 873. Hoofd, xii. 528. Meteren, vii. 126.

heroic mask, deceiving even such far-seeing politicians as Sainte-Aldegonde and the prince.

William's first act was to put a stop to the negotiations already on foot with Don John.[1] He intended that they should lead to war, because peace was impossible, except a peace for which civil and religious liberty would be bartered, for it was idle, in his opinion, to expect the maintenance by the Spanish governor of the Ghent Pacification, whatever promises might be extorted from his fears. A deputation, in the name of the states, had already been sent with fresh propositions to Don John at Namur. The envoys were Caspar Schetz and the Bishop of Bruges.[2] They had nearly come to an amicable convention with the governor, the terms of which had been sent to the States-General for approval, at the very moment of the prince's arrival in Brussels. Orange, with great promptness, prevented the ratification of these terms, which the estates had in reality already voted to accept. New articles were added to those which had originally been laid before Don John.[3] It was now stipulated that the Ghent treaty and the Perpetual Edict should be maintained. The governor was required forthwith to abandon Namur Castle and to dismiss the German troops. He was to give up the other citadels and

[1] Bor, xi. 874 sqq. Hoofd, xii. 528.

[2] Bor, xi. 874. Remigius Drutius, Bishop of Bruges (Hoofd, xii. 528. Cabrera, xi. 942).

[3] Mémoire et Recueil de ce qu'est passé entre le Seigneur Don Jan d'Autriche, etc., depuis sa retraicte au chasteau de Namur—redigé par escript par le Seigneur de Grobbedonck, p. 220 sqq. This very curious memoir, by one of the diplomatists engaged, has been republished, according to the original sketch, in the Bulletins de la Com. Roy., x. 172–223. Compare Archives et Correspondance, vi. 166–170.

strong places, and to disband all the soldiers in his service. He was to command the governors of every province to prohibit the entrance of all foreign levies. He was forthwith to release captives, restore confiscated property, and reinstate officers who had been removed, leaving the details of such restorations to the Council of Mechlin and the other provincial tribunals. He was to engage that the Count van Buren should be set free within two months. He was himself, while waiting for the appointment of his successor, to take up his residence in Luxemburg, and while there he was to be governed entirely by the decision of the state council, expressed by a majority of its members. Furthermore, and as not the least stinging of these sharp requisitions, the Queen of England—she who had been the secret ally of Orange, and whose crown the governor had secretly meant to appropriate—was to be included in the treaty.[1]

It could hardly excite surprise that Don John, receiving these insolent propositions at the very moment in which he heard of the triumphant entrance into Brussels of the prince, should be filled with rage and mortification.[2] Never was champion of the cross thus braved

[1] These remarkable articles are to be found in Bor, xi. 874–876. A very meager extract is given by Cabrera, xi. 942; Groen v. Prinst., vi. 166–170. Compare the Mémoire et Recueil of Grobbedonck, passim.

[2] Mémoire et Recueil, passim. According to Cabrera (xi. 944), a more cheerful view of the subject was taken by those who surrounded the governor. The propositions only excited their laughter. The same historian, as well as all the Spanish writers, of course represent the prince as influenced in his policy solely by self-interest, by his incapacity to pay his debts, and by his despair of obtaining a royal pardon, should a peace ensue. Peace for the country, so his enemies thought, was death for him; "doliendose

by infidels before. The Ghent treaty, according to the Orange interpretation,—that is to say, heresy made legitimate,—was to be the law of the land. His Majesty was to surrender—colors and cannon—to his revolted subjects. The royal authority was to be superseded by that of a state council, appointed by the States-General, at the dictation of the prince. The governor-general himself, brother of his Catholic Majesty, was to sit quietly with folded arms in Luxemburg, while the arch heretic and rebel reigned supreme in Brussels. It was too much to expect that the choleric soldier would be content with what he could not help regarding as a dishonorable capitulation. The arrangement seemed to him about as reasonable as it would have been to invite Sultan Selim to the Escorial, and to send Philip to reside at Bayonne. He could not but regard the whole proposition as an insolent declaration of war. He was right. It was a declaration of war—as much so as if proclaimed by trump of herald. How could Don John refuse the wager of battle thus haughtily proffered?

Smooth Schetz, Lord of Grobbedonck, and his episcopal colleague, in vain attempted to calm the governor's wrath, which now flamed forth, in defiance of all con-

un ministro de Orange, diziendo que ya se acabó el tratar de pazes aunque le fue nueva alegre, *con indignacion* respondio fuera *insigne par perder la vida el;* mostrando que su prosperidad no consistia en el bien publico, sino en la guerra: *que a esto le truxo la desesperacion del perdon de su pena no merecido"* (xi. 944). The reader is already competent to appreciate the calumnious nature of such statements by a perusal of the correspondence and secret negotiations between Don John and Orange. The personal and unlimited offers of pardon and advancement made to the prince by the governor-general, on his first arrival in the country, are a sufficient answer to these stupid accusations.

siderations.[1] They endeavored, without success, to palliate the presence of Orange and the circumstances of his reception, for it was not probable that their eloquence would bring the governor to look at the subject with their eyes. Three days were agreed upon for the suspension of hostilities, and Don John was highly indignant that the estates would grant no longer a truce. The refusal was, however, reasonable enough on their part, for they were aware that veteran Spaniards and Italians were constantly returning to him, and that he was daily strengthening his position. The envoys returned to Brussels, to give an account of the governor's rage, which they could not declare to be unnatural, and to assist in preparations for the war, which was now deemed inevitable. Don John, leaving a strong garrison in the citadel of Namur, from which place he despatched a final communication to the States-General, dated the 2d of October, retired to Luxemburg. In this letter, without exactly uttering defiance, he unequivocally accepted the hostilities which had been pressed upon him, and answered their hollow professions of attachment to the Catholic religion and his Majesty's authority by denouncing their obvious intentions to trample upon both. He gave them, in short, to understand that he perceived their intentions and meant them to comprehend his own.[2]

Thus the quarrel was brought to an issue, and Don John saw with grim complacency that the pen was at last to be superseded by the sword. A remarkable pamphlet was now published, in seven different lan-

[1] Mémoire et Recueil par le Seigneur de Grobbedonck. Compare Bor, xi. 876; Hoofd, xii. 529.

[2] Bor, xi. 876. Hoofd, xii. 529, 530.

guages,—Latin, French, Flemish, German, Italian, Spanish, and English,—containing a succinct account of the proceedings between the governor and the estates, together with copies of the intercepted letters of Don John and Escovedo to the king, to Perez, to the German colonels, and to the empress. This work, composed and published by order of the States-General, was transmitted with an accompanying address to every potentate in Christendom.[1] It was soon afterward followed by a counter-statement, prepared by order of Don John, and containing his account of the same matters, with his recriminations against the conduct of the estates.[2]

Another important movement had, meanwhile, been made by the third party in this complicated game. The Catholic nobles, jealous of the growing influence of Orange, and indignant at the expanding power of the people, had opened secret negotiations with the Archduke Matthias, then a mild, easy-tempered youth of twenty, brother of the reigning emperor, Rudolph. After the matter had been discussed some time in secret, it was resolved, toward the end of September, to send a mes-

[1] Bor, xi. 881. The quotations in the preceding pages from this pamphlet have been made from the original edition published in 1577, at Antwerp, by Sylvius, under the title, "Discours Sommier des Justes Causes et Raisons qui ont contrainct les Estats Generaulx des Païs Bas de pourveoir à leur Deffence contre le Seigneur Don Jehan d'Austrice : avec plusieurs lettres interceptées en plus grand nombre," etc. A Flemish translation is given in the Bijvoegsel Auth. Stukk., i. 151 en 176 of Bor, under the title of "Kort Verhael van de rechte oorsaken en redenen," etc.

[2] The edition of this pamphlet from which the citations in the text have been made is the Latin one of Marchant, published at Luxemburg, anno 1578, under the title, "Vera et Simplex Narratio eorum quæ ab Adventu D. Joannis Austriaci Supremi in Belgio, etc., gesta sunt," etc.

senger to Vienna, privately inviting the young prince to Brussels; but much to the surprise of these nobles, it was discovered that some fifteen or sixteen of the grandees of the land, among them Aerschot, Havré, Champagny, De Ville, Lalain, De Héze, and others, had already taken the initiative in the matter. On the 26th of August the Seigneur de Maalsteede had set forth, by their appointment, for Vienna. There is no doubt that this step originated in jealousy felt toward Orange, but at the same time it is certain that several of the leaders in the enterprise were still his friends.[1] Some, like Champagny and De Héze, were honestly so; others, like Aerschot, Havré, and De Ville, always traitors in heart to the national cause, loyal to nothing but their own advancement, were still apparently upon the best terms with him. Moreover, it is certain that he had been made aware of the scheme, at least, before the arrival of the archduke in the Netherlands, for the Marquis Havré, on his way to England as special envoy from the estates, had a conference with him at Gertruydenberg.[2] This was in the middle of September, and before his departure for Brussels. Naturally, the proposition seemed, at first, anything but agreeable; but the marquis represented himself afterward as having at last induced the prince to look upon it with more favorable eyes.[3] Nevertheless, the step had been taken before the consultation was held, nor was it the first time that the advice of Orange had been asked concerning the adoption of a measure after the measure had been adopted.

[1] Bor, xi. 898. Meteren, vii. 126. Hoofd, xii. 530. Cabrera, xi. 944, 945. Gr. v. Prinst., Archives, vi. 191.

[2] Hoofd, xii. 520.

[3] Bor, xi. 900.

Whatever may have been his original sentiments upon the subject, however, he was always less apt to complain of irrevocable events than quick to reconcile them with his own combinations, and it was soon to be discovered that the new stumbling-block which his opponents had placed in his path could be converted into an additional stepping-stone toward his goal. Meanwhile the secret invitation to the archduke was regarded by the people and by foreign spectators as a plot devised by his enemies. Davison, envoy from Queen Elizabeth, was then in Brussels, and informed his royal mistress, whose sentiments and sympathies were unequivocally in favor of Orange, of the intrigues against the prince.[1] The efforts of England were naturally to counteract the schemes of all who interfered with his policy, the queen especially, with her customary sagacity, foreseeing the probable inclination of the Catholic nobles toward the protectorate of Alençon. She did not feel certain as to the precise plans of Orange, and there was no course better adapted to draw her from barren coquetry into positive engagements than to arouse her jealousy of the French influence in the provinces. At this moment she manifested the warmest friendship for the prince.[2] Costly presents were transmitted by her to his wife; among others, an ornament of which a sculptured lizard formed a part. The princess, in a graceful letter to her husband, desiring that her acknowledgments should be presented to her English Majesty, accepted the present as significative. "'T is the fabled virtue of the lizard," she said, "to awaken sleepers whom a serpent is about to sting. You are the lizard, and the Netherlands the sleepers—pray Heaven they may escape the

[1] Bor, xi. 899. [2] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 190.

serpent's bite!"[1] The prince was well aware, therefore, of the plots which were weaving against him. He had small faith in the great nobles, whom he trusted "as he would adders fanged," and relied only upon the communities, upon the mass of burghers. They deserved his confidence, and watched over his safety with jealous care. On one occasion, when he was engaged at the state council till a late hour, the citizens conceived so much alarm that a large number of them spontaneously armed themselves and repaired to the palace. The prince, informed of the circumstance, threw open a window and addressed them, thanking them for their friendship and assuring them of his safety. They were not satisfied, however, to leave him alone, but remained under arms below till the session was terminated, when they escorted him with affectionate respect to his own hotel.[2]

The secret envoy arrived in Vienna, and excited the ambition of the youthful Matthias.[3] It must be confessed that the offer could hardly be a very tempting one, and it excites our surprise that the archduke should have thought the adventure worth the seeking. A most anomalous position in the Netherlands was offered to him by a slender and irresponsible faction of Netherlanders. There was a triple prospect before him: that of a hopeless intrigue against the first politician in Europe, a mortal combat with the most renowned conqueror of the age, a deadly feud with the most powerful and revengeful monarch in the world. Into this threefold enterprise he was about to plunge without any adequate

[1] Archives et Correspondance, vi. 190.

[2] Langueti Epist. ad Aug. 125, 17th October, 1577, p. 324.

[3] Bor, xi. 898. Hoofd, xii. 531. Meteren, vii. 126.

resources, for the archduke possessed no experience, power, or wealth.[1] He brought, therefore, no strength to a cause which was itself feeble. He could hope for no protection, nor inspire any confidence. Nevertheless, he had courage, pliability, and a turn for political adventure. Visions of the discomfited Philip conferring the hand of his daughter, with the Netherlands as her dowry, upon the enterprising youth who, at this juncture, should succeed in overturning the Spanish authority in that country, were conjured up by those who originated the plot,[2] and he was weak enough to consider such absurdities plausible, and to set forth at once to take possession of this castle in the air.

On the evening of October 3, 1577, he retired to rest at eight o'clock, feigning extreme drowsiness. After waiting till his brother Maximilian, who slept in another bed in the same chamber, was asleep, he slipped from his couch and from the room in his night-apparel, without even putting on his slippers. He was soon after provided by the companions of his flight with the disguise of a servant, arrayed in which, with his face blackened, he made his escape by midnight from Vienna;[3] but it is doubtful whether Rudolph were as ignorant as he affected to be of the scheme.[4] The

[1] Bor, xi. 899. [2] Hoofd, xii. 530.

[3] Letter of Dr. Labbe to the queen mother of France, in Archives et Correspondance, vi. 202.

[4] It was the opinion of Languet that the emperor affected ignorance of the plot at its commencement, that he afterward affected an original connivance, and that he was equally disingenuous in both pretenses. "Pulchre sane instructa fabula," quoth shrewd Hubert, "sed caveant aucupes se suis retibus involvant"; and again, six months later, "jam profitetur se fuisse authorem Matthiæ fratri, ut in Belgium iret. Quam caute id faciat, nescio, cum

archduke arrived at Cologne, attended only by two gentlemen and a few servants. The governor was beside himself with fury; the Queen of England was indignant; the prince only, against whom the measure was mainly directed, preserved his usual tranquillity.[1]

Secretary Walsingham, as soon as the news reached England, sent for Meetkerken, colleague of Marquis Havré in the mission from the estates.[2] He informed that functionary of the great perplexity and excitement which, according to information received from the English resident, Davison, were then prevailing in Brussels, on account of the approach of the archduke. Some, he said, were for receiving him at one place, some at another; others were in favor of forbidding his entrance altogether. Things had been sufficiently complicated before, without this additional cause of confusion. Don John was strengthening himself daily, through the secret agency of the Duke of Guise and his party. His warlike genius was well known, as well as the experience of the soldiers who were fast rallying under his banner. On the other hand, the Duke of Alençon had come to La Fère, and was also raising troops, while to oppose this crowd of rival enemies, to deal with this host of impending disasters, there was but one man in the Netherlands. On the Prince of Orange alone could the distracted states rely. To his prudence and valor only could the queen look with hopeful eyes. The secretary proceeded to inform the envoy, therefore, that her

id antea constanter negaverit."—Huberti Langueti Epistolæ ad illustrem et generosum Dominum Philippum Sydnæum (Francof. 1633), lxii. 224, lxvi. 138.

[1] Bor, xi. 900. Meteren, vii. 126.

[2] Bor, xi. 899, 900.

Majesty would feel herself compelled to withdraw all succor from the states if the Prince of Orange were deprived of his leadership, for it was upon that leadership only that she had relied for obtaining a successful result. She was quite indisposed to encounter indefinite risk with an impossibility of profit.[1]

Meetkerken replied to the secretary by observing that the great nobles of the land had been unanimous in desiring a new governor-general at this juncture. They had thought Matthias, with a strong council of state, composed of native Netherlanders, to control him, likely to prove a serviceable candidate for the post. They had reason to believe that, after he should be received, the emperor would be reconciled to the measure, and that by his intercession the King of Spain would be likewise induced to acquiesce.[2] He alluded, moreover, to the conference between the Marquis of Havré and Orange at Gertruydenberg, and quoted the opinion of the prince that it would be unwise, after the invitation had been given, to insult the archduke and his whole imperial house by treating him with indignity upon his arrival. It was inevitable, said the envoy, that differences of opinion should exist in large assemblies, but according to information which he had recently received from Marquis Havré, then in Brussels, affairs had already become smooth again. At the conclusion of the conference, Walsingham repeated emphatically that the only condition upon which the queen would continue her succor to the Netherlands was that the prince should be forthwith appointed lieutenant-general for the archduke.[3]

The immediate result of this movement was that

[1] Bor, xi. 899, 900. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid., xi. 900.

Matthias was received at Antwerp by Orange at the head of two thousand cavalry, and attended by a vast concourse of inhabitants.[1] Had the prince chosen a contrary course, the archduke might have been compelled to return, somewhat ridiculously, to Vienna; but, at the same time, the anger of the emperor and of all Germany would have been aroused against Orange and the cause he served. Had the prince, on the contrary, abandoned the field himself and returned to Holland, he would have left the game in the hands of his adversaries. Ever since he had made what his brother John called that "dangerous gallows-journey" to Brussels,[2] his influence had been culminating daily, and the jealousy of the great nobles rising as rapidly. Had he now allowed himself to be driven from his post, he would have exactly fulfilled their object. By remaining, he counteracted their schemes. By taking Matthias wholly into his own possession, he obtained one piece the more in the great game which he was playing against his antagonist in the Escorial. By making adroit use of events as they arose, he made the very waves which were to sink him carry his great cause triumphantly onward.

The first result of the invitation to Matthias was the election of Orange as ruward of Brabant.[3] This office was one of great historical dignity, but somewhat anomalous in its functions. The province of Brabant, having no special governor, was usually considered

[1] Bor, xi. 900. Meteren, vii.

[2] ". . . wie man's achten mocht, zwar galgreisen, so des Hern Printz ahnhero und gehn Brussel—thun mussen," etc.—Archives et Correspondance, vi. 215.

[3] Hoofd, xii. 532. Wagenaer, vii. 171.

under the immediate superintendence of the governor-general. As the capital of Brabant was the residence of that functionary, no inconvenience from this course had been felt since the accession of the house of Burgundy. At present, however, the condition of affairs was so peculiar—the seat of government being empty without having been permanently vacated—that a special opportunity was offered for conferring both honor and power on the prince. A ruward was not exactly dictator, although his authority was universal. He was not exactly protector, nor governor, nor stadholder. His functions were unlimited as to time—therefore superior to those of an ancient dictator; they were commonly conferred on the natural heir to the sovereignty—therefore more lofty than those of ordinary stadholders. The individuals who had previously held the office in the Netherlands had usually reigned afterward in their own right. Duke Albert of the Bavarian line, for example, had been ruward of Hainault and Holland for thirty years, during the insanity of his brother, and on the death of Duke William had succeeded to his title.[1] Philip of Burgundy had declared himself ruward of Brabant in 1425,[2] and had shortly afterward deprived Jacqueline of all her titles and appropriated them to himself. In the one case the regent, in the second case the usurper, had become reigning prince. Thus the movement of the jealous nobles against the prince had for its first effect his immediate appointment to an office whose chief characteristic was that it conducted to sovereignty.

[1] Wagenaer, iii. 304 (in 1387 A. D.).

[2] Ibid., iii. 465. Compare Groen v. Prinsterer, vi. 208–210; Strada, ix. 440, 441; Wagenaer, vii. 171.

The election was accomplished thus: The "members," or estates of Brussels, together with the deans, gilds, and other of the principal citizens of Antwerp, addressed a request to the states of Brabant that William of Orange should be appointed ruward, and after long deliberation the measure was carried. The unsolicited honor was then solemnly offered to him. He refused, and was only after repeated and urgent entreaties induced to accept the office. The matter was then referred to the States-General, who confirmed the dignity after some demur, and with the condition that it might be superseded by the appointment of a governor-general.[1] He was finally confirmed as ruward on the 22d of October, to the boundless satisfaction of the people, who celebrated the event by a solemn holiday in Antwerp, Brussels, and other cities.[2] His friends, inspired by the intrigues of his enemies, had thus elevated the prince to almost unlimited power, while a strong expression in favor of his government had been elicited from the most important ally of the Netherlands—England. It soon rested with himself only to assume the government of Flanders, having been elected stadholder, not once only, but many times, by the four estates of that important province, and having as constantly refused the dignity.[3] With Holland and Zealand devoted to him, Brabant and Flanders formally under his government, the Netherland capital lavishing testimonials of affection upon him, and the mass of the people almost worshiping him, it would not have been difficult for the prince

[1] Groen v. Prinst., vi. 208, 209. Bondam, iii. 319 sqq. (cited by Groen v. Prinst.).

[2] Hoofd, xii. 522.

[3] Apologie du Prince d'Orange, pp. 108, 109.

to play a game as selfish as it had hitherto been close and skilful. He might have proved to the grand seigniors that their suspicions were just by assuming a crown which they had been intriguing to push from his brows. Certainly the nobles deserved their defeat. They had done their best to circumvent Orange in all ways and at all times. They had paid their court to power when it was most powerful, and had sought to swim on the popular tide when it was rising. He avenged himself upon their perfidy only by serving his country more faithfully than ever, but it was natural that he should be indignant at the conduct of these gentlemen, "children of good houses" (in his own words), "issue of worthy sires," whose fathers, at least, he had ever loved and honored.[1]

"They serve the Duke of Alva and the grand commander like varlets," he cried; "they make war upon me to the knife. Afterward they treat with me, they reconcile themselves with me, they are sworn foes of the Spaniard. Don John arrives, and they follow him; they intrigue for my ruin. Don John fails in his enterprise upon Antwerp citadel; they quit him incontinently and call upon me. No sooner do I come than, against their oath and without previous communication with the states or myself, they call upon the Archduke Matthias. Are the waves of the sea more inconstant, is Euripus more uncertain, than the counsels of such men?"[2]

While these events were occurring at Brussels and Antwerp, a scene of a different nature was enacting at Ghent. The Duke of Aerschot had recently been appointed to the government of Flanders by the state

[1] Apologie du P. d'Orange, pp. 106, 107.

[2] Ibid., p. 107.

council,[1] but the choice was exceedingly distasteful to a large number of the inhabitants. Although, since the defeat of Don John's party in Antwerp, Aerschot had again become the "affectionate brother" of Orange, yet he was known to be the head of the cabal which had brought Matthias from Vienna. Flanders, moreover, swarmed with converts to the Reformed religion,[2] and the duke's strict Romanism was well known. The people, therefore, who hated the pope and adored the prince, were furious at the appointment of the new governor, but by dint of profuse promises regarding the instant restoration of privileges and charters which had long lain dormant, the friends of Aerschot succeeded in preparing the way for his installation.[3]

On the 20th of October, attended by twenty-three companies of infantry and three hundred horse, he came to Ghent.[4] That famous place was still one of the most powerful and turbulent towns in Europe. Although diminished in importance since the commercial decline which had been the inevitable result of Philip's bloody government, it was still swarming with a vigorous and dangerous population,[5] and it had not forgotten the days when the iron tongue of Roland could call eighty thousand fighting men to the city banner.[6] Even now, twenty thousand were secretly pledged[7] to rise at the bidding of certain chieftains resident among them, noble

[1] Bor, xi. 903. Meteren, vii. 126. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 278.

[2] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 276. Hoofd, xii. 533.

[3] Meteren, vii. 126. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 279.

[4] Meteren, Van d. Vynckt, ubi sup. Bor, xi. 903.

[5] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 276, 277.

[6] Guicciardini, Gandavum, pp. 343, 344. See Introduction to this work. Tassis, iv. 916.

[7] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 277.

by birth, warmly attached to the Reformed religion, and devoted to Orange. These gentlemen were perfectly conscious that a reaction was to be attempted in favor of Don John and of Catholicism, through the agency of the newly appointed governor of Flanders. Aerschot was trusted or respected by neither party. The only difference in the estimates formed of him was that some considered him a deep and dangerous traitor; others, that he was rather foolish than malicious,[1] and more likely to ruin a good cause than to advance the interests of a bad one. The leaders of the popular party at Ghent believed him dangerous. They felt certain that it was the deeply laid design of the Catholic nobles—foiled as they had been in the objects with which they had brought Matthias from Vienna, and enraged as they were that the only result of that movement had been to establish the power of Orange upon a firmer basis—to set up an opposing influence in Ghent. Flanders, in the possession of the Catholics, was to weigh up Brabant, with its recent tendencies to toleration. Aerschot was to counteract the schemes of Orange. Matthias was to be withdrawn from the influence of the great heretic, and be yet compelled to play the part set down for him by those who had placed him upon the stage. A large portion, no doubt, of the schemes here suggested was in agitation, but the actors were hardly equal to the drama which they were attempting. The intrigue was, however, to be frustrated at once by the hand of Orange, acting, as it often did, from beneath a cloud.

Of all the chieftains possessing influence with the inhabitants of Ghent, two young nobles, named Ryhove

[1] "Sed plerique existimant eum stultitiâ potius quam malitiâ peccasse."—Langueti Ep. Sec., i. ii. 307.

and Imbize, were the most conspicuous.[1] Both were of ancient descent and broken fortunes, both were passionately attached to the prince, both were inspired with an intense hatred for all that was Catholic or Spanish. They had traveled further on the reforming path than many had done in that day, and might even be called democratic in their notions. Their heads were filled with visions of Greece and Rome; the praise of republics was ever on their lips; and they avowed to their intimate associates that it was already feasible to compose a commonwealth like that of the Swiss cantons out of the seventeen Netherlands.[2] They were regarded as dreamers by some, as desperados by others. Few had confidence in their capacity or their purity; but Orange, who knew mankind, recognized in them useful instruments for any hazardous enterprise. They delighted in stratagems and sudden feats of arms. Audacious and cruel by temperament, they were ever most happy in becoming a portion of the desolation which popular tumults engender.

There were several excited meetings of the four estates of Flanders immediately after the arrival of the Duke of Aerschot in Ghent.[3] His coming had been preceded by extensive promises, but it soon became obvious that their fulfilment was to be indefinitely deferred. There was a stormy session on the 27th of October, many of the clergy and nobility being present, and comparatively few members of the third estate. Very violent speeches were made, and threats openly uttered that the privileges, about which so much noise had been heard, would be rather curtailed than enlarged

[1] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 274 sqq. [2] Ibid., ii. 284, 285.
[3] Van d. Vynckt, ii. 276 sqq. Meteren, vii. 126.

under the new administration. At the same session the commission of Aerschot was formally presented by Champagny and Sweveghem, deputed by the state council for that purpose.[1] Champagny was in a somewhat anomalous position. There was much doubt in men's minds concerning him. He had seemed lately the friend of Orange, but he was certainly the brother of Granvelle. His splendid but fruitless services during the Antwerp Fury had not been forgotten, but he was known to be a determined Catholic. He was a hater of Spaniards, but no lover of popular liberty. The nature of his sentiments toward Orange was perhaps unjustly suspected. At any rate, two or three days after the events which now occupy our attention, he wrote him a private letter, in which he assured him of his attachment. In reference to the complaints of the prince that he had not been seconded as he ought to have been, he said, moreover, that he could solemnly swear never to have seen a single individual who did not hold the prince in admiration, and who was not affectionately devoted to him, not only by public profession, but by private sentiment.[2] There was little doubt entertained as to the opinions held by the rest of the aristocratic party, then commencing their manœuvers in Ghent. Their sentiments were uttered with sufficient distinctness in this remarkable session.

Hessels, the old Blood-Councilor, was then resident in Ghent, where he discharged high governmental functions. It was he, as it will be remembered, who habitually fell asleep at that horrible council-board, and could only start from his naps to shout, "Ad patibulum," while

[1] Meteren, vii. 126[b]. Hoofd, xii. 533.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 226.

the other murderers had found their work less narcotic. A letter from Hessels to Count de Roeulx, late royal governor of Flanders, was at the present juncture intercepted.[1] Perhaps it was invented, but, genuine or fictitious, it was circulated extensively among the popular leaders, and had the effect of proving Madame de Hessels a true prophet. It precipitated the revolution in Flanders, and soon afterward cost the councilor his life. "We have already brought many notable magistrates of Flanders over to the side of his Highness Don John," wrote Hessels. "We hope, after the Duke of Aerschot is governor, that we shall fully carry out the intentions of his Majesty and the plans of his Highness. We shall also know *how to circumvent the scandalous heretic, with all his adherents and followers*."[2]

Certainly, if this letter were true, it was high time for the friends of the "scandalous heretic" to look about them. If it were a forgery,[3] which is highly probable, it was ingeniously imagined, and did the work of truth. The revolutionary party, being in a small minority in the assembly, were advised by their leaders to bow before the storm. They did so, and the bluster of the reactionary party grew louder as they marked the apparent discomfiture of their foes. They openly asserted that the men who were clamoring for privileges should obtain nothing but halters. The buried charters should never be resuscitated; but the spirit of the dead emperor, who had once put a rope around the necks of the insolent Ghenters, still lived in that of his son. There was no lack of denunciation.

[1] Bor, xi. 905a. [2] Ibid., xi. 905.

[3] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 220. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinsterer, Bor, xi. 223.

Don John and the Duke of Aerschot would soon bring the turbulent burghers to their senses, and there would then be an end to this renewed clamor about musty parchments.[1] Much indignation was secretly excited in the assembly by such menaces. Without doors the subterranean flames spread rapidly, but no tumult occurred that night. Before the session was over, Ryhove left the city, pretending a visit to Tournay. No sooner had he left the gates, however, than he turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and rode off post-haste to Antwerp. There he had a conference with William of Orange,[2] and painted in lively colors the alarming position of affairs. "And what do you mean to do in the matter?" asked the prince, rather dryly.[3] Ryhove was somewhat disconcerted. He had expected a violent explosion, well as he knew the tranquil personage whom he was addressing. "I know no better counsel," he replied, at length, "than to take the duke, with his bishops, councilors, lords, and the whole nest of them, by the throat, and thrust them all out together."[4]

"Rather a desperate undertaking, however?" said the prince, carelessly, but interrogatively.

"I know no other remedy," answered Ryhove; "

[1] Meteren, vii. 126. Bor, xi. 903 sqq.

[2] Meteren, vii. 126[b]. Hoofd, xii. 533. Bor merely observes that it was *supposed* that Ryhove had visited Orange during his brief absence from Ghent. Meteren, however, gives a minute account of their interview, in which he is followed by Hoofd, who had additional sources of information. Compare Groen v. Prinst., vi. 217, 218; Wagenaer, vii. 177; V. d. Vynckt, ii. 279, 280, et al.

[3] "Waer toe den Prince niet anders en wiste op te segghen dan vraeghde wat raedt?"—Meteren, vii. 126[b]. Hoofd, xii. 533.

[4] " . . . met den geheele neste by den halse te vatten ende te verdrijven."—Meteren, vii. 126. Compare Hoofd.

would rather make the attempt, relying upon God alone, and die like a man, if needful, than live in eternal slavery. Like an ancient Roman," continued the young republican noble, in somewhat bombastic vein, "I am ready to wager my life where my fatherland's welfare is at stake."

"Bold words!" said the prince, looking gravely at Ryhove; "but upon what force do you rely for your undertaking?"

"If I can obtain no assistance from your Excellency," was the reply, "I shall throw myself on the mass of the citizens. I can arouse them in the name of their ancient liberties, which must be redeemed now or never."

The prince, believing probably that the scheme, if scheme there were, was but a wild one, felt little inclination to compromise himself with the young conspirator. He told him he could do nothing at present, and saying that he must at least sleep upon the matter, dismissed him for the night. Next morning, at daybreak, Ryhove was again closeted with him. The prince asked his sanguine partizan if he were still determined to carry out his project, with no more definite support than he had indicated. Ryhove assured him, in reply, that he meant to do so, or to die in the attempt. The prince shrugged his shoulders, and soon afterward seemed to fall into a reverie.[1] Ryhove continued talking, but it was soon obvious that his Highness was not listening, and he therefore took his leave somewhat abruptly. Hardly had he left the house, however, when the prince despatched Sainte-Aldegonde in search of him. That gentleman, proceeding to his hotel, walked

[1] "De Prince trok syn schouderen ende aenhoorde hem met doove ooren," etc.—Meteren, ubi sup. Hoofd, xii. 534.

straight into the apartment of Ryhove, and commenced a conversation with a person whom he found there, but to his surprise he soon discovered, experienced politician though he was, that he had made an egregious blunder. He had opened a dangerous secret to an entire stranger,[1] and Ryhove, coming into the apartment a few minutes afterward, was naturally surprised to find the prince's chief councilor in close conversation about the plot with Van Rooyen, the burgomaster of Dendermonde. The Flemish noble, however, always prompt in emergencies, drew his rapier, and assured the astonished burgomaster that he would either have his life on the instant, or his oath never to reveal a syllable of what he had heard. That functionary, who had neither desired the young noble's confidence, nor contemplated the honor of being run through the body as a consequence of receiving it, was somewhat aghast at the rapid manner in which these gentlemen transacted business. He willingly gave the required pledge, and was permitted to depart.

The effect of the conference between Sainte-Aldegonde and Ryhove was to convince the young partizan that the prince would neither openly countenance his project nor be extremely vexed should it prove successful. In short, while, as in the case of the arrest of the state council, the subordinates were left to appear the principals in the transaction, the persons most intimate with William of Orange were allowed to form satisfactory opinions as to his wishes, and to serve as instruments to his ends.[2] "Vive qui vince!" cried Sainte-Aldegonde,

[1] Meteren, vii. 126. Hoofd, xii. 534.

[2] "Ryhove, ziende dat den Prince conniveerde ofte d'ooghe luyckte om sijn voorneemen in 't werk te stellen," etc.—Meteren, vii. 127. "Ryhove hieruit scheppende dat zyn Doorluchtigkeit

encouragingly, to Ryhove, shaking hands with him at parting. The conspirator immediately mounted, and rode off toward Ghent. During his absence there had been much turbulence, but no decided outbreak, in that city. Imbize had accosted the Duke of Aerschot in the street, and demanded when and how he intended to proclaim the restoration of the ancient charters. The haughty duke had endeavored to shake off his importunate questioner, while Imbize persisted, with increasing audacity, till Aerschot lost his temper at last. "Charters, charters!" he cried in a rage; "you shall learn soon, ye that are thus howling for charters, that we have still the old means of making you dumb, with a rope on your throats. I tell you this, were you ever so much hounded on by the Prince of Orange."[1]

The violence of the new governor excited the wrath of Imbize. He broke from him abruptly, and rushed to a rendezvous of his confederates, every man of whom was ready for a desperate venture. Groups of excited people were seen vociferating in different places. A drum was heard to rattle from time to time. Nevertheless, the rising tumult seemed to subside again after a season, owing partly to the exertions of the magistrates, partly to the absence of Ryhove. At four in the afternoon that gentleman entered the town, and riding directly to the headquarters of the conspiracy, was incensed to hear that the work, which had begun so bravely, had been allowed to cool. "'T is a time," he cried, "for vigilance. If we sleep now, we shall be dead in our beds before morning. Better to fan the fire

door de vingeren zagh," etc.—Hoofd, xii. 533. Compare Strada, ii. lib. i. p. 4; Groen v. Prinst., Archives, etc., vi. 217, 218.

[1] Meteren, vii. 127. Hoofd, xii. 534. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 280.

which has begun to blaze in the people's heart. Better to gather the fruit while it is ripe. Let us go forward, each with his followers, and I pledge myself to lead the way. Let us scuttle the old ship of slavery; let us hunt the Spanish Inquisition, once for all, to the hell from whence it came!"[1]

"There spoke the voice of a man!"[2] cried the Flemish captain, Mieghem, one of the chief conspirators. "Lead on, Ryhove; I swear to follow you as far as our legs will carry us." Thus encouraged, Ryhove rushed about the city, calling upon the people everywhere to rise. They rose almost to a man. Arming and mustering at different points, according to previous arrangements, a vast number assembled by toll of bell, after nightfall, on the public square, whence, under command of Ryhove, they swept to the residence of Aerschot at St.-Bavon. The guards, seeing the fierce mob approaching, brandishing spears and waving torches, had scarce time to close the gates, as the people loudly demanded entrance and the delivery to them of the governor. Both claims were refused. "Let us burn the birds in their nests," cried Ryhove, without hesitation.[3] Pitch, light wood, and other combustibles were brought at his command, and in a few moments the palace would have been in flames, had not Aerschot, seeing that the insurgents were in earnest, capitulated. As soon as the gates were open, the foremost of the mob rushed upon him, and would have torn him limb from limb had not Ryhove resolutely interfered and twice protected the life of the

[1] Hoofd, Meteren, ubi sup. Bor, xi. 903, 904.

[2] "Daar (zeyde Mieghem hierop) hoor ik een' man spreeken," etc.—Bor, xi. 903, 904. Meteren, vii. 127.

[3] Meteren, vii. 127. Hoofd, xii. 535. Bor, xi. 905.

governor, at the peril of his own.[1] The duke was then made a prisoner, and, under a strong guard, was conveyed, still in his nightgown, and barefooted, to the mansion of Ryhove. All the other leading members of the Catholic party were captured, the arrests proceeding till a late hour in the night. Rassinghem, Sweveghem, Fisch, De la Porta, and other prominent members of the Flemish estates or council, were secured, but Champagny was allowed to make his escape.[2] The bishops of Bruges and Ypres were less fortunate. Blood-Councilor Hessels, whose letter—genuine or counterfeited—had been so instrumental in hastening this outbreak, was most carefully guarded, and to him and to Senator Fisch the personal consequences of that night's work were to be very tragic.

Thus audaciously, successfully, and hitherto without bloodshed, was the anti-Catholic revolution commenced in Flanders. The event was the first of a long and most signal series. The deed was done. The provisional government was established, at the head of which was placed Ryhove, to whom oaths of allegiance were rendered, subject to the future arrangements of the States-General and Orange. On the 9th of November the nobles, notables, and community of Ghent published an address, in which they elaborately defended the revolution which had been effected and the arrests which had taken place, while the Catholic party, with Aerschot at its head, was declared to be secretly in league with Don John to bring back the Spanish troops, to overthrow the Prince of Orange, to deprive him of the protectorate of

[1] Hoofd, xii. 535. Meteren, vii. 127. Van d. Vynckt, ii. 282.

[2] "Zoo dat hy verreyst, verborghen, oft door gunste, verschoont moet geweest zyn."—Hoofd, xii. 535.

Brabant, to set at naught the Ghent treaty, and to suppress the Reformed religion.[1]

The effect of this sudden rising of the popular party was prodigious throughout the Netherlands. At the same time, the audacity of such extreme proceedings could hardly be countenanced by any considerable party in the States-General. Champagny wrote to the Prince of Orange that, even if the letter of Hessels were genuine, it proved nothing against Aerschot,[2] and he urged the necessity of suppressing such scenes of license immediately, through the influence of those who could command the passions of the mob. Otherwise, he affirmed that all legitimate forms of justice would disappear, and that it would be easy to set the bloodhounds upon any game whatever. Sainte-Aldegonde wrote to the prince that it would be a great point, but a very difficult one, to justify the Ghent transaction, for there was little doubt that the Hessels letter was a forgery.[3] It was therefore as well, no doubt, that the prince had not decidedly committed himself to Ryhove's plot, and thus deprived himself of the right to interfere afterward, according to what seemed the claims of justice and sound policy.

He now sent Arend van Dorp to Ghent, to remonstrate with the leaders of the insurrection upon the violence of their measures, and to demand the liberation of the prisoners—a request which was only complied with in the case of Aerschot. That nobleman was liberated on the 14th of November, under the condition that he would solemnly pledge himself to forget and forgive the treatment which he had received, but the

[1] Address of the notables, in Bor, xi. 904, 905.

[2] Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 224.

[3] Ibid., vi. 219, 220.

other prisoners were retained in custody for a much longer period. A few weeks afterward the Prince of Orange visited Ghent, at the earnest request of the four estates of Flanders, and it was hoped that his presence would contribute to the restoration of tranquillity.[1]

This visit was naturally honored by a brilliant display of "rhetorical" spectacles and tableaux vivants; for nothing could exceed the passion of the Netherlanders of that century for apologues and charades. In allegory they found an ever-present comforter in their deepest afflictions. The prince was escorted from the town gate to the Jacob's Church amid a blaze of tar-barrels and torches, although it was midday, where a splendid exhibition had been arranged by that sovereign gild of rhetoric, "Jesus with the Balsam-flower." The drama was called "Judas Maccabæus," in compliment to the prince. In the center of the stage stood the Hebrew patriot, in full armor, symbolizing the illustrious guest doing battle for his country. He was attended by the three estates of the country, ingeniously personified by a single individual, who wore the velvet bonnet of a noble, the cassock of a priest, and the breeches of a burgher.[2] Groups of allegorical personages were drawn up on the right and left. Courage, Patriotism, Freedom, Mercy, Diligence, and other estimable qualities

[1] Bor, xi. 905, 916. The prince came to the city on the 29th of December, 1577.

[2] Beschrijvinghe van het gene dat vertoocht wierd ter inkomste van der Excellentie, des Prinzen van Orangien, binnen der Stad van Ghendt (Ghent, 1578). For the history of art in Flanders and Europe this little volume, filled not only with the poetry but with the designs and architectural embellishments employed upon this occasion, is worthy of attention. The pamphlet is very rare. The one used by the writer is in the Duncan Collection of the Royal Library at The Hague.

upon one side, were balanced by Murder, Rapine, Treason, and the rest of the sisterhood of Crime on the other. The Inquisition was represented as a lean and hungry hag. The Ghent Pacification was dressed in cramoisie satin, and wore a city on her head for a turban; while tied to her apron-strings were Catholicism and Protestantism, bound in a loving embrace by a chain of seventeen links, which she was forging upon an anvil. Under the anvil was an individual in complete harness, engaged in eating his heart; this was Discord. In front of the scene stood History and Rhetoric, attired as "triumphant maidens, in white garments," each with a laurel crown and a burning torch. These personages, after holding a rhymed dialogue between themselves, filled with wonderful conceits and quibbles, addressed the Prince of Orange and Maccabæus, one after the other, in a great quantity of very detestable verses.

After much changing of scenes and groups, and an enormous quantity of Flemish-woven poetry, the Ghent Peace came forward, leading a lion in one hand, and holding a heart of pure gold in the other. The heart, upon which was inscribed "Sinceritas," was then presented to the real prince, as he sat "reposing after the spectacle," and perhaps slightly yawning, the gift being accompanied by another tremendous discharge of complimentary verses.[1] After this, William of Orange was permitted to proceed toward the lodgings provided for him, but the magistrates and notables met him upon the threshold, and the pensionary made him a long oration. Even after the prince was fairly housed he had not escaped the fangs of allegory; for, while he sat at supper refreshing his exhausted frame after so much personification and metaphor, a symbolical personage,

[1] Beschrijvinghe, etc.

attired to represent the town corporation,[1] made his appearance, and poured upon him a long and particularly dull heroic poem. Fortunately, this episode closed the labors of the day.

On the 7th of December, 1577, the States-General formally declared that Don John was no longer stadholder, governor, nor captain-general, but an infractor of the peace which he had sworn to maintain, and an enemy of the fatherland. All natives of the country who should show him favor or assistance were declared rebels and traitors; and by a separate edict, issued the same day, it was ordained that an inventory of the estates of such persons should forthwith be taken.[2]

Thus the war, which had for a brief period been suspended during the angry, tortuous, and hopeless negotiations which succeeded the arrival of Don John, was once more to be let loose. To this point had tended all the policy of Orange, faithful as ever to the proverb with which he had broken off the Breda conferences, that "war was preferable to a doubtful peace." Even, however, as his policy had pointed to a war as the necessary forerunner of a solid peace with Spain, so had his efforts already advanced the cause of internal religious concord within the provinces themselves. On the 10th of December a new act of union was signed at Brussels, by which those of the Roman Church and those who had retired from that communion bound themselves to respect and to protect each other with mutual guaranties against all enemies whatsoever.[3]

[1] Beschrijvinghe, etc. [2] Bor, xi. 916.

[3] Meteren, vii. 127d. Haraei Ann., iii. 268, 269. It is singular that Bor, Reidani, Bentivoglio, Van der Vynckt, Grotius, and even the constitutional historian Kluit, are all silent concerning this

Here was a step beyond the Ghent Pacification, and in the same direction. The first treaty tacitly introduced toleration by suppressing the right of persecution, but the new union placed the Reformed religion on a level with the old. This was the result of the prince's efforts; and, in truth, there was no lack of eagerness among these professors of a faith which had been so long under ban to take advantage of his presence. Out of dark alleys, remote thickets, subterranean conventicles, where the dissenters had so long been trembling for their lives, the oppressed now came forth into the light of day. They indulged openly in those forms of worship which persecution had affected to regard with as much holy horror as the Badahuennan or Hercynian mysteries of Celtic ages could inspire, and they worshiped boldly the common God of Catholic and Puritan, in the words most consonant to their tastes, without dreading the gibbet as an inevitable result of their audacity.

In truth, the time had arrived for bringing the northern and southern, the Celtic and German, the Protestant and Catholic, hearts together, or else for acquiescing in their perpetual divorce. If the sentiment of nationality, the cause of a common fatherland, could now overcome the attachment to a particular form of worship,—if a common danger and a common destiny could now teach the great lesson of mutual toleration,—it might yet be

remarkable act of union. Hoofd alludes to it in exactly two lines; Strada, De Thou, and Wagenaer are equally concise. The Archivarius de Jonghe has, however, left nothing to be desired in his interesting monography (Verhandelingen en Onuitgegevene Stukken, pp. 163–204), besides publishing the original French text of the important document. The contemporary historians above cited (Meteren and Haraeus) had already given its substance.

possible to create a united Netherland and defy forever the power of Spain. Since the Union of Brussels, of January, 1577, the internal cancer of religious discord had again begun to corrode the body politic. The Pacification of Ghent had found the door open to religious toleration. It had not opened, but had left it open. The Union of Brussels had closed the door again. Contrary to the hopes of the Prince of Orange and of the patriots who followed in his track, the sanction given to the Roman religion had animated the Catholics to fresh arrogance and fresh persecution. In the course of a few months, the only fruits of the new union, from which so much had been hoped, were to be seen in imprisonments, confiscations, banishments, executions.[1] The Perpetual Edict, by which the fifteen provinces had united in acknowledging Don John, while the Protestant stronghold of Holland and Zealand had been placed in a state of isolation by the wise distrust of Orange, had widened the breach between Catholics and Protestants. The subsequent conduct of Don John had confirmed the suspicions and demonstrated the sagacity of the prince. The seizure of Namur and the open hostility avowed by the governor once more forced the provinces together. The suppressed flames of nationality burst forth again. Catholic and Protestant, Fleming and Hollander, instinctively approached each other, and felt the necessity of standing once more shoulder to shoulder in defense of their common rights. The Prince of Orange was called for by the unanimous cry of the whole country. He came to Brussels. His first step, as already narrated, was to break off negotiations which had been already

[1] "Die nieuwe oder nadere Unie van Brussell."—Doov J. C. Jonghe, Verhandelingen en Onuitg. Stukk., p. 184.

ratified by the votes of the States-General. The measure was reconsidered, under pretense of adding certain amendments. Those amendments were the unconditional articles of surrender proposed for Don John's signature on the 25th of September—articles which could only elicit words of defiance from his lips.

Thus far the prince's object was accomplished. A treacherous peace, which would have insured destruction, was averted, but a new obstacle to the development of his broad and energetic schemes arose in the intrigue which brought the archduke from Vienna. The cabals of Orange's secret enemies were again thwarted with the same adroitness to which his avowed antagonists were forced to succumb. Matthias was made the exponent of the new policy, the standard-bearer of the new union which the prince now succeeded in establishing; for his next step was immediately to impress upon the provinces which had thus united in casting down the gauntlet to a common enemy the necessity of uniting in a permanent league. One province was already lost by the fall of Namur. The bonds of a permanent union for the other sixteen could be constructed of but one material, religious toleration, and for a moment the genius of Orange, always so far beyond his age, succeeded in raising the mass of his countrymen to the elevation upon which he had so long stood alone.

The "new or nearer Union of Brussels" was signed on the 10th of December, eleven months after the formation of the first union. This was the third and, unfortunately, the last confederation of all the Netherlands. The original records have been lost, but it is known that the measure was accepted unanimously in the

States-General as soon as presented.[1] The leading Catholic nobles were with the army, but a deputation sent to the camp returned with their signatures and hearty approval — with the signatures and approval of such determined Catholics as the Lalains, Meluns, Egmont, and La Motte.[2] If such men could unite for the sake of the fatherland in an act of religious toleration, what lofty hopes for the future was not the prince justified in forming; for it was the prince alone[3] who accomplished this victory of reason over passion. As a monument not only of his genius, but of the elevated aspirations of a whole people in an age of intolerance, the "closer Union of Brussels" deserves especial place in the history of human progress. Unfortunately, it was destined to a brief existence. The battle of Gembloux was its death-blow, and before the end of a month the union thus hopefully constructed was shattered forever. The Netherland people was never united again. By the Union of Utrecht, seven states subsequently rescued their existence, and lived to construct a powerful republic. The rest were destined to remain for centuries in the condition of provinces to a distant metropolis, to be shifted about as make-weights in political balances, and only in our own age to come into the honorable rank of independent constitutional states.

The prince had, moreover, strengthened himself for the coming struggle by an alliance with England. The thrifty but politic queen, fearing the result of the secret practices of Alençon, — whom Orange, as she suspected, still kept in reserve to be played off, in case of need, against Matthias and Don John, — had at last consented

[1] De Jonghe, p. 188. [2] Ibid., pp. 188–190.
[3] Ibid., p. 185 sqq. Meerbeck, Chronike, p. 488.

to a treaty of alliance and subsidy. On the 7th of January, 1578, the Marquis Havré, envoy from the estates, concluded an arrangement in London by which the queen was to lend them her credit—in other words, to indorse their obligations—to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The money was to be raised wherever the states might be able to negotiate the bills, and her liability was to cease within a year. She was likewise to be collaterally secured by pledges from certain cities in the Netherlands.[1] This amount was certainly not colossal, while the conditions were sufficiently parsimonious. At the same time a beginning was made, and the principle of subsidy was established. The queen, furthermore, agreed to send five thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry to the provinces, under the command of an officer of high rank, who was to have a seat and vote in the Netherland council of state.[2] These troops were to be paid by the provinces, but furnished by the queen. The estates were to form no treaty without her knowledge, nor undertake any movement of importance without her consent. In case she should be herself attacked by any foreign power, the provinces were to assist her to the same extent as the amount of aid now afforded to themselves; and in case of a naval war, with a fleet of at least forty ships. It had already been arranged that the appointment of the Prince of Orange as lieutenant-general for Matthias was a *sine qua non* in any treaty of assistance with England. Soon after the conclusion of this convention, Sir Thomas Wilkes was despatched on a special mission to Spain, and Mr. Leyton sent to confer privately with Don

[1] Meteren, vii. 127, 128. Bor, xi. 902, 903.

[2] Bor, xi. 902, 903. Meteren, vii. 128.

John.[1] It was not probable, however, that the diplomatic skill of either would make this new arrangement palatable to Philip or his governor.

Within a few days after their signature of this important treaty, the prince had, at length, wholly succeeded in conquering the conflicting passions in the States-General, and in reconciling them, to a certain extent, with each other. The closer union had been accepted, and now thirty articles, which had been prepared under his superintendence, and had already, on the 17th of December, been accepted by Matthias, were established as the fundamental terms according to which the archduke was to be received as governor-general.[2] No power whatever was accorded to the young man who had come so far with eager and ambitious views. As the prince had neither solicited nor desired a visit which had, on the contrary, been the result of hostile machinations, the archduke could hardly complain that the power accorded him was but shadowy, and that his presence was rendered superfluous. It was not surprising that the common people gave him the name of *greffier*, or registering clerk to the prince,[3] for his functions were almost limited to the signing of acts which were countersigned by Orange. According to the stipulations of the Queen of England and the views of the whole popular party, the prince remained ruward of Brabant, notwithstanding the appointment of a nom-

[1] Bor, xi. 900–903. Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] See the articles in full in Bor, xi. 927–929. In the notes of De Reiffenberg to Van d. Vynckt, ii. 368–383, and in Meteren, vii. 129, they are given with much less exactness. Compare the remarks of Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, vi. 259, 260.

[3] Tassis, iv. 290.

inal governor-general, by whom his own duties were to be superseded.

The articles which were laid down as the basis upon which the archduke was to be accepted composed an ample representative constitution, by which all the legislative and many of the executive powers of government were bestowed upon the States-General or upon the council by them to be elected. To avoid remaining in the condition of a people thus left without a head, the states declared themselves willing to accept Matthias as governor-general, on condition of the king's subsequent approbation, and upon the general basis of the Ghent treaty. The archduke, moreover, was to take an oath of allegiance to the king *and to the States-General* at the same time. He was to govern the land by the advice of a state council, the members of which were to be appointed by the States-General, and were "to be native Netherlanders, true patriots, and neither ambitious nor greedy."[1] In all matters discussed before the state council, a majority of votes was to decide. The governor-general, with his council of state, should conclude nothing concerning the common affairs of the nation—such as requests, loans, treaties of peace or declarations of war, alliances or confederacies with foreign nations—without the consent of the States-General. He was to issue no edict or ordinance, and introduce no law, without the consent of the same body duly assembled, and representing each individual province.[2] A majority of the members was declared necessary to a quorum of the council. All acts and despatches were to be drawn up by a member of the board. The States-

[1] "Getrouvre en goede patriotten niet wesende ambitieus of gïerig."—Article 4.

[2] Article 8.

General were to assemble *when, where, and as often as*, and remain in session as long as they *might think it expedient*.[1] At the request of any individual province, concerning matters about which a convention of the generality was customary, the other states should be bound to assemble without waiting for directions from the governor-general.[2] The estates of each particular province were to assemble at their pleasure. The governor and council, with advice of the States-General, were to appoint all the principal military officers. Troops were to be enrolled and garrisons established by and with the consent of the states. Governors of provinces were to be appointed by the governor-general, with advice of his council, and with the consent of the estates of the province interested. All military affairs were to be conducted during war by the governor, with advice of his council, while the estates were to have absolute control over the levying and expenditure of the common funds of the country.[3]

It is sufficiently plain from this brief summary that the powers thus conferred upon Matthias alone were absolutely null, while those which he might exercise in conjunction with the state council were not much more extensive. The actual force of the government—legislative, executive, and administrative—was lodged in the general assembly, while no authority was left to the king except the nominal right to approve these revolu-

[1] Article 13. [2] Article 14.

[3] Article 21. "Le hizieron jurar," says Cabrera, "treinta i una condiciones" (one article more, by the way, than the actual number, which was thirty—Bor, xi. 927–929), "instituyendo el gobierno popular a la traça que Julio Cesar escrive de los antiguos Flamencos, que el pueblo tenia el mismo mando sobre el Rey, que el sobre pueblo: i el *Archiduque les serviria de estatua*" (xii. 959[b]).

tionary proceedings, according to the statement in the preamble. Such a reservation in favor of his Majesty seemed a superfluous sarcasm. It was furthermore resolved that the Prince of Orange should be appointed lieutenant-general for Matthias, and be continued in his office of ruward.[1] This constitution, drawn up under the superintendence of the prince, had been already accepted by Matthias, while still at Antwerp, and upon the 18th of January, 1578, the ceremony of his inauguration took place.

It was the third triumphal procession which Brussels had witnessed within nine months. It was also the most brilliant of all; for the burghers, as if to make amends to the archduke for the actual nullity to which he had been reduced, seemed resolved to raise him to the seventh heaven of allegory. By the rhetorical gilds he was regarded as the most brilliant constellation of virtues which had yet shone above the Flemish horizon. A brilliant cavalcade, headed by Orange, accompanied by Count John of Nassau, the Prince de Chimay, and other notables, met him at Vilvorde, and escorted him to the city gate. On an open field outside the town, Count Bossu had arranged a review of troops, concluding with a sham fight, which, in the words of a classical contemporary, seemed as "bloody a rencontre as that between Duke Miltiades of Athens and King Darius upon the plains of Attica."[2] The procession entered the Louvain Gate, through a splendid triumphal arch, filled with a band of invisible musicians. "I believe that Orpheus had never played so melodiously on his harp," says the same authority, "nor Apollo on his lyre, nor Pan on his lute, as the city waits then per-

[1] Bor, xi. 927. [2] Ibid.

formed."[1] On entering the gates, Matthias was at once delivered over to the hands of mythology, the burghers and rhetoricians taking possession of their illustrious captive, and being determined to outdo themselves in demonstrations of welcome. The representatives of the "nine nations" of Brussels met him in the Ritter Street, followed by a gorgeous retinue. Although it was mid-day, all bore flaming torches. Although it was January, the streets were strewed with flowers. The houses were festooned with garlands and hung with brilliant silks and velvets. The streets were thronged with spectators and encumbered with triumphal arches. On the Grande Place, always the central scene in Brussels, whether for comedies or tournaments or executions, the principal dramatic effects had been accumulated. The splendid front of the Hôtel de Ville was wreathed with scarfs and banners; its windows and balconies, as well as those of the picturesque houses which formed the square, were crowded with gaily dressed women. Upon the area of the place twenty-four theaters had been erected, where a series of magnificent living pictures were represented by the most beautiful young females that could be found in the city. All were attired in brocades, embroideries, and cloth of gold. The subjects of the tableaux vivants

[1] Sommare Beschrijvinghe van den triumphelijcke Incomst van den doorluchtigen Aertshoge Matthias binnen die Princelijcke Stadt van Brussele ('t Antwerpen, Plantin, 1579). This little contemporary publication, drawn up by J. B. Houwaert, contains a detailed account of the festivities upon this occasion together with all the poems sung and spoken, and well-executed engravings of the decorations, temples, theaters, and triumphal arches. For the literary and artistic history of Flanders and Brabant it is important. The copy used by the writer is in the Collectio Duncaniana of the Royal Library at The Hague.

were, of course, most classic, for the Netherlanders were nothing if not allegorical; yet, as spectacles provided by burghers and artisans for the amusement of their fellow-citizens, they certainly proved a considerable culture in the people who could thus be amused. All the groups were artistically arranged. Upon one theater stood Juno with her peacock, presenting Matthias with the city of Brussels, which she held, beautifully modeled, in her hand. Upon another, Cybele gave him the keys, Reason handed him a bridle, Hebe a basket of flowers, Wisdom a looking-glass and two law-books, Diligence a pair of spurs; while Constancy, Magnanimity, Prudence, and other virtues furnished him with a helmet, corselet, spear, and shield. Upon other theaters Bellona presented him with several men-at-arms, tied in a bundle; Fame gave him her trumpet, and Glory her crown. Upon one stage Quintus Curtius, on horseback, was seen plunging into the yawning abyss; upon six others Scipio Africanus was exhibited, as he appeared in the most picturesque moments of his career.[1] The beardless archduke had never achieved anything save his nocturnal escape from Vienna in his nightgown; but the honest Flemings chose to regard him as a reincarnation of those two eminent Romans. Carried away by their own learning, they already looked upon him as a myth; and such indeed he was destined to remain throughout his Netherland career. After surveying all these wonders, Matthias was led up the hill again to the ducal palace, where, after hearing speeches and odes till he was exhausted, he was at last allowed to eat his supper and go to bed.

Meantime the citizens feasted in the streets. Bonfires

[1] Sommare Beschrijvinghe, etc.

were blazing everywhere, at which the people roasted "geese, pigs, capons, partridges, and chickens," while upon all sides were the merriest piping and dancing. Of a sudden, a fiery dragon was seen flying through the air. It poised for a while over the heads of the reveling crowd in the Grande Place, and then burst with a prodigious explosion, sending forth rockets and other fireworks in every direction. This exhibition, then a new one, so frightened the people that they all took to their heels, "as if a thousand soldiers had assaulted them," tumbling over each other in great confusion, and so dispersing to their homes.[1]

The next day Matthias took the oaths as governor-general to support the new constitution, while the Prince of Orange was sworn in as lieutenant-general and governor of Brabant. Upon the next a splendid banquet was given them in the grand hall of the Hôtel de Ville by the States-General, and when the cloth was removed, Rhetoric made her last and most ingenious demonstration through the famous gild of "Mary with the Flower Garland."

Two individuals—the one attired as a respectable burgher, the other as a clerical personage in gown and bands—made their appearance upon a stage opposite the seats of their Highnesses, and pronounced a long dialogue in rhyme. One of the speakers rejoiced in the appellation of the "Desiring Heart"; the other was called "Common Comfort." Common Sense might have been more to the purpose, but appeared to have no part in the play. Desiring Heart, being of an inquisitive disposition, propounded a series of puzzling questions, mythological in their nature, which seemed

[1] Sommare Beschrijvinghe, etc.

like classical conundrums, having reference, mainly, to the proceedings of Venus, Neptune, Juno, and other divinities.[1] They appeared to have little to do with Matthias or the matter in hand, but Common Comfort knew better. That clerical personage, accordingly, in a handsome allowance of rhymes, informed his despairing colleague that everything would end well; that Jupiter, Diana, Venus, and the rest of them would all do their duty, and that Belgica would be relieved from all her woes at the advent of a certain individual. Whereupon cried Desiring Heart:

> O Common Comfort! who is he?
> His name, and of what family?

To which[2] Comfort responded by mentioning the archduke in a poetical and highly complimentary

[1] As, for example:

> "Wanneer sal Jupiter Saturnum verdrijven?
> Wanneer sal Neptunus Phaethon verdrijncken,
> Wanneer sal Hercules Hydram ontlijven,
> Wanneer sal Vulcanus laten sijn hincken," etc.
>
> Som. Beschrijv.

Or, in the vernacular:

> "When shall Jove his father follow,
> Or briny Neptune Phaethon swallow,
> Or Herc'les leave off Hydra crimping,
> Or honest Vulcan give up limping,
> Or Brontes cease to forge his thunder?
> All these are wonders upon wonder," etc.

[2] "Hy is van Keyserlicken stamme gheboren,
Aartshertoge Matthias is sijnen name,
Die generale staten habben hem ghecoren,
Voor Gouverneur, door sijne goete fame
Hy is als Julius Cesar eersame," etc.

Som. Beschrijv.

> "He is formed of fine material,
> And is sprung of race imperial;

strain, with handsome allusions to the inevitable Quintus Curtius and Scipio Africanus. The concluding words of the speech were not spoken, but were taken as the cue for a splendid charade; the long-suffering Scipio again making his appearance, in company with Alexander and Hannibal, the group typifying the future government of Matthias. After each of these heroic individuals had spouted a hundred lines or so, the play was terminated, and Rhetoric took her departure. The company had remained at table during this long representation, and now the dessert was served, consisting of a "richly triumphant banquet of confectionery, marmalade, and all kinds of genteelnesses in sugar."[1]

Meanwhile Don John sat chafing and almost frenzied with rage at Namur. Certainly he had reasons enough for losing his temper. Never since the days of Maximilian had king's brother been so bearded by rebels. The cross was humbled in the dust, the royal authority openly derided, his Majesty's representative locked up in a fortress, while "the accursed Prince of Orange" reigned supreme in Brussels, with an imperial archduke for his private secretary.

The governor addressed a long, private, and most bitter letter to the emperor, for the purpose of setting himself right in the opinion of that potentate, and of giving him certain hints as to what was expected of the imperial court by Philip and himself. He expressed

> He is brave as Julius Cæsar;
> Archduke Matthias is his name;
> He is chosen governor-general
> By the states, for his great fame," etc.

[1] Sommare Beschrijvinghe, etc.

confidence that the imperial commissioners would have some effect in bringing about the pacification of the Netherlands, and protested his own strong desire for such a result, provided always that the two great points of the Catholic religion and his Majesty's authority were preserved intact. "In the hope that those articles would be maintained," said he, "I have emptied cities and important places of their garrisons, when I might easily have kept the soldiers, and with the soldiers the places, against all the world, instead of consigning them to the care of men who at this hour have arms in their hand against their natural prince." He declared vehemently that in all his conduct, since his arrival in the provinces, he had been governed exclusively by the interests of Philip, an object which he should steadily pursue to the end. He urged, too, that the emperor, being of the same house as Philip, and therefore more obliged than all others to sustain his quarrel, would do well to espouse his cause with all the warmth possible. "The forgetfulness by vassals," said Don John, "of the obedience due to their sovereign is so dangerous that all princes and potentates, even those at the moment exempt from trouble, should assist in preparing the remedy, in order that their subjects also may not take it into their heads to do the like, *liberty being a contagious disease, which goes on infecting one neighbor after another if the cure be not promptly applied.*"[1] It was, he averred,

[1] ". . . Obéissance de leur Prince souverain, obly de laquelle est si dangereulx que tous princes et potentats voires ceulx qui présentement sont exempts de troubles en dérvoient soigner le remède affin que, a l'exemple de ceulx ci les leurs ne prennent quelque jour envye de f^re^ le semblable, etant la liberté qu'ils cherchent comme ung mal contagieulx qui vast infectant au voisin si en temps et promptement ny est remèdié."

a desperate state of things for monarchs when subjects, having obtained such concessions as the Netherlanders had obtained, nevertheless loved him and obeyed him so little. They showed but too clearly that the causes alleged by them had been but pretexts in order to effect designs, long ago conceived, to overthrow the ancient constitution of the country and to live thenceforward in unbridled liberty. So many indecent acts had been committed prejudicial to religion and to his Majesty's grandeur that the governor avowed his determination to have no further communication with the provinces without fresh commands to that effect. He begged the emperor to pay no heed to what the states *said*, but to observe what they *did*. He assured him that nothing could be more senseless than the reports that Philip and his governor-general in the Netherlands were negotiating with France for the purpose of alienating the provinces from the Austrian crown. Philip, being chief of the family and sovereign of the Netherlands, could not commit the absurdity of giving away his own property to other people, nor would Don John choose to be an instrument in so foolish a transaction.[1] The governor entreated the emperor, therefore, to consider such fables as the invention of malcontents and traitors, of whom there was no lack at his court, and to remember that nothing was more necessary for the preservation of the greatness of his family than to cultivate the best relations with all its members. "Therefore," said he, with an absurd affectation of candor,

[1] " . . . car estant icelle chef de la dite maison et Sgr des Pays Bas seroit chose absurde de lui attribuer une imprudence si grande que de donner le sien à autrui et à moi qu'en vouldrais estre l'instrument."

"although I make no doubt whatever that the expedition hitherward of the Archduke Matthias has been made with the best intentions, nevertheless many are of opinion that it would have been better altogether omitted. If the archduke," he continued, with hardly dissembled irony, "be desirous of taking charge of his Majesty's affairs, it would be preferable to employ himself in the customary manner. Your Majesty would do a laudable action by recalling him from this place, according to your Majesty's promise to me to that effect." In conclusion, Don John complained that difficulties had been placed in his way for making levies of troops in the empire, while every facility had been afforded to the rebels. He therefore urgently insisted that so unnatural and unjust a condition of affairs should be remedied.[1]

Don John was not sorry in his heart that the crisis was at last come. His chain was broken. His wrath exploded in his first interview with Leyton, the English envoy, whom Queen Elizabeth had despatched to calm, if possible, his inevitable anger at her recent treaty with the states.[2] He knew nothing of England, he said, nor of France, nor of the emperor. His Catholic Majesty had commissioned him now to make war upon these rebellious provinces. He would do it with all his heart. As for the emperor, he would unchain the Turks upon him for his perfidy. As for the burghers of Brussels, they would soon feel his vengeance.[3]

[1] This letter, which has never been published, is in French, in the handwriting of John Baptist de Tassis, and signed by Don John. It is dated Luxemburg, 11th of January, 1578, and is in the collection of MSS. in the Brussels Archives entitled "Reconciliation des Provinces Wallones," t. i. 44–54.

[2] Bor, xi. 931. [3] Ibid. Hoofd, xiii. 546.

It was very obvious that these were not idle threats. War had again broken loose throughout these doomed provinces. A small but well-appointed army had been rapidly collecting under the banner of Don John at Luxemburg, Peter Ernest Mansfeld had brought many well-trained troops from France, and Prince Alexander of Parma had arrived with several choice and veteran regiments of Italy and Spain.[1] The old school-fellow, playmate, and comrade of Don John was shocked, on his arrival, to witness the attenuated frame and care-worn features of his uncle.[2] The son of Charles V., the hero of Lepanto, seemed even to have lost the air of majesty which was so natural to him, for petty insults, perpetual crosses, seemed to have left their squalid traces upon his features. Nevertheless, the crusader was alive again at the notes of warlike preparations which now resounded throughout the land.

On the 25th of January he issued a proclamation, couched in three languages—French, German, and Flemish. He declared in this document that he had not come to enslave the provinces, but to protect them. At the same time he meant to reëstablish his Majesty's authority and the downtrod religion of Rome. He summoned all citizens and all soldiers throughout the provinces to join his banners, offering them pardon for their past offenses, and protection against heretics and rebels.[3] This declaration was the natural consequence of the exchange of defiances which had already taken place, and it was evident also that the angry manifesto

[1] Bor, xi. 932, 933. Hoofd, xiii. 546. Strada, ix. 460.

[2] "Attenuata non magis valetudine quam specie illa majestateque fortunatissimi Imperatoris."—Strada, ix. 460.

[3] Proclamation in Bor, xi. 932, 933. Compare Cabrera, xii. 966.

was soon to be followed up by vigorous blows. The army of Don John already numbered more than twenty thousand well-seasoned and disciplined veterans.[1] He was himself the most illustrious chieftain in Europe. He was surrounded by lieutenants of the most brilliant reputation. Alexander of Parma, who had fought with distinction at Lepanto, was already recognized as possessing that signal military genius which was soon to stamp him as the first soldier of his age, while Mansfeld, Mondragon, Mendoza, and other distinguished officers, who had already won so much fame in the Netherlands, had now returned to the scene of their former achievements.[2]

On the other hand, the military affairs of the states were in confusion. Troops in nearly equal numbers to those of the royal army had been assembled, but the chief offices had been bestowed, by a mistaken policy, upon the great nobles. Already the jealousy of Orange, entertained by their whole order, was painfully apparent. Notwithstanding the signal popularity which had made his appointment as lieutenant-general inevitable, it was not easy for him always to vindicate his authority over captious and rival magnates.[3] He had every wish to conciliate the affections of men whom he could not in his heart respect, and he went as far in gratifying their ambition as comported with his own dignity, perhaps further than was consistent with the national interests.

[1] Bor (xi. 932) and Hoofd (xiii. 546, 547) say 22,300, viz., 4000 Spanish, 4000 French, 5000 Germans, 6800 Walloons, 2500 cavalry; total, 22,300—about 20,000 according to Strada (ix. 462). Cabrera asserts that there were but 10,000 in Don John's army, while the forces of the enemy amounted to double that number (xii. 967[c]).

[2] Strada, ix. 467.

[3] Ibid., ix. 464.

He was still willing to trust Lalain, of whose good affection to the country he felt sure. He had even been desirous of declining the office of lieutenant-general, in order to avoid giving that nobleman the least occasion to think "that he would do him, or any other gentleman of the army, prejudice in any single matter in the world."[1] This magnanimity had not been repaid with corresponding confidence. We have already seen that Lalain had been secretly in the interest of Anjou ever since his wife and himself had lost their hearts to Margaret of Navarre; yet the count was chief commander of the infantry in the states' army then assembled. Robert Melun, Vicomte de Gand, was commander of the cavalry,[2] but he had recently been private envoy from Don John to the English queen.[3] Both these gentlemen, together with Pardieu de la Motte, general of the artillery, were voluntarily absent from the forces, under pretext of celebrating the wedding of the Seigneur de Bersel with the niece and heiress of the unfortunate Marquis of Berghen.[4] The ghost of that ill-starred noble might almost have seemed to rise at the nuptial banquet of his heiress, to warn the traitors of the signal and bloody massacre which their treachery was soon to occasion. Philip Egmont, eldest son of the famous Lamoral, was with the army, as was the Seigneur de Héze, hero of the state council's arrest, and the unstable Havré. But little was to be hoped from such leaders. Indeed, the affairs of the states continued to

[1] Letter of Prince of Orange, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 279.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Strada, ix. 463.

[4] Ibid., ix. 464, 465. Hoofd, xiii. 548.

be in as perplexed a condition as that which honest John of Nassau had described some weeks before. "There were very few patriots," he had said, "but plenty of priests, with no lack of inexperienced lads—some looking for distinction, and others for pelf."[1]

The two armies had been mustered in the latter days of January. The pope had issued a bull for the benefit of Don John, precisely similar to those formerly employed in the crusades against the Saracens.[2] Authority was given him to levy contributions upon ecclesiastical property, while full absolution, at the hour of death, for all crimes committed during a whole lifetime, was proclaimed to those who should now join the standard of the cross. There was at least no concealment. The crescent-wearing Zealanders had been taken at their word, and the whole nation of Netherlanders were formally banned as unbelievers. The forces of Don John were mustered at Marche in Luxemburg; those of the states in a plain within a few miles of Namur.[3] Both armies were nearly equal in number, amounting to nearly twenty thousand each, including a force of two thousand cavalry on each side.[4] It had been the original intention of the patriots to attack Don John in Namur. Having learned, however, that he purposed marching forth himself to offer battle, they decided to fall back upon Gembloux, which was nine miles distant

[1] Letter to the Landgrave W. de Hesse, Archives de la Maison d'Orange, vi. 227.

[2] See it in Bor, xi. 935[b].

[3] Ibid., xi. 932 sqq. Hoofd, xiii. 548.

[4] All the authorities agree as to the estimates of the forces of the states (Hoofd, xiii. 547. Cabrera, xii. 969. Strada, ix. 463, et mult. al.).

from that city.[1] On the last day of January they accordingly broke up their camp at St.-Martius before dawn, and marched toward Gembloux. The chief commander was De Goignies, an old soldier of Charles V., who had also fought at St.-Quentin. The states' army was disposed in three divisions. The van consisted of the infantry regiments of De Héze and Montigny, flanked by a protective body of light horse. The center, composed of the Walloon and German regiments, with a few companies of French, and thirteen companies of Scotch and English under Colonel Balfour, was commanded by two most distinguished officers, Bossu and Champagny. The rear, which, of course, was the post of responsibility and honor, comprised all the heavy cavalry, and was commanded by Philip Egmont and Lumey de la Marck. The Marquis Havré and the general-in-chief, Goignies, rode to and fro, as the army proceeded, each attended by his staff.[2]

The troops of Don John broke up from before Namur with the earliest dawn, and marched in pursuit of the retiring foe. In front was nearly the whole of the cavalry—carbineers, lancers, and heavy dragoons. The center, arranged in two squares, consisted chiefly of Spanish infantry, with a lesser number of Germans. In the rear came the Walloons, marching also in a square, and protecting the baggage and ammunition. Charles Mansfeld had been left behind with a reserved force, stationed on the Meuse; Ottavio Gonzaga commanded in front, Ernest Mansfeld brought up the rear, while in the center rode Don John himself, attended by the Prince of Parma. Over his head streamed the cruci-

[1] Bor, xi. 933. Hoofd, xiii. 547. Strada, ix. 464.

[2] Bor, xi. 933, 934. Strada, ix. 464. Hoofd, xiii. 548.

fix-emblazoned banner, with its memorable inscription: "In hoc signo vici Turcos, in hoc Hæreticos vincam."[1]

Small detachments of cavalry had been sent forward, under Oliveira and Acosta, to scour the roads and forests, and to disturb all ambuscades which might have been prepared. From some stragglers captured by these officers the plans of the retreating generals were learned. The winter's day was not far advanced when the rearward columns of the states' army were descried in the distance. Don John, making a selection of some six hundred cavalry, all picked men, with a thousand infantry, divided the whole into two bodies, which he placed under command of Gonzaga and the famous old Christopher Mondragon.[2] These officers received orders to hang on the rear of the enemy, to harass him, and to do him all possible damage consistent with the possibility of avoiding a general engagement until the main army under Parma and Don John should arrive. The orders were at first strictly obeyed. As the skirmishing grew hotter, however, Gonzaga observed that a spirited cavalry officer, named Perotti, had already advanced, with a handful of men, much farther within the reach of the hostile forces than was deemed expedient. He sent hastily to recall the too eager chieftain. The order, delivered in a tone more peremptory than agreeable, was flatly disobeyed. "Tell Ottavio Gonzaga," said Perotti, "that I never yet turned my back on the enemy, nor shall I now begin. Moreover, were I ever so much inclined to do so, retreat is impossible."[3] The retiring army was then proceeding

[1] Bor, xi. 933. Hoofd, xiii. 549. Strada, ix. 465.

[2] Strada, ix. 465, 466. Hoofd, xiii. 549. Bor, xi. 933 sqq.

[3] Strada, ix. 466.

along the borders of a deep ravine, filled with mire and water, and as broad and more dangerous than a river.[1] In the midst of the skirmishing, Alexander of Parma rode up to reconnoiter. He saw at once that the columns of the enemy were marching unsteadily to avoid being precipitated into this creek. He observed the waving of their spears, the general confusion of their ranks, and was quick to take advantage of the fortunate moment. Pointing out to the officers about him the opportunity thus offered of attacking the retiring army unawares in flank, he assembled with great rapidity the foremost companies of cavalry already detached from the main body. Mounting a fresh and powerful horse, which Camillo Monte held in readiness for him, he signified his intention of dashing through the dangerous ravine and dealing a stroke where it was least expected. "Tell Don John of Austria," he cried to an officer whom he sent back to the commander-in-chief, "that Alexander of Parma has plunged into the abyss, to perish there, or to come forth again victorious."[2]

The sudden thought was executed with lightning-like celerity. In an instant the bold rider was already struggling through the dangerous swamp; in another, his powerful charger had carried him across. Halting for a few minutes, lance in rest,[3] till his troops had also forced their passage, gained the level ground unperceived, and sufficiently breathed their horses, he drew up his little force in a compact column. Then, with a few words of encouragement, he launched them at the foe. The violent and entirely unexpected shock was

[1] Strada, ubi sup. Bor, xi. 934. Hoofd, xiii. 459.

[2] Strada, ix. 466, 467. Hoofd, xiii. 549.

[1] "Con gran valor, la lança en puño," etc.—Cabrera, xii. 968.

even more successful than the prince had anticipated. The hostile cavalry reeled and fell into hopeless confusion, Egmont in vain striving to rally them to resistance. That name had lost its magic. Goignies also attempted, without success, to restore order among the panic-stricken ranks. The sudden conception of Parma, executed as suddenly and in so brilliant a manner, had been decisive. Assaulted in flank and rear at the same moment, and already in temporary confusion, the cavalry of the enemy turned their backs and fled. The center of the states' army, thus left exposed, was now warmly attacked by Parma. It had, moreover, been already thrown into disorder by the retreat of its own horse, as they charged through them in rapid and disgraceful panic. The whole army broke to pieces at once,[1] and so great was the trepidation that the conquered troops had hardly courage to run away. They were utterly incapable of combat. Not a blow was struck by the fugitives. Hardly a man in the Spanish ranks was wounded, while in the course of an hour and a half the whole force of the enemy was exterminated. It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact numbers slain. Some accounts spoke of ten thousand killed or captive, with absolutely no loss on the royal side.[2] Moreover, this slaughter was effected, not by the army under Don John, but by so small a fragment of it that some historians have even set down the whole number of royal-

[1] Strada, Hoofd, Bor, ubi sup. Compare Cabrera, xii. 968, 969; Meteren, viii. 133; Haraei Ann., iii. 273, 274; Tassis, iv. 293, 294, et mult. al.

[2] "Dei vincitori *non morì quasi soldato alcuno*," says Bentivoglio, "pochi restaron feriti."—Guerra di Fiandra, x. 206. He, however, has the modesty to claim but three thousand killed on the states' side, with a large number of prisoners.

ists engaged at the commencement of the action at six hundred, increased afterward to twelve hundred. By this calculation, each Spaniard engaged must have killed ten enemies with his own hand, and that within an hour and a half's space![1] Other historians more wisely omit the exact statistics of the massacre, and allow that a very few—ten or eleven at most—were slain within the Spanish ranks. This, however, is the utmost that is claimed by even the Netherland historians, and it is, at any rate, certain that the whole states' army was annihilated.[2] Rarely had a more brilliant exploit been performed by a handful of cavalry. To the distinguished Alexander of Parma, who improvised so striking and complete a victory out of a fortuitous

[1] "Siquidem à sexcentis equitibus (tot enim incepere aucti dein ad mille ac ducentos, confecere pugnam) peditum *millia omnino decem*, partim cœsa, partim capta, ac reliquus exercitus non minor octo bellatorum millibus *sesquihoræ spatio* (!!); desideratis ex Regiis *tantum modo novem*, profligatus est."—Strada, ix. 468. Rather too warm work even for the 31st of January.

[2] According to Tassis (iv. 294), seven thousand of the states' army were killed or captured (the prisoners afterward having been drowned), while only ten royalists were killed or wounded. According to Haraeus (iii. 274), eight thousand of the states' army were slain by *two thousand* royalist troops (being four men apiece for each royalist). He does not state that any of the king's soldiers were slain, or even wounded. According to Cabrera (xii. 968), there were more than seven thousand of the Netherland army killed or taken (the number of the prisoners being nowhere stated at more than six hundred, *all* of whom were afterward drowned or hanged), while of the Spanish troops two were killed and five were wounded. According to Bor, thirty companies were slain and six hundred men taken prisoners on the states' side, while Don John lost but ten or twelve men. Hoofd accepts the absurd statistics of Strada, repeating, after that historian, that "twelve hundred Spaniards killed six, eight, nay, even ten thou-

circumstance, belonged the whole credit of the day, for his quick eye detected a passing weakness of the enemy, and turned it to terrible account with the promptness which comes from genius alone. A whole army was overthrown. Everything belonging to the enemy fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Thirty-four standards, many field-pieces, much camp equipage and ammunition, besides some seven or eight thousand dead bodies and six hundred living prisoners, were the spoils of that winter's day.[1] Of the captives, some were soon afterward hurled off the bridge at Namur and drowned like dogs in the Meuse,[2] while the rest were all hanged,[3] none escaping with life. Don John's clemency was not superior to that of his sanguinary predecessors.

sand of the states' army, within one hour and a half, with a loss of but ten men on their own side" (xiii. 550). Van Meteren alone, in the teeth of all the evidence, doggedly maintains that it was not *much of a victory after all*, and that there were not many states' soldiers slain in the action. "Het gethal der verslagenen war niet seer groot" (viii. 133). A contemporary, and living near the spot, he certainly manifests his patriotism by so hardy an assertion; but we have often noticed the pertinacity of the distinguished chronicler upon such points.

[1] Bor, Strada, Hoofd, Haraeus, Meteren, Cabrera, ubi sup., et mult. al.

[2] Tassis, iv. 294.

[3] Bor, xi. 934. Hoofd, xiii. 555. The latter historian states that six hundred prisoners were hanged at Namur. Cabrera, on the contrary, asserts that Don John liberated the Scotch prisoners: "a Seiscientos Escoseses presos dio libertad Don Juan, mostrando su clemencia." To this very gratuitous assertion it is a sufficient answer that Tassis, who was on the spot, a leading privy councilor of Don John, expressly states that of the captives the greater part, *who were Scotch*, were thrown off Namur bridge into the river. "Ac capti, quorum magna pars, qui Schoti erant, ex ponte Namuriensi in fluvium postea præcipitati" (iv. 294). Compare Haraei

And so another proof was added—if proofs were still necessary—of Spanish prowess. The Netherlanders may be pardoned if their foes seemed to them supernatural and almost invulnerable. How else could these enormous successes be accounted for? How else could thousands fall before the Spanish swords, while hardly a single Spanish corpse told of effectual resistance? At Jemmingen Alva had lost seven soldiers and slain seven thousand; in the Antwerp Fury two hundred Spaniards, at most, had fallen, while eight thousand burghers and states' troops had been butchered; and now at Gembloux six, seven, eight, ten—Heaven knew how many—thousand had been exterminated, and hardly a single Spaniard had been slain! Undoubtedly the first reason for this result was the superiority of the Spanish soldiers. They were the boldest, the best-disciplined, the most experienced in the world. Their audacity, promptness, and ferocity made them almost invincible. In this particular action at least half the army of Don John was composed of Spanish or Spanish-Italian veterans. Moreover, they were commanded by the most renowned captains of the age—by Don John himself, and Alexander of Parma, sustained by such veterans as Mondragon, the hero of the memorable submarine expeditions; Mendoza, the accomplished cavalry officer, diplomatist, and historian; and Mansfeld, of whom Don John had himself written to the king that his Majesty had not another officer of such account in all the Netherlands.[1] Such officers as

Ann., iii. 274, where it is stated that all the prisoners were hanged —"extemplo suspendio necantur."

[1] "Y que no tiene aqui otro hombre de su estado."—Letter of Don John to Philip, Discours Sommier, p. 37, appendix.

these, besides Gonzaga, Camillo Monte, Mucio Pagano, at the head of such troops as fought that day under the banner of the cross, might go far in accounting for this last and most tremendous victory of the Inquisition. On the other hand, although Bossu and Champagny were with the states' army, yet their hearts were hardly with the cause. Both had long been loyal, and had earned many laurels against the rebels, while Champagny was still devoutly a papist, and wavered painfully between his hatred to heresy and to Spain. Egmont and De Héze were raw, unpractised lads, in whom genius did not come to supply the place of experience. The commander, De Goignies, was a veteran, but a veteran who had never gained much glory, and the chiefs of the cavalry, infantry, and artillery were absent at the Brussels wedding. The news of this additional massacre inflicted upon a nation for which Berghen and Montigny had laid down their lives was the nuptial benediction for Berghen's heiress; for it was to the chief wedding-guests upon that occasion that the disaster was justly attributed. The rank and file of the states' army were mainly mercenaries, with whom the hope of plunder was the prevailing motive; the chief commanders were absent; while those officers who were with the troops were neither heartily friendly to their own flag, nor sufficiently experienced to make it respected.

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